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ALL TOO HUMAN

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THE AUTHOR

ALL TOO HUMAN

An Unconventional Autobiography

BY

OWEN BERKELEY-HILL

Lt.-Col. Indian Medical Service (retd.)

*"J'ai plus de souvenirs que si
j'avais mille ans"—BAUDELAIRE*

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This book has been written at the express desire of my children. What they will think of it and of me if they ever read it I cannot even guess. However, I have done my best to write the story of my life, most of which, as Sydney Smith said of his own, has been "like a razor, either in hot water or a scrape."

OWEN BERKELEY-HILL

I

CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE

*"A human spirit here records
The annals of its human life."*

—THE WANDERER

I WAS born shortly after midnight on the 22nd of December, 1879, at the house of my father, Matthew Berkeley-Hill, F.R.C.S., at 55, Wimpole Street, London. My mother was attended by Dr. John Williams, who became afterwards accoucheur to the Royal Family wherefor he was made a baronet. Dr. Williams had great difficulty in getting me into the world as I had so large a head. I believe I bore the marks of his forceps for a considerable time. As a reward for his skill and endurance I was given the Welsh name of Owen, which pleased Dr. Williams very much as he was a loyal son of the principality and spoke Welsh fluently.

In his book entitled *Eton and Elsewhere* my brother Matthew has dealt with our forebears, so that I do not feel it incumbent upon me to say much about them here. My grandfather was one of five brothers, all of whom were men of great ability. The most

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famous of them was Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of Penny Postage. The five Hill brothers and their children were, in spite of their humanitarian outlook and intellectual attainments, definitely eccentric people with a tendency to mutual admiration which antagonised other people. Anthony Trollope, in particular, recorded his exasperation which some of the Hills evoked in him.

My infancy was tenderly cared for, as was that of all my mother's six children, by our wonderful nurse, Emma Reeve, a Norfolk woman whose father had been a coachman. She served our family for thirty-five years with a loyalty and devotion it would be hard to parallel. We children reciprocated her devotion to such a degree, I am sure, that my mother was jealous of her. "Nana," at any rate, made a deep impression on all of us. Like her mother, my mother could not suckle any of her children, so that all of us children were brought up on asses' or goats' milk or some patent food. I believe that I narrowly escaped rickets through being fed exclusively on one particular food which shall be nameless. One year and seven months after my birth my only sister, Rita, was born and we became deeply attached to each other. My first recollection is of my sister's christening, which took place at the parish church of Thames Ditton. I cannot have been quite two years old at the time. Presumably I was jealous at the amount of attention shown to my sister on this

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occasion, for I recollect being taken out of the church by my father's sister, my aunt Rosamund. After the service was over I went with my father and mother into the vestry where I saw the parson divest himself of his surplice to appear in his cassock, a procedure which filled me with complete amazement as something supernatural.

My recollections of my father are not very copious since he died when I was thirteen years of age, besides which I saw very little of him, for he had a large practice and was seldom among his children. One of my earliest recollections of him is of going every morning to his bedroom and scrubbing his back when he was in his bath with a long-handled brush. A greater treat was to be allowed to take my bath along with him. My father permitted me liberties which were disallowed to his other children. For instance, I was always welcome in his consulting-room, provided, of course, there were no patients with him. I would sit under his writing-table and play with the contents of the waste-paper basket, or would brush his silk hats, very often the wrong way round, to the dislocation of the nap on them. At other times I would polish his surgical instruments, the number and shapes of which evoked in me a feeling of awe.

That I was my father's favourite child made my mother jealous of me. I have heard my mother say that whenever she asked my father why he was so

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fond of me, he would reply: "I feel Owen to be a bit of myself." In spite of my father's affection for me I cannot say I was very fond of him. He was not a man that appealed to a small child. His cast of countenance was grave to the point of severity. He could not unbend with children. He was frequently tired and somewhat irritable in consequence. My left-handedness used to annoy him so that at meals he would worry me to use my knife in my right hand, saying that I should be laughed at when I went to school. This nagging, so far from assisting me to overcome my incapacity to use my right hand, only made matters worse, and I use a knife in my left hand to this day. When my mother taught me to write I wrote with my left hand, and continued to do so until I went to a preparatory school where I was bullied into writing with my right hand.

Another vivid recollection of my father is associated with him in his cellar. He was a notoriously fine judge of wine and, at one time, his cellar must have contained some of the finest wine in London. To go down to the cellar with my father when there was a dinner party impending to select wine was an immense pleasure to me. He invariably referred to wine as "bottled sunlight," a phrase which stuck in my mind, although, as a small child, I did not quite understand what it meant. He would talk to me about wine and about the countries it came from and how it was made. Although much of what he said to

me was frequently lost on me, I was always enthralled by these lectures in the cellar. To this day I can visualise the scene with intense vividness. I can also savour the smell of it. My father rarely did more than taste his wines, for he drank very little wine and then nearly always claret of which he had a magnificent collection. When he died my mother made over to me the cellar book and the keeping of the wine. I behaved henceforth in respect to the cellar much as a curator of holy relics. To me these bottles were "holy relics."

I recollect one day a brother of my mother's came to lunch. He had been a distinguished Indian Civilian and at one time Resident at Hyderabad. My mother asked her brother what he would like to drink at lunch. He replied that he would like some hock. As keeper of the cellar I was summoned and told to go and get a bottle of hock for my uncle.

I said: "Uncle Arthur, which do you prefer, red hock or white hock?"

"My dear boy," replied my uncle, "there is no such thing as red hock and you ought to know that at your age."

I became speechless with fury. My uncle had not only insulted me, he had insulted my father's wine which, in my estimation, was an unforgivable offence. Without another word I went down to the cellar and selected a bottle of the red hock, Walporzheimer, and a bottle of, I think, Niersteiner.

With these I returned upstairs still trembling with fury, and put both bottles on the table in front of my uncle. I said no word but stood and looked at him.

He took up the bottle of Walporzheimer and held it up to the light. He read the label very carefully and then examined the seal. Turning to me, he said: "Owen, my boy, I owe you an apology; my knowledge of hock has this day been added to by your kindness. I am greatly obliged to you. I shall drink the red hock at lunch." I was greatly mollified by my uncle's apology and the kindly tone in which it was made.

My father liked to take my sister and me on Sundays to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. Both my sister and I enjoyed these visits to the Zoo although the Lions' House was a source of terror to both of us if the animals in it were about to be fed when they would roar in a terrifying manner. On one occasion "Chang," the famous Chinese giant, walked through the Lion House when we were there and I remember my father rushing after him to measure with his umbrella the distance from the ground to the point on the lintel of the door through which Chang had made his exit that corresponded with the top of Chang's head. I think my father calculated that Chang was well over seven feet in height.

My father had a way of talking to me about all sorts of things in which hardly any child could take an

interest, a fact which he consistently failed to realise. He had a great knowledge of military history particularly of the campaigns of Marlborough (a name he always pronounced correctly, making "Marl" rhyme with "snarl") as well as Wellington's Peninsular Campaign. He had himself served through the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 in a field ambulance, so perhaps this episode in his life left him with a strong interest in military tactics and strategy.

Besides Dr. John Williams who brought me into the world, I knew very few of my father's colleagues, with the notable exception of Dr. Eustace Smith, the eminent authority on the ailments of children. At the age of nine I had an attack of rheumatic fever and thanks to the skill of Dr. Smith I recovered with no injury to my heart. Eustace Smith and my father had studied together in Paris and my mother often told me that my father had helped Eustace Smith out of some serious trouble into which he had got himself in Paris. I should not have been surprised to learn it concerned some woman, because all women adored Eustace Smith. His great skill with ailing children was only excelled by his dislike of children, ill or well. He lived to be over eighty and when he died I was given the chair in which he sat while examining the countless children that were brought to him. It is among my most precious possessions to this day. To the end of his life he frequently visited my mother.

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Eustace Smith never seemed to grow old. He attributed his vigour to never having kept a carriage or motor-car but always making his rounds on foot. All of us children liked him although we disliked the medicines he prescribed for us which all tasted so nasty. I recall one occasion when he had given me some more than usually horrible medicine, my mother insisted on his tasting it. He said: "Mrs. Hill, I will taste the medicine, but on condition you give me a glass of your husband's port to drink afterwards." When my father died my mother gave Eustace Smith my father's gold watch, which the senior partner of Dobson and Sons, the famous watch-makers, had given him. At Eustace Smith's death the watch came to me and is ticking in front of me as I write these words. Such watches are not made in these days, and were they made nobody would buy them. A few years ago I took the watch to Dobson's shop in Albemarle Street and asked one of the assistants what Dobson's would give me for it. He said: "Forty pounds." The original price was sixty pounds. My father always regulated this watch by comparing it with Big Ben. It rarely showed more than one minute's difference in time.

As I have already observed, on account of my father's devotion to me I have always thought that my mother was jealous of me, at any rate as long as my father lived. My extraordinary likeness to my father when I grew up certainly made her fond of me,

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but with a reservation that I should never be as successful nor as good a man as my father. In this respect her opinion has been fully justified. Both as wife and mother, my mother was eminently successful save in one or two respects. Although my father's fidelity to her was beyond question she was, nevertheless, jealous of the very few women of whom he was fond, particularly of his sister, Rosamund. As regards her five children my mother made one great mistake in their upbringing in that she was sexually jealous of them in their adolescence. Her jealousy expressed itself in a sedulous cultivation of our love for each other in opposition to our love for young people outside the family. The result of this attitude on the part of my mother towards her children was that not one of them, except perhaps myself, ever got properly psychologically weaned. At the present moment my two elder brothers and my sister all live quite close to each other. In short, the nurseries of Wimpole Street have been re-established. My mother had a strong dislike of her own sex, while she liked men and was always very popular with them, especially with her brothers who were all much older than she. With her eldest brother, William, she admitted she had, as a girl, fallen in love. She had a great deal of shrewd common sense and was a good judge of character.

Some of the advice she gave her children is worth recording. She would tell us "never to run after

people," and always to ask for anything we wanted, for, at the worst, we could always be refused. She always warned us against living with our own children after they got married. Certainly she observed this rule when we got married. Although prejudiced against Indians, she was very fond of my wife and my wife was devoted to her. Her favourite child was my brother Matthew whom, as she was wont to admit, she had spoiled when a little boy. The death of my youngest brother, Herbert, in an Alpine accident, was a terrible shock to her and to the end of her life she would salute his sword and sash which were kept in a glass case in the drawing-room. When she died in February, 1929, at the age of 86, the news of her death reaching me in Ranchi by cable, I realised that a great link with my past had disappeared. Looking back, I feel to-day that we children lost much that would have made us more useful citizens, when we were grown up, if our parents had inculcated in us, in accordance with our understanding, something about the world in which we were living and developing. My mother's world was bounded by the *Weltanschauung* of Clapham, which was in her childhood an excessively "genteel" place. Our father, whose outlook was naturally tinged by the altruistic and philanthropic traditions of his family, could have done much to counteract the narrow outlook on life which was the heritage of his wife. Although we children heard (particularly

on Sundays, when our two aunts, Rosamund and Florence Davenport Hill, invariably lunched with us), plenty of talk about philanthropic work of every description, it never awakened any chord in our beings. We lived in the narrow world of the upper middle classes to which our mother belonged.

This appears all the more strange to me, now looking back on my life, prior to the death of my father, in view of our being constantly reminded of the history of the introduction of Penny Postage by our great uncle, Rowland Hill, and the work of our grandfather, Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, not to mention the educational advances introduced by their father, Thomas Wright Hill, who founded a remarkable school at Birmingham. It was only after we grew up that we were told of our father's part in the passing of the Contagious Diseases Act and of the obloquy with which he had to contend, particularly from Josephine Butler, the very mention of whose name would drive my mother into a sort of frenzy. The subject of sex was never discussed in any shape or form so that I reached the age of nineteen without knowing how human beings copulate.

My mother used to talk to us about Disraeli and General Gordon, the death of both of whom caused her deep sorrow. The works of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray were much discussed and frequently quoted. I do not recollect any poetry ever forming

a topic of discussion. My brother Matthew added a good deal of fun to our conversation, while to my own love of buffoonery a good deal of licence was allowed. As a child I was greatly addicted to writing stories which I illustrated. These stories were treasured by my mother who showed them, years afterwards, to my children to their great amusement.

In case any reader might suppose from the foregoing that I was not fond of my mother, it seems to me as well to take this opportunity to place on record my appreciation of her. Let me begin by remarking that as far as I can judge my own *psyche*, I believe my strong father-fixation made me jealous of my mother when I was a child. The tantrums into which I used to fall as a child, I now fancy, were motivated by a hostility which this jealousy evoked. I can recollect my mother telling me on several occasions after I had grown up that she positively feared me when I was in a tantrum. Conceivably her sub-conscious intuition revealed my feelings towards her better than I myself realised them. In spite of her fear of me, she never retaliated. Indeed, she could generally calm me. It is surprising to me now to recall the fact that my father never took any steps to prevent or to treat these tantrums of mine. Doubtless a psycho-analyst might say that his ambivalence towards his wife led him to sympathise with me rather than with her. Truly is the

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id of psycho-analytical psychology a hideous monster!

Nevertheless, like all her children, I was extremely fond of my mother. Her devotion to us all was touching in its depth and intensity. Like all women of her day, as well as a great many of the present day, my mother had only rule-of-thumb to go by in her treatment of her children, hence it is surprising that she made so few mistakes in the upbringing of all of us. Her great love for us deprived her of any chance to understand the profound importance of psychological weaning, so that all her children have suffered in consequence, though I perhaps least of all.

In spite of the complete absence of any *leit-motif* in my father's temperament, my mother was a devoted wife. She overcame, in order to love him better, many of the prejudices inculcated in her during her girlhood. My father's interest in the passing through Parliament of the Contagious Diseases Act must have revolted her, but her love and devotion to him caused her to overcome this aversion to what she regarded as a particularly unsavoury subject, and to the end she would never admit that anything could be ever said against the C.D. Act. Although able to take up a broadminded view of many sides of life, like her own grandmother, she divided humanity into people who were "grubs" and people who were not. She was a good judge of character, particularly of men of whom she was, generally speaking, very fond. She was very

ambitious for her husband's professional success, and cherished a perfectly well-founded expectation of one day becoming Lady Berkeley-Hill.

As I have mentioned before, she took an immediate liking to my wife, a liking that was heartily reciprocated. Indeed, in spite of my wife being an Indian she has many important aspects of character which resemble closely those of my mother. As the favourite child of her mother, who had thirteen children, my mother acquired much of the worldly wisdom which was so characteristic of my maternal grandmother. She disliked animals, particularly dogs, and I consider my own dislike of dogs must have been acquired from her. She liked what she called "intellectual conversation," but not too much of it. It was a strain on her to talk to my father, who, as she used to say, was always on "the intellectual tight-rope." She liked fun and humour, and could usually appreciate wit. She had charming manners and could make herself very agreeable to people. She was always well dressed. In short, she was in no respect whatever "a grub."

Among other early recollections is that of a house in Kent, called Miskins, belonging to my uncle by marriage, Dr. Alfred Barton. My uncle Barton, who had once had a very lucrative practice in Shanghai, was a small man but immensely powerful. He came frequently to our house and would relate stories of his adventures in China and Ceylon which

greatly impressed me. I did not know at that time that he was known in Shanghai as "the greatest liar in Asia." In his house at Miskins my uncle kept several lunatics as paying patients, so that my visits to Miskins must have marked my first introduction to the insane who were eventually to play such a big part in my life. I recollect one patient in particular, whose name was Rutter. He had a male attendant named Lepper, a big burly man who played the flute. My uncle's only daughter, Ethel, known to all as "Ettie," played the violin, generally when I was having my afternoon tea, at which blackcurrant jam was an invariable condiment. By that strange process known to psychologists as the Association of Ideas, lunatics, blackcurrant jam and the sound of a flute or a violin are to this day strongly commingled in my mind. Miskins was situated in the hop-growing district of Kent and the annual invasion of hop-pickers was always a great event. On one occasion I got lost, I do not remember how, and there started a hue and cry for me. My mother asked her brother-in-law, my uncle Barton, to go and look for me. He went out and returned after a while with a small boy perched on his shoulder. He put the child down on the floor and said to my mother, "Here's Owen. I found him among the hop-pickers." My mother immediately said: "That's not Owen, it must be a hop-picker's child." My uncle looked down at the child and said: "You are right,

Alice. This child is not Owen; I thought he smelt very unpleasantly."

The uncle of whom my sister and I were fondest was undoubtedly my mother's brother Alfred, who had spent most of his life in Japan in the firm of Messrs. Jardine, Skinner. He always carried a small gold box in one of his pockets from which he would give us tiny pink lozenges with a delicious flavour. My mother's eldest brother, my uncle William, was also a constant visitor until he and my father had a row. He had none of the *bonhomie* of his brother Alfred, so that we children stood very much in awe of him. Towards the end of his life (and he lived to be over eighty), he and I became great friends. He had made a lot of money but lost it all through carelessness in investing. His appearance recalled that of the Emperor of Austria, Franz Joseph, as he wore side-whiskers and a moustache. In talking (and he talked incessantly), he never used a word or an expression that connoted anything to do with undressing, bathing, and so on. He would never speak of "going to bed" but always of "retiring." His manner was extremely *empressé*. An operation for an enlarged prostate would, doubtless, have prolonged his life, but he would say to me: "Owen, I fear the cold steel," whenever the operation was even hinted at.

Of my father's brothers, I knew only his eldest brother, Alfred. The only other brother of my

father had been what is termed "a black sheep," and had been sent at a fairly early age to Australia where he lived for the rest of his life. My uncle Alfred was an extremely eccentric man with a prodigious memory and an unquenchable flow of talk. He was a bachelor and lived in Birmingham with his youngest sister, my aunt Joanna. He was an extraordinary mixture of parsimony and generosity. He would walk miles to save a cab fare but thought nothing of giving away large sums of money. Besides talking incessantly in company he would talk aloud to himself. One evening, when he was staying in my mother's house at Harrow, where we moved from London after my father's death, he occupied a room next to mine. I had gone up to bed early and was just falling off to sleep when I was aroused by the voice of my uncle Alfred in the next room, shouting to himself: "He was an over-bearing bullying ruffian. I knew him personally and disliked him very much." Of whom he was speaking it was impossible even to guess, but this sudden and unexpected denunciation of some person unspecified filled me with incxtinguishable mirth.

My uncle's greatest *bête noire* was Gladstone, of whom he could never speak except in the most opprobrious terms. He had a great dislike also of Queen Victoria, which was based on her uncivil treatment of his uncle, Sir Rowland Hill, as well as her refusal to make his father, Matthew Davenport

Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, a Judge. He lived to be eighty-six. He never wore spectacles and could read a Bradshaw Time-table by candle-light. He had a head like a teak baulk and could consume any quantity of wine. My father used to relate a story of how he had met his brother Alfred while on his honeymoon in France and had tried his best to make him drunk but to no effect. He plied him with all sorts of wine as well as Normandy cider, but my uncle simply went on talking. As my father said, he might just as well have poured the stuff down the drain for all the effect it had on his brother's head.

Once, when I was about nineteen, my uncle took me to France. On our return to London he said to me: "Owen, I have lost four five-pound notes. I cannot find them." I offered to search his luggage and eventually found all four notes screwed up into a "spill" to use as a book-marker for a pamphlet he had been reading on prison reform. My uncle was so pleased at my finding his notes that he gave me one.

Besides our numerous uncles, aunts and cousins, some of my father's friends made a deep impression on me. Among such was Mr. Henry Eley, senior partner in Eley Brothers, the famous cartridge makers. He had married for the second time, late in life, and by his second wife he had one child, a son named Ted. The Eleys had a beautiful house and grounds at Mill Hill at which we were frequent visitors. Ted Eley was younger than either my sister

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or me and suffered much from being terribly spoilt by his mother and unmercifully thrashed by his father. Canes, for the purpose of castigation, were evident in most of the rooms. Mr. Eley also made a rule of thwarting his son on every possible occasion. I recollect Ted announcing one day in his father's presence that he was going to bring home a pair of owls. At once, his father said: "If you do I shall have their necks wrung." To us children who had never experienced this sort of treatment from our parents Mr. Eley's methods towards his son caused no little measure of apprehension as to what might befall us during a visit to the Elcys.

Another great feature in my life as a child was my father's two sisters, Rosamund and Florence, who lived at that time in Hampstead. My sister and I frequently paid visits for longer or shorter periods to these two old ladies. Both aunts treated us with the greatest affection. At their house I made my first acquaintance with natives of India in the persons of a Mr. and Mrs. Chuckerbutty. They were a very agreeable pair of Bengalis, but their name struck my sister and me as being incredibly comic. We used to say it aloud when we were by ourselves and dissolve into shouts of laughter. For years we held the belief that all Indians bore the name of Chuckerbutty. Our two aunts entertained a good deal and carried on an immense correspondence. My aunt Rosamund was a member of the London School Board and was never

known to have missed a single meeting during the whole period of her association with it. She kept a very demure secretary and companion, a Miss Bollaert, a nephew of whom I met years afterwards when he was Postmaster-General in India and to whom I presented a portrait of my great-uncle, Sir Rowland Hill, which now hangs in the office of the Postmaster-General in Delhi.

My aunt Rosamund was one of the most lovable women I have ever known. She had an idea that everyone was endowed with the same outlook on life as herself. Shy, mean, self-centred and treacherous people did not, for her, exist. At the same time she was, I think, the plainest woman I have ever seen. As a girl she had a friend who went out as a nurse to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale. My aunt Rosamund used to write constantly to this friend of hers, who took to reading aloud my aunt's letters to a wounded officer in the Grenadier Guards. This officer became enthralled by my aunt's letters to his nurse and vowed that if he recovered from his wounds and returned to England he would seek my aunt's hand in marriage. His nurse told him that he would never marry Miss Hill, because she was so terribly plain. The officer assured her that no woman who had such lofty ideals and such a wonderful gift for expressing them could be so plain that he could not marry her. In the end, this officer of the Guards recovered and returned to England, when he

immediately proceeded to Bristol, where my aunt was then living with her father. What exactly transpired at this visit no one rightly knows. All that is known is that the officer wrote to his friend the nurse to say that what she had told him about Miss Hill was only too true.

When I was about six years old, my sister and I were taught by a governess. Miss Emily Ries played a great part in my life, for she was very attractive, with beautiful hair and teeth. Miss Ries was the first nice-looking young woman with whom I had ever had any acquaintance. I cannot help thinking that she evoked feelings in me of a distinctly sexual nature, of which she was, I believe, wholly unaware. At the age of nine, I was sent as a boarder to one of the most expensive preparatory schools in England. I was told that I had to get a scholarship at Eton as my brother Matthew had done. I look back on my four years at this school with undiluted horror. The boys were overworked and underfed. Also we were frequently knocked about by the masters who were, I think, without exception, wholly unfitted for the charge of young boys, being for the most part scarcely mitigated ruffians.

At this period in my life I had only one interest that might be termed "intellectual," and that was Egyptology, in which I took an ardent interest. With the exception of one or two boys I made no friends among my school-mates. I learnt very little,

with the result that when I was sent up for an Eton scholarship, I failed to get it.

About this time my father died. I do not recollect being very perturbed by this event. But then I had hardly known my father. After my father's death my mother gave up the house in Wimpole Street and the house at Mill Hill and moved to Harrow, where she leased an old rambling house named "Mount Pleasant." Her intention was to let me be a day scholar at Harrow School, but I think the prospect of having me day in and day out in the house was more than she could face, so I was sent to Rugby. Although the masters at Rugby were not, like those of my preparatory school, a collection of ruffians, I did not care for them, except perhaps for A. A. David, the present Bishop of Liverpool. As at my preparatory school so at Rugby I was grossly underfed. On the other hand I was not overworked, as I set myself against doing another stroke of work that was not absolutely necessary.

When I reached the Upper Fifth, which was conducted by a comical old fellow, "Jacky" Collins, I saw that to exert myself to be promoted any higher in the school would be an act of madness, for beyond being referred to by "Jacky" as "that pudding-faced boy," I had no complaints. During the five dreary years I spent at Rugby I think my "rebel" temperament developed strongly. In a muddled and subconscious fashion I felt that the "education" I was

receiving was wholly absurd. I felt that I had capabilities but that no one had the sense to realise the fact. A feeling of contempt for my situation gradually took a hold on me. The recognised "loyalties" to which our attention was constantly directed, made no appeal to me. References to Dr. Arnold, *Tom Brown's School Days* and so on, evoked no response in me. In 1898 I left Rugby hoping never to set eyes on it again. I never did. Years afterwards, when my youngest son was refused admission into the School because his mother was an Indian, my hatred for the School doubled itself.

After leaving Rugby I went for a time to University College, London. I do not remember learning anything there, except to smoke. After two shots at "Responsions," I passed into Trinity College, Oxford. My mother had decided that I should study medicine. At that time the President was the late Henry Pelham, a gentleman and a scholar. I took a great liking to him.

As at Rugby so at Oxford, I was not happy; the "atmosphere" made little appeal to me. In my days Trinity was a college with a very good name. Compton Mackenzie—who was a contemporary of mine—writes very highly of Trinity in his book *Sinister Street*. In spite of my being at that time what Americans call "a good mixer" I did not really enjoy the life. The ragging, tippling and other forms of "heartiness" did not appeal to me. I wanted to work but could not. The work bored me almost as much

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as the play. I made friends in other colleges as well as in my own. One particular friend was a graduate of Balliol. He was frightfully neurotic but very pleasant company withal. I went frequently to have a talk with him and was struck by the rather odd people I met in his rooms. It took me a long time to discover they were all homosexuals. The leading light of the party was the son of an English bishop. Little did I realise in those days that sexology was to become one of my greatest interests in life.

My two dear old maiden aunts, Rosamund and Florence Davenport Hill, had taken a house on Headington Hill and I went constantly to see them, often taking two or three friends with me. Among my undergraduate friends they were always known as "The Tantes." They reminded some people of the two old ladies of Llangollen, albeit they did not wear male attire.

After two years at Oxford I could not stand it any more so I went to Germany and entered the University of Göttingen. Of my life there an account will be found in the section of this book entitled "Why I became a psychiatrist." After another spell at Oxford, I went abroad once more, this time to Nancy in France, where I was admitted into the University to study Anatomy under Professor Nicholas. Unlike Professor Max Verworn of Göttingen, Professor Nicholas was a very austere man. He was a wonderful teacher but I think most of us were

very frightened of him. I worked fairly hard at Nancy and met with only two noteworthy adventures. As one of them deeply influenced the development of my sexual life (which up to then was a facet of my "persona" that was completely larval), I have recounted this episode in the section devoted to my Sex Life. The other episode is quite otherwise, so I may relate it here.

My fellow students had got to know that I was an undergraduate of Oxford and, on this account, leapt to the conclusion that I must be an expert oarsman. Although I assured them I had never in my life done more than pull at an oar in a fishing boat, they clung tenaciously to their opinion and insisted on my stroking a racing four to enable them to improve the style and technique of their rowing. I was appalled at the prospect and warned them that to place me in such a position was to court an aquatic disaster, possibly of some magnitude. They would take no refusal so I was conducted to the river and given a suitable costume and led to the boat-house. Quite a crowd of rowing men had collected to witness a demonstration of the technique of the Isis. With a final warning to my associates of ineluctable disaster I took my seat on the stretcher.

The cox and the other three oarsmen took their seats and the coach shouted "Attaque!" There was no sort of warning, nothing like the "Are you ready—paddle" of jolly old Oxford. I was taken com-

pletely by surprise. The boat sprang forward under the impulse of the three other rowers, while I was thrown violently on to my back, and my oar catching in something snapped in two. Albeit I was prepared for any disaster I did not think it would appear quite so soon. My apologies for my ignorance of French rowing technique were graciously accepted and I was given a fresh oar. When again the coach shouted "Attaque" I was ready and attacked with zest. The boat flew down the river. I was dreadfully out of training, so that in less than half a mile I was so exhausted I could hardly see. Unaware of the technical term to arrest our progress, I raised one hand and shouted "Arrêtez," while continuing to make sawing motions with my oar held in the other hand.

Cox, seeing my distress, at once gave the order to stop and the boat slowed down. My comrades were far too polite to make any comments on my performance, which had been wholly scandalous, and contented themselves by asking me to change places with the cox, who would row bow while bow would row stroke. I might mention that the cox was not of the midget type of individual to which I was accustomed, but a stocky little man who was big enough to row. We drew alongside the bank of the river to effect this change, and then I was told that we were going to race back to the barge against a six-oared boat and a pair of scullers. Our antagonists soon arrived and we made a fairly even start. I felt

that the ruin of my character, the blackened face of my University and the fair fame of old England stood a faint chance of at least some moderate degree of rehabilitation at my hands. Little did I guess the awful fate in store for me and my crew.

Full of hope I objurgated my crew in what I imagined was quite in the Oxford manner and we crept ahead. The excitement was prodigious. Faint cheers reached us from enthusiasts on the bank. I continued to bawl. We crept further and further ahead. The victory was almost in our grasp, when by some incredibly malignant fate I pulled the wrong rudder line and before the error could be rectified we ran aground! Gallic courtesy was strained to breaking-point. I expected to be thrown into the water or rather into the mud. The other boats shot past us amidst a storm of shouts, hand-clasping and cat-calls. We pushed our boat back into the stream and paddled in silence to the barge. I slunk away to find my proper clothes, after having donned which I took the shortest route back to my rooms. To add to my almost insupportable load of embarrassment was the necessity of hunting for my clothes among a lot of naked aquatic athletes, most of whom seemed to have brought their mistresses with them. It was quite too dreadful.

During my sojourn in Nancy, I had reason to regret not having brought any "dress clothes" with me. I have always loathed "dressing for dinner," hence I

rarely take dress clothes about with me. The result has been that I have missed, through not having appropriate clothes, two very interesting dinner parties. It so happened that I met the medical officer of the cavalry regiment stationed at Nancy. He was the son of a great friend of my mother, a sister of the once famous editor of the *British Medical Journal*, Sir Ernest Hart. This young doctor was a charming fellow: his mother an English Jewess and his father an eminent French biologist. Out of sheer good-heartedness he obtained for me an invitation to dine in the mess of his regiment. I had to refuse through not having dress clothes. It was very disappointing, for I should have much enjoyed dining in a French cavalry mess. The only other occasion that I missed an interesting invitation to dinner through this disability was years afterwards when I was in one of the Italian colonies in Africa, and was invited to dine with the Governor. I was particularly disappointed over this affair as the Governor at that time was an eclectic homosexual. His two "love-boys" were pointed out to me one day in Asmara by a young officer of the Italian navy, with whom I happened to be taking a walk. I know at least one Governor of a province of India who would have been much happier had he taken a leaf out of the book of that Governor of Eretria! But let that pass.

In the summer of 1903 I passed the first M.B. examination at Oxford. As I was still suffering from

the effects of my sojourn in Göttingen, some doctor, entirely misunderstanding my case as cases of my type were, and are still, generally misunderstood, I was told I ought to take a voyage; in other words, to get out of the sight of my incompetent physician. Accordingly I was given a second-class ticket from London to Adelaide and set out on the Orient liner *Orizaba*. She was an old ship and my cabin was right aft over the propellers. My fellow passengers were rather uninteresting people with the one exception of the curator of the Melbourne Gallery, Bernard Hall, who was returning to Australia after a holiday in Europe. He was a very charming man, with a streak of sorrow in his make-up which gave a rather melancholy turn to his thoughts and speech. The voyage was quite uneventful and vastly boring. By some chance we passed the Cocos-Keeling islands, afterwards to become so famous as the scene of the destruction of the *Emden*.

As the month was July the monsoon was in full force and the *Orizaba* rolled pretty considerably. The heat and mugginess below were insupportable at night for there was no electric fan in my cabin. I used to sleep on the top of the piano on the second-class deck with a trunk strap round my waist passed through a conveniently placed ring whereby I was saved from falling off in the night. The top of a cottage piano is not the best bed in the world, but at that age I could sleep anywhere.

In due course we arrived at Fremantle, where most of us went ashore and enjoyed the quaint beauty of West Australia's port. On arriving at Adelaide I was warmly welcomed by numerous cousins of the Clark family. They were the descendants of the eldest sister of my grandfather. The *doyenne* of the family was Miss Emily Clark, who lived in a charming old house just outside Adelaide called "Hazclwood." I was accommodated in the house of one of her brothers, whose children were excessively kind to me. This family were not as well-off as they might have been, largely through the oppressive legislation of the Labour Government of South Australia which forbade the importation of outsiders (French, Italians, etc.) to teach South Australians how to grow grapes and manufacture wines. My cousins had large vineyards and made some delicious light wines, but as these were unfit for export the profits of their labour were very small.

After staying a few days with my cousins I took train to Melbourne. Owing to ancient jealousies between the various states, each state railway had a different gauge, that of South Australia being the broadest. Hence on arrival at the frontier between South Australia and Victoria, we had to change trains. Arriving at Melbourne I put up with my first cousin, Marnie Nesbitt, and her husband who was on the staff of the Melbourne *Argus*. They lived in a charming little house situated in the outskirts of Melbourne.

I stayed a few days with the Nesbitts and then moved on to Sydney to pay a visit to another cousin, Arthur Hill, Marnie's brother. Again the difference between the gauges of the Victoria State Railway and the railway of New South Wales entailed a change of trains. I had engaged a sleeping berth in the New South Wales train which was on American lines, that is, it had sleeping saloons with a double row of berths running the whole length of the saloon. I had acquired a lower berth, so I was somewhat annoyed to find a fellow traveller on the point of going to sleep in my berth.

When I pointed out his mistake he did not dispute the point but merely remarked, "I suppose you are a damned Englishman."

I replied: "I don't know about being 'damned,' but I am most assuredly an Englishman."

Nothing more was said that night, but in the morning as I was sitting down to breakfast in the dining car, the same man came up to my table and sitting down opposite to me said: "Now tell me something of your damned country."

Looking him squarely in the face I said: "I am not here to tell you or any other Australian stories about England."

This reply seemed to have the effect I desired, namely to make him feel rather ashamed of his behaviour. For a few moments he kept silent and

then turning to me with a smile, said: "Don't take ill of what I said. Do tell me something about Kent where my father was born."

I cannot help thinking that in those days (1903) there was much bitterness as well as much love in the hearts of Australians for the "Old Country." Their ignorance of conditions generally was sometimes almost beyond belief. I recollect meeting a man who was very surprised I had never shaken hands with the Pope who, he believed, regularly toured Europe. The same man expressed astonishment that I was unacquainted with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The ignorance of Australians is by no means confined to the outside world. On board the *Orizaba* I remember getting into very hot water with a few Australian fellow passengers by telling them they were mistaken in believing the young kangaroo is born in its mother's pouch. During my stay in Melbourne I visited the zoological gardens and in the course of a conversation with the curator, related this story. He laughed heartily and said: "My dear Mr. Berkeley-Hill, you would not believe how tenaciously the average Australian holds this view. Why, I have shown lantern slides made from photographs I have taken myself of a female kangaroo placing her new-born progeny into her pouch with her lips. Do you think my audience changed their views after seeing these lantern slides? Not a bit. They told me the slides were 'fakcs'."

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But in spite of these queer notions the Australians are (or were) the most kind and hospitable people I have ever met. I recollect one evening calling on a friend of my cousin's in Melbourne. I found the lady of the house at home spoon-feeding her youngest child. She insisted on my staying to supper, but added that she must run down to the store and buy a few delicacies in my honour, so would I continue feeding the baby while she was gone? This sort of real kindness does not exist in England, and certainly not in India. Something very like it is to be met with in the United States, as I shall relate later on.

From Melbourne I went to Sydney where I put up in a hotel. To tell the truth I was getting a trifle tired of "high-teas" at the close of every day. I had only a few days in which to enjoy the wonderful beauty of Sydney and its harbour before I had to leave it to catch the *Orizaba* at Melbourne on her homeward voyage. On board befell an affair which was, in some ways, the greatest event in my life. A full account of this will be found in the section on Sex Life.

The next important event in my life was my entrance to University College Hospital in London. There I came under the tutelage of several really fine teachers, and what is perhaps more I threw myself heart and soul into the work.

Sir John Rose Bradford and Sir John Rickman Godlee taught me medicine and surgery respectively. I had a profound admiration for Sir John Rose

Bradford. He was an immensely popular teacher and his clinics were copiously attended. He was very absent-minded. I have seen him spend a whole afternoon in his wards with one side of his collar free from its stud. He never noticed this defect in his attire. Fortunately he had a rich wife, for he had a very small consulting practice, which was, I think, due to his inattentive manner towards his patient. I had had an attack of pneumonia in Egypt in 1912 and on my return to London I consulted him about my chest. When I reached his consulting room there was no one there, and the maidservant said she would go upstairs and tell Sir John I had come. In a few minutes Sir John arrived and welcomed me most genially. He took me into his consulting room and bade me take a chair. He then started talking. At last I got an opportunity to tell him I had come to consult him about my lungs. He told me to take my clothes off. I stripped to the waist by which time he had begun talking again. I sat and listened while he went on and on.

At last he got up and said: "Well, Berkeley-Hill, I fear I have wasted a lot of your valuable time."

I pointed out that I was stripped to the waist for him to examine my chest, at which he remarked: "Oh, yes, of course, of course. I remember now." It is not difficult to see that patients who did not know Bradford would be much annoyed at being overlooked in such a fashion.

Another peculiarity of Bradford was his indifference to treatment of any sort. I cannot recollect ever hearing him mention any drug, with the two sole exceptions of digitalis and citrate of potash. My deep devotion to Bradford precluded my attending the clinics of any other physician of University College Hospital, like Sir Thomas Barlow or Dr. Sydney Martin, from whom I might have learnt something about medicinal therapy. The result has been that I have never been able to write a prescription of any sort. I have always had to leave prescription writing to my colleagues or assistants.

In respect of the surgical side of my training I clung to Sir John Rickman Godlee, although Mr. Arthur Barker, Sir Victor Horsley and Mr. Bilton Pollard were all eminent surgeons. My fondness for Rickman Godlee was based, I think, on the friendship that had existed between him and my father. For some reason Sir Victor Horsley and my father never got on well with each other. No doubt Horsley looked on my father, who was much his senior, as a bit old-fashioned as a surgeon, albeit my father was one of only three London surgeons who took the trouble to go to Glasgow to see for themselves what "antisepsis" was when it was first introduced by Lister.

I can well remember University College Hospital before it was rebuilt by the munificence of Sir Blundell Maple. It was an awful place and the

mortality among patients who had undergone a surgical operation was very high. In those days there were no nurses, their duties being performed by some religious sisterhood. Anyhow I learnt a lot of clinical surgery from Rickman Godlee and when I went up for my M.B. at Oxford I passed first in medicine and bracketed first in surgery.

Sir William Osler, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, told me after the examination was over that my papers on medicine were such as had not been seen for years. For the first time in my life, it seemed, I had done something really well.

The gilt on this piece of gingerbread was, however, rather tarnished when I learnt I had failed in Obstetrics and Gynæcology. Sick at heart, I went to Dublin and got admitted into the Rotunda Hospital. It is truly an ill wind that blows nobody any good, for I would not have missed the experience of Dublin for anything. First, I knew nothing of Ireland and the Irish first-hand. As a graduate in medicine (for I had taken the L.R.C.P., London, and M.R.C.S., England), I was allowed to live in the hostel of the Rotunda Hospital. The Master was a man named Tweedy. My fellow students were a very mixed crowd. Two of them were officers in the I.M.S., one of whom became afterwards Director of Public Health in the Central Provinces. The doyen of the establishment was a retired Fleet Surgeon, a Scot, named Dobbie. Like Keate, the famous Head-

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master of Eton, he had eyebrows that he could use as an auxiliary pair of hands whenever he wanted to point to anything. He was stern and strict, but very human and endowed with that curious form of childishness which belongs to men who spend their lives in ships. There was one other retired R.N. doctor in our mess, the brother of a man whose name is to-day famous throughout the world. He was drinking himself to death. Another outstanding personality of the mess was a Negro from the West Indies—an immensely genial creature about whom I can tell a good story later. There were a few Irish also, but they never seemed "to click" with the non-Irish. Do the Irish ever "click" with non-Irish? I do not think so.

Above all these personalities there remains in my memory only one who stands out for all time, and that was the servant girl who waited upon us, a great buxom jolly creature, who answered to the name of Delia. It was commonly believed by all of us that Dobbie was going to ask Delia to be his wife as soon as he had finished his course at the Rotunda. Certainly Dobbie and she appeared very fond of each other, and I have often wondered if they got married in the end.

We doctors worked on a roster of duty which was kept by Tom, the porter. Whenever notice reached Tom that a doctor was wanted for a confinement Tom would send word to whomsoever stood at the top of the list. One day Tom sent for me, and as

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I called at his lodge to get the address of the party who needed a doctor, I found him in fits of laughter.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked.

"Did you ever hear such a thing, doctor?" said Tom, shaking all over with amusement, "the negro doctor is there already, but they have sent for another as the room is so dark they can only see his teeth when he laughs."

I was greatly amused at what Tom told me, but it was quite true, because I was taken to a hovel lit by a single candle where it was difficult to see anything or anybody. As my West Indian colleague was such a jolly fellow I had no hesitation in repeating to him what Tom had told me. He roared with laughter and picking up his bag said: "Well, after that I will be off," and he laughed himself out of the room. The patient was quite a young girl, unmarried and very pretty. I delivered her of a fine little son.

Another time I was called to attend the wife of a Dublin dock labourer. When I visited her on the day after I had delivered her she asked me what my religion was. Thinking that the question was an Irish pleasantry, I replied: "I am a Quaker." At once the poor woman went off on a panegyric of Quakers. Her sister had been a nurse in a family of Quakers and what good people all Quakers were, to be sure. When she ended, I asked why she wanted to know my religion. She replied: "Well, doctor, it is this way. The priest came to see me this morning and

told me he would not christen the child if I had been attended by a doctor who was not a Catholic." In those days I did not know enough about Catholicism to realise that this was a damned ramp and might have got the priest into serious trouble had his remark been reported to the proper quarters. All I could do in the circumstances was to assure my patient that if I caught the priest in the room during one of my visits I would push his face for him—hard.

Perhaps my threat was passed on to the priest, because in a few days' time I received an invitation to a tea-party to celebrate the christening. How different were the poor of Dublin to the poor of London! I was astonished and deeply touched at their gratitude, for my experience of similar work in London had left me with an impression that "gratitude" is not felt to any extent by the poor there.

Of the leaders of the medical profession in Dublin I saw very little, but what I saw left me with the impression that they were distinctly "woolly."

For some reason or another, I made a very favourable impression on the Master of the Rotunda, because before I left he begged me to stay on and become Assistant Master. I refused as politely as I was able and left Dublin for London. No doubt I had learnt something of obstetrics and gynæcology in Dublin, for my next attempt to pass the M.B. examination was crowned with success. I now began to look about for a job, and while so engaged I was

considerably surprised to get an invitation from Dr. Tweedy, the Master of the Rotunda, to dine with him at the Charing Cross Hotel. I accepted the invitation and was treated to an excellent dinner, at the end of which the Master revealed to me the reason of his presence in London. He told me that he had made the journey from Dublin with the sole object of asking me once again to be Assistant Master at the Rotunda as well as to help him write a book on Midwifery. Although touched by Tweedy's faith in my competence, I firmly but politely refused to accede to his request. I told him I had made up my mind to devote what energy and talent I possessed to psychological medicine, and wound up by saying that I did not believe it was a man's job to sit by a woman's bottom to watch another man or woman being born.

II

SEX LIFE

"He who loves not, lives not."—RAMON LULL

*"Thy love is not thy love if not thine own,
And so it is not, if it once be known."*

—MUSES' GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

IN his autobiography, H. G. Wells states that no one can learn much about the "persona" of any individual unless something is known about that individual's sex life. One does not need to have studied psychoanalytical psychology to realise the profound truth contained in Wells's statement; the truth is only too obvious. The mess that Christianity has made of sex generally is one of its most deplorable achievements, of which one result is that biographies of any sort almost invariably omit any reference to the sex-life of the person concerned. There are, no doubt, exceptions to this statement, but only in the case of notorious sexual athletes, like Jacopo Casanova, Marshal Saxe, the Marquis de Sade, and, where women are concerned, famous prostitutes. In view of the fact, therefore, that the sexual impulse, sublimated or not, is, beyond dispute, the

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most dynamic factor in the lives of all of us, to omit any reference to it in a biography is to commit a psychological ineptitude. On this account, I feel it incumbent upon me, when trying to describe my "persona" as I understand it, to deal with some of the more important of my sexual experiences.

My first experience of "falling in love" occurred when I was about six years of age. At that time my sister and I used to attend a Kindergarten, and there I met a small girl about my own age who evoked in me feelings that in later life I came to recognise as those belonging to the sexual instinct. The girl's name was Elsie, and the feeling of adoration which she inspired in me has left me to this day with a strongly "conditioned reflex" to the name "Elsie."

Besides the fact that these feelings were hitherto entirely unique in my experience, they were of such an intensity that I could not cope with them; I had to confide in someone and, most unfortunately, I selected my mother as my confidante. To this day I can recollect every detail of the time and place of my confession, so vividly is the episode impressed on my memory. I can see to this day the expression that came over her face when she heard my story. It seemed to me that my mother disliked me. She did not react as I had hoped she would, that is to say, with an expression of sympathy coupled with a promise to ask Elsie to tea. All she said was: "Oh, you must forget all this, it is very silly." I refused to

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accept this verdict. I told my mother that I wanted Elsie invited to the house. My mother laughed at this suggestion so that I could have killed her, then and there. In a whirlwind of rage and mortification, I left the room. The subject was never introduced again, which was perhaps as well, for I never forgave my mother for her attitude towards Elsie and myself. To this day I cherish an animosity against her on this account, since no subsequent sophistication can eliminate a memory of this description.

My next experience befell me about seven years later. I had just begun to have nocturnal emissions. Not having received any information on the physiology of such phenomena, I took these discharges to be in the nature of a kind of urine. Never having been a "bed-wetter," I was perturbed about them, but not unduly so, as far as I can recollect.

It so happened that about this time my mother and I were staying in the house of a friend at the seaside, on a visit. He was an elderly man and most of his children were, more or less, grown up and away from home. At any rate, I can only recollect his youngest child, a girl named Joan, who was then about a year older than myself. She was a fine strapping girl and not bad-looking. Before I had been in the house a day she gave me to understand that she longed to see me naked. I was quite revolted at this suggestion. As children, both of us were sent up to bed after dinner, and Joan would

come into my bedroom and beg me to undress in front of her. In what, no doubt, would have been applauded in those days as a manifestation of "righteous indignation," I recollect seizing Joan by her "pig-tail" and thrusting her from the room. My "defence mechanisms" were in perfect working order.

But Joan was not to be put off. Her next move was to get me to go to the sea-shore "to paddle." Along the sea-shore there were ranged a row of bathing machines, frightful witnesses of the prudery of the age. Full of guile, Joan led me to one of these and when close up to it she whispered, "Let's go inside." In a flash I realised that the seductress had almost caught me. I reacted with fury. The time and place were both too public to admit of any physical violence towards this invader of my virginity, so that there was no alternative but to tell her that I thought her a little bitch.

In spite of what Shakespeare has to say about "the woman spurned," Joan took my estimate of her character without protest. She could never have known how she was going to be revenged on me, for if ever a woman had her revenge on a male who repulsed her overtures, that woman was Joan. The memory of her haunted me for the next fifteen years. She became the epitome of all my sexual desire. By evoking her image, I could arouse a frenzy of sexual desire in spite of the fact that I never saw her again or ever wrote her a letter. Years afterwards, I heard

she had married a cook. I hope he enjoyed her in fact as much as I enjoyed her in phantasy.

At Rugby I formed no passionate friendships with any boy, perhaps because the "tone" of Donkin's house was opposed to intimate friendships between boys. There was, however, one incident of the sort which ended in the expulsion of three boys. Further, I had not then learnt masturbation. To conjure up visions of Joan was a substitute for the practice.

It was not until 1902 when I was a student at Nancy that anything remotely resembling a sexual episode entered my life. I had some very nice rooms in a house kept by a rather elegant French widow. At any rate, she said she was a widow. I was so guileless, even at the age of twenty-three, that although there was frequently an officer's "képi" hanging in the hall, it never occurred to me that my landlady was not completely and entirely virtuous.

One night I recollect distinctly taking five grains of calomel before going to bed. The result was that before I got into bed I fainted and falling cut my head on the corner of the wash-hand stand. I do not know how long I was unconscious, but the next thing I remember was seeing my landlady and her maid (a rough peasant woman from Alsace who always spoke to me in German) bending over me. The noise made by my fall had brought them up to my bedroom. Very tenderly they washed away the blood from the

wound on my forehead and then bandaged it. Feeling extremely dizzy, I got up from off the floor and tottered into bed.

Madame was full of solicitude and insisted on knowing how I had come to faint. I told her and was deeply chagrined when she burst out laughing. She said: "I shall bring you some soup and a glass of wine and then you will tell me the truth." I protested that I had already told her the truth, at which she laughed again and beckoning to the maid-servant left the room. Within a short time she came back, this time alone, carrying a tray upon which was a plate of soup, some bread and a bottle of wine. I sprang out of bed to take the tray from her, but she ordered me to lie down. I got into bed again while she brought a small table to the bedside and put the tray on it.

Only then did I notice that she had on nothing but a dressing-gown of some diaphanous material through which I could see the whole of her naked body. She sat down on my bed and bade me drink the soup along with a glass of wine. The soup and wine were excellent and I expressed my thanks for her kindness. She then began to lecture me on the "loose" life I was living, and how silly I was to exhaust my strength with prostitutes to such an extent that I had actually fainted from weakness.

I could hardly believe my ears. I was too stupefied by her remarks to be able to utter a word. I lay and

stared at her. At last I found my tongue and gave vent to a vehement protest against her insinuations. I told her that I had never slept with a woman in my life, etc., etc. With true Gallic politeness she listened to my protestations and then, with a swift movement, bent over me and kissed me on the lips. I can feel the pressure of her body against mine to this day. I did my best gently to disengage myself from her embrace, and then started, all over again, to insist on my virginity. She placed a hand over my mouth and said: "My dear, you are tired. Never mind. Not now, some other time." Again she kissed me and I felt her tongue between my teeth. This time I kissed her, at which she laughed and, rising from my bed, said: "Good night, sleep well." She then left the room. That night I had no need to evoke Joan's image.

My next experience was undoubtedly *la grande passion* of my life, albeit it was completely platonic. The woman who was to change my whole outlook on life as well as to liberate to its full capacity my intellectual powers, was six and a half years older than myself. She was an Eurasian or, more strictly speaking, a "burgher" of Ceylon, and her name was Joanna Gomez. I first caught sight of her as I came on board the s.s. *Orizaba* on my way home from Australia, after spending a few hours in Colombo. She was lying in a long chair on the second-class deck. It was a case of love at first sight if there ever was

one, for I fell madly in love with her on the spot. The day was the 17th September 1904, a *dies creta notanda*.

It appeared that she was taking a sister to see a "specialist" in London on the recommendation of some doctor in Ceylon. In the course of conversation, for I could not refrain from introducing myself on some plea or another, I found out that the specialist whom it was intended to consult was none other than Sir David Ferrier, and that the reason for this consultation was that the sister had had "a mental breakdown." I soon discovered that the sister was suffering from a good deal more than a mental breakdown, for she was completely insane. Joanna's mother was a widow, and the financing of their expedition to London had entailed enormous sacrifices.

I was by no means the only man on board who found Joanna extremely attractive. The captain of the *Orizaba* spent much of his spare time sitting beside her on the second-class deck, while I, a mere nobody, had to look on in impotent fury. As the voyage progressed I became more and more infatuated until everything connected with Joanna evoked a positively obsessional interest. Was it not La Bruyère who said:

"On n'aime bien qu'une seule fois, c'est la première ; les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires."

I can well believe this. On arrival in London, Joanna and her sister went to live in a boarding-house near Bedford Square. The sister was soon admitted into some institution and I lost sight of her, but on some excuse or another, I visited Joanna nearly every day. I had joined University College Hospital on my return from Australia, and among my fellow students I discovered a cousin of Joanna, named Harry Vincent. Although I was extremely jealous of him in view of the advantage he had over me in being related to Joanna, I cultivated his acquaintance so that I could get constant news of her, for he frequently visited her and took her out sight-seeing, for this was her first visit to London.

During the whole nine months that she was in London, I never spoke to her of my love. Indeed, I never showed, except by my constant endeavours to see her, that I was in love with her. If she guessed it, she never commented on it. After a few weeks, I told my mother about Joanna and I must say my mother took this piece of news better than she had taken my confession of my love for Elsie. I have not the slightest doubt that my mother was horrified at the prospect of an Eurasian daughter-in-law, who was six and a half years older than her son and had an insane sister. I told my mother quite plainly I had no other object in life but to qualify as a doctor in order to marry Joanna. And how I worked! Never in my life had I worked as I did then. I never went to

bed before midnight and I was at the hospital before nine every morning. Very gently my mother began to dissuade me from my intention to marry Joanna. She brought her brother Arthur, an ex-Indian Civilian, to her aid. My uncle was certainly tactful, but I could read in his expression what a perfect fool he thought me.

I started taking in the *Ceylon Times*. The very mention of the word Ceylon evoked thrills throughout my whole being. I read every book dealing with Ceylon that I could get hold of, with the result that I soon got to know a great deal more about it than did Joanna herself.

Needless perhaps to mention, my mother insisted on seeing Joanna. She asked her to the house. What she said to her I never learnt, for Joanna possessed the secretiveness which is so characteristic of orientals. Towards the autumn of that year Joanna moved from the boarding-house near Bedford Square to Kew, where she stayed with some friends. At once Kew became invested with a halo. The proximity of Bedford Square to University College Hospital made it easy for me to see Joanna without much interference with my work, but her removal to Kew threw obstacles in the way of my meeting her. I started writing to her, once, twice, sometimes thrice a day. Every letter that I received from her was an almost priceless treasure! I never threw away a scrap of her writing. At last she wrote to me to say

that she would prefer I did not think of her so much and would be glad if I did not visit her, for I had been several times to see her at Kew, where we always met in the Gardens, never where she was staying. I was terribly distressed to be told this, but her slightest wish was a binding law. I gave up writing to her and gave up going to Kew for quite a time.

At last, I could stand the separation no longer. I went to Kew and in an almost delirious state of mind walked here and there in the Gardens in the hope of seeing her. She was not there. Where could she be? Was she out with some fellow? If I met him, I would wring his neck. Miserable beyond measure, I turned to leave the Gardens and go home. As I passed through the entrance on my way out, Joanna entered the Gardens quite alone, passing within a yard of me. She seemed not to see me. I turned and gazed after her. Had she seen me and cut me dead? The idea was too terrible to think of. My first impulse was to rush after her and demand an explanation, but something held me. I stood watching her until she disappeared. I ran to the station and sprang into a train. It was the end. It must be the end. It were better I should die. I will commit suicide. No, it may be some frightful mistake. I must write and demand the truth.

That night I wrote her a letter of many pages. In a day or so I got a reply. She wrote that she had never seen me, for had she seen me she would

certainly have spoken to me. Was she stating the truth? Could that be possible under the circumstances, for only a yard had separated us? Had she gone to meet another man? Rage, shame, mortification and a flood of kindred emotions swept over me like a cyclone. I wrote another letter. For all I know, at this period of time, I wrote a dozen. I threw myself into my work with even greater fury than ever. It was my sole solace, for I knew that once I was qualified I should marry her. She could not refuse me. I would brook no refusal. I would force her to marry me or I would kill her.

At this point, I feel I must pause in order to record that I felt no sexual passion for her. I never kissed her. I had never felt I wanted to kiss her. No thought of any sexual relations with her ever entered my head. I never visualised her naked, for her body did not interest me. I never gave it a thought. She was slender and very graceful in her movements, but I never had a thought about her breasts and her thighs. She was the object of my intensest power of affection and, as such, was accepted, mind, body and soul. The question of perfection or imperfection in any detail of her make-up I never contemplated. The whole "persona" of Joanna was a piece of perfection, beyond dispute, beyond criticism. It was not a case of my presuming that she was physically without blemish. Such an idea never entered my head. I took her physical

form "for granted"; I did not think about it.

As a sexologist my mental attitude towards Joanna still remains a puzzle to me. Did she fill the rôle of my ideal woman, i.e., the type of woman who has given rise to the concept of every female goddess that has ever existed in the mind of mankind? Was I reacting towards Joanna as a primitive, or rather with the "primitive" types of mental reaction on which we are all only too deplorably dependent? How can the total elimination of the sexual content be explained? I cannot answer this question. Passion, beyond dispute, was all too evident, but it was wholly desexualised.

In 1905, Joanna returned to Ceylon, taking her insane sister with her. I could hardly sustain the separation. Work, work, work was my only solace. Work became for me a drug. Indeed, I have often thought that it was something in the nature of a miracle in the theological sense of the term that I did not take to drink or drugs at her departure. Instead of that I drugged myself with work, snatching intervals to write to her long passionate letters to which I received nothing but kind acknowledgments.

I used to enquire of the porter of University College Hospital if there were a letter for me, because Joanna always addressed her letters to me to the hospital. One day, several months after Joanna's return to Ceylon, the porter handed me an envelope bearing the Ceylon stamp and the post-mark of the

Kandy post-office. I never treated Joanna's letters to me as things to be torn open and read anywhere and at any time. I always kept them to read after I had returned home, and, having taken my dinner, had retired to my work room. Following my usual practice, I did not open this letter until I was settled in my room for my night's work.

With feelings that I suppose suffuse devout Catholics when they touch a holy relic, I opened the letter. It contained what I had never expected; a passionate declaration of love. To state that I was "stunned" would fail to describe my reaction. Freud, that wizard of the human mind, describes a particular type of neurosis which, he personally believes to be the product of the fulfilment of a long cherished ambition, and the form which it takes is characterised by a feeling of disappointment amounting to disgust. In these terms I reacted to this letter from Joanna. Slowly I tore the letter into pieces and threw it, piece by piece, into the fire that was burning in the grate.

After the disappearance of Joanna out of my life, I began to realise that, to quote H. G. Wells, love was neither filth nor flirtation. I began to want more of it, but the trouble was I did not know where to look for it. As Wells writes of himself, I began to resent the state of sexual deprivation in which I was living. As to Wells, so to me, came the discovery that there were endless millions of young people in

the world in the same state of sexual suspense and unrest as myself. As I had not yet qualified to practise medicine, marriage was out of the question. Indeed, I had not the slightest wish for a wife; my mind was not turned towards any individual. Nevertheless, the sexual urge was so intensely strong it overcame me in the end, so that I took to going with prostitutes.

In those days (1906), one of the places which young men in search of women were wont to frequent was the Hotel Continental. The hotel was in Waterloo Place and one could not gain entrance into it after dark unless one wore evening dress. On entering the hall, one went upstairs into the supper room in which were a number of small tables lit by discreetly shaded candles. At each table there sat one or at the most two of the better class of prostitutes.

One evening I went there alone, and as I entered the supper room quite a pretty girl who was sitting at a table near the door with a Japanese jumped up and catching me by one arm said: "Oh, Harry, I am so pleased to see you again."

I saw at once that I was implicated in some situation in which it was incumbent upon me to recognise her as an old flame and to answer to the name of Harry. I kissed her and said: "Yes, dear, it is nice to see you again."

As I kissed her she whispered in my ear: "Please

do take me away from this Japanese. He is very drunk."

I turned to the Japanese and said: "This lady is an old friend of mine and I am sure you will permit us to have supper together."

The Japanese was too drunk to protest. He stared at me in a somewhat threatening manner, to which I replied with a bow and, giving my arm to the girl, we walked off.

We selected a vacant table where we sat down. The girl told me she would like some supper, so I ordered food and wine and then asked her to tell me how she had got mixed up with a Japanese. She explained that she had come to the Continental in the hope of finding a man she liked, and whilst sitting alone at a table the Japanese had insisted on sitting down with her and asking her to take supper with him, with the result that she waited until she saw somebody coming in whom she thought would assist her to escape from him.

After supper, she asked me to come to her rooms, so we went off together. She had a very nice little flat in the basement of a house in Baker Street, and there we sat and talked for some considerable time. In the course of conversation she employed some medical terms which made me ask her if she was a medical student.

"No," she answered, "I am a nurse at the Westminster Hospital."

"My dear girl," I said, "then why all this Continental Hotel business? Surely there must be heaps of chaps at the hospital who would be only too delighted to take you out for an evening?"

"Ycs," she said, "I suppose so, but I like the pleasure of coming out alone, and I so much enjoy this little flat."

In the end we became very great friends and I saw a good deal of her.

One day, several months afterwards, I received a letter from her which had followed me about. She wrote that she was a patient in St. George's Hospital with gonorrhoeal ophthalmia. The letter was at least a fortnight old, but I immediately went off to St. George's Hospital and asked if I could see my friend. I was told that she had left a few days previously and that she had completely recovered from her malady. Much relieved at this news, I started writing to her at the Westminster Hospital as well as to her address in Baker Street. I received no reply.

Some weeks afterwards I was House Physician on duty in the out-patient department of University College Hospital, when I walked my friend Alice, looking radiantly well and happy.

I said: "What brings you here of all places?"

"I have come for a medical certificate," she answered, "as I have been offered a good job in the London Fever Hospital."

"Oh, is that all? Well, go into a cubicle and

I will tell Sister that I want to examine you."

"Oh, never mind about Sister. Come and see me alone."

After giving her a few minutes to undress, I went into the cubicle and found her lying on the couch with a sheet over her. It was quite obvious by the pile of clothing on the chair that she had taken off all her clothes.

I said: "Alice, how silly of you to take off all your clothes! If the Sister were to come in there would be an awful row."

"I only wanted to let you see how fit I am," said Alice.

While making a pretence of examining her, I told her how upset I had been by her letter from St. George's Hospital. She explained that she had been seriously ill with a most unpleasant complaint and had been surprised and disappointed to get no reply from me. Anyhow, I fixed up to dine with her that evening and we spent a very happy time together.

After that meeting, I saw her once or twice before I left for India, when I lost touch with her. One day, about two years afterwards, I received a letter from her asking me to allow her to come out to India and keep house for me. Although embarrassed by her request I was delighted at the suggestion. I took her letter to my Colonel. He was greatly amused by the letter and said to me: "My dear Berkeley-Hill, I have

not the slightest objection to this obviously delightful lady coming out here to keep house for you, but there are many other people in Cannanore who would make many objections to such a procedure. I think, on the whole, you had better write and tell her that it would not be advisable for her to join you."

I did so, and I regret to say that I have never heard from Alice again.

In addition to my "love affair" with Alice, I had numerous "affairs" with other women, most of whom were prostitutes. I may remark here that in most prostitutes I have found considerable charm and much kindness of heart. Here I may be excused for recording my wholehearted support to the view of Havelock Ellis, namely that, if we look at prostitution from the outside, as an objective phenomenon, it is seen to be not merely an accidental incident of our marriage system, but an integral part of it without which it would fall to pieces. Not only is prostitution to-day, as it has been for more than two thousand years, the buttress of our marriage system, but if we look at marriage from the inside in relation to the motives that constitute it, we find that marriage in a large proportion of cases is itself in certain respects a form of prostitution. This point has been emphasised so often it seems hardly worth while to labour it, but it is one of extreme importance in relation to the question of sexual morality. Marriage has been described as a more fashionable form of prostitution,

that is to say, of disposing, for monetary considerations, of a sexual commodity. Marriage is, indeed, not merely a more fashionable form of prostitution, it is a form sanctified by law and religion, and the question of morality is not allowed to intrude. Morality may be outraged with impunity provided that law and religion have been invoked. The essential principle of prostitution is thus legalised and sanctified among us.

That is why it is so difficult to arouse any serious indignation, or to maintain any reasoned objections, against prostitution considered by itself. The most plausible ground is that of those who, bringing marriage down to the level of prostitution, maintain that the prostitute is a "blackleg" who is accepting less than the "market rate of wages," that is marriage, for the sexual services she renders. As a matter of fact, the prostitute is really paid extremely well considering how little she gives in return; the wife is really paid extremely badly considering how much she often gives and how much she necessarily gives up. For the sake of the advantage of economic dependence on her husband, she must give up those rights over her children, her property, her work, and her own person, which she enjoyed as an unmarried woman, even, it may be added, as a prostitute. The prostitute never signs away the rights over her own person, as the wife is compelled to do; the prostitute, unlike the wife, retains her

freedom and her personal rights. It is the wife rather than the prostitute who is the "blackleg."

It is not an exaggeration to state that the problem of prostitution is in reality the problem of marriage, and that we can only reform away prostitution by reforming marriage, regarded as it is as a compulsory institution resting on an antiquated economic basis.

A good many years ago an eminent American psychologist, the late Stanley Hall, published an essay entitled *The Dangerous Age*, in which he contended that the ten years of a man's life between the age of forty-five and fifty-five are fraught with dangers in the sphere of sex. I think there is a good deal of truth in Stanley Hall's view. Anyhow, I have observed instances of sexual complications about this period in the lives of a number of men, including myself. I recollect falling very much in love with a rather handsome nurse at a hospital I was concerned with about 1932. At this time my son Sam and my young German friend, Kurt von Molo, were staying with me. There is no need to enter into details of this stupid affair, but I was so carried away by my feelings for X, that I contemplated throwing up my job and eloping with her, supposing, of course, that she would have consented to accompany me. I do not know how things might have ended had she not confided in Kurt that my son Sam was as infatuated in her as was his father. When I learnt of this I was

more amused than annoyed and, to be quite honest, not a little ashamed. In the end, Sam and I had a hearty laugh over the affair and X dropped out of both our lives.

I cannot bring these pages torn from my sexual history to a close, without adding a few reflections on sex in general. As I stated at the beginning of this collection of stories of my sexual life, Christianity has taught more deplorable lessons about sex than about any other matter. The swiftness with which an individual, brought up in the Christian religion, can see the foolishness of Christianity's traditional solutions of problems of sex, is an almost unerring test of his or her intelligence. Take for instance the British Public School tradition, which is heavily tainted with the Christian tradition. What does it amount to? Surely, to get rid of the sexual problem by teaching men to despise women, either by open scorn or by putting them on a pedestal of chastity. With the author of that amazing book, *The Death of a Hero*, I say: "No, each of us has to work out the problems for himself, and on the correct solutions depends the happiness of life." I do not pretend to teach what are other people's solutions. I think I know what is mine, but that is not necessarily that of my neighbours. But I am quite sure the British Public School solution is wrong. We should turn churches into temples

SEX LIFE

to Venus, and set up a statue to Havelock Ellis, the moral Hercules who has partially succeeded in cleansing the Augean Stable of the white man's mind.

III

WHY I BECAME A PSYCHIATRIST

"The question at stake," said Epictetus, "is no common one; it is this:—Are we in our senses, or are we not?"

IT all started in Germany. Disgusted with the work I was made to do for the Honours School of Physiology at Oxford, I went with another disgruntled fellow under-graduate, Edward Whitley, to Göttingen. On arriving there I took two rooms, a sitting-room and bedroom, close to the physiological laboratory. They belonged to a cabinet-maker and were situated over the shop. The cabinet-maker, whose name was Knop, had a wife and two children, a boy and a girl, aged about six and seven years respectively.

Frau Knop was a very buxom and jolly woman and a great talker. We became excellent friends. She charged me forty marks a month for the rooms, inclusive of coffee and rolls in the morning and afternoon tea with biscuits. When I complained of the absence of a bathroom in the house she said: "You can go weekly to the public baths." I tried to

make her understand that I liked a cold bath every morning. She expressed her horror of such an insanitary habit, but I was adamant. I told her I would buy a small bath and she must bring me a pail of water every morning when she called me. I can quite understand her resentment at having to carry a pail of water up to my bedroom every day, but she gave in at last and the matter was settled, not however without some gloomy prognostications as to the effect on my health of daily ablutions in cold water.

Daily at seven-thirty Frau Knop would knock on my bedroom door and shout: "Herr Hill, ihr Kaffee ist oben." I would get up at once and open my bedroom door, which led into the sitting-room, when she would enter my bedroom and pour the water from the pail into my bath, a miserable affair not much larger than what in England is (or was) termed a "foot-bath," that I had bought in the town. After staying for a few minutes to ascertain the coffee was to my liking and to ask me a few questions about myself in whom she took a more than motherly interest, she would descend to her family downstairs.

I took my mid-day meal for a mark a day at a Pension kept by an enormously fat German and his wife. The food was copious and of excellent quality. Whitley, who had rooms at a small hotel in the town, joined me for the mid-day meal, at which a dozen or more students and others were invariably present. There was much good fellowship

and simple talk during the eating business. My evening meal was taken at any of the various restaurants of the town. It generally cost less than the mid-day one. After supper, Whitley and I went to hear the municipal band play and drink beer.

Whitley and I were very courteously received by the late Professor Max Verworn and admitted as students in the physiological laboratory of the University. Verworn had an American wife and they lived in a quite charming house in the outskirts of the city. Every Sunday the Frau Professor was At Home to British and American students. We enjoyed these gatherings because English was spoken by everyone, including the Professor himself, for his wife insisted on his so doing. On every other day of the week, Whitley and I had to speak in German to him, as best as we could. Whitley and I worked very hard, much harder at learning German than at studying Physiology. We made it a rule to talk only German to each other, with a fine of one pfennig for every English word we used by error or through exasperation. I taught myself to read German by working through Bunge's text-book on chemistry with the help of a dictionary.

To learn conversational German, I hired the services of a German schoolmaster at the rate of one mark an hour. He was typical of his class. He came daily from two p.m. to three p.m. and was always dressed in a shiny black tail-coat and trousers

to match. He wore a straw hat and a made-up bow tie. The cuffs of his shirt were fastened by large solitaires of a greyish colour. They were detachable. As the weather was extremely warm he sweated profusely.

Nevertheless, he had one serious defect—he had nothing to talk about. Too courteous as he was to tell me what he and his countrymen and women thought about us British making war on the Boers (the year was 1900), we were soon reduced to mumbling inanities about this and that. I got annoyed and had an advertisement put in the local newspaper that an English undergraduate of the University of Oxford would like to meet a German gentleman (I was too shy in those days to have failed to specify the sex of the person of whom I was in search), for conversation in the German language. Within twenty-four hours of the appearance of this notice, the door of my sitting-room opened and standing in the doorway I saw a very fierce-looking individual soberly dressed in black broadcloth. He wore huge moustaches, which in those days were often described as “dragoon-like.” (By a strange coincidence it transpired later that he had served his term of military service in a regiment of dragoons.) Making a bow from the hips downwards, he strode into the room and handed me a visiting-card about the size of an ordinary post-card on which was printed the laconic announcement: Carl Thiess.

I took this to be his name and addressing him by it, I begged to know why he had honoured me with a visit. Indulging once more in a very stiff bow, he explained that he had called in answer to my advertisement. I requested him to be seated. He took a chair and crossing his hands over a formidable walking-stick he carried, which I then recognised as something that had earned the name of a "Pcnang Lawyer," he explained that he had spent most of his life in Borneo and the Dutch East Indies and was now retired in the town in which his wife had been born. He spoke in English with a strong German accent. Warming up on the topic of his introduction to myself, he was emphatic that any place west of Suez was no place for him, particularly this disastrously dull city of Göttingen. He longed for someone to talk to who was something other than the totally boring people with whom he had to mix on his wife's account. (Subtly, he communicated to me that his wife was particularly to blame in this respect.) In a few minutes I saw that as a conversationalist, Herr Carl Thiess was a pearl of great price. I closed with his terms, namely, one mark an hour with coffee and cigarettes thrown in. Had I realised for a moment what coffee and what cigarettes this good man was prepared to offer me, I should have closed at five marks an hour. Fortunately I did not know.

We started our "conversations" the very next day

in his house. I was introduced to his wife, a dried-up little wisp of a woman, whom he always called "Schatz," but in such a menacing tone of voice that this colloquial term of endearment was more in the nature of a threat than an expression of affection. Indeed, I got to know later on that the "Penang Lawyer" was often called into requisition to emphasise their conjugal relations. Anyhow, Carl Thiess was a gold-mine of information. He loved to tell tales of the sort one reads about in Conrad's stories. I gathered from his remarks about the Boer War that he entertained a grudge against Dutchmen. So far from deploring the attitude of Great Britain towards the Boers, he frequently hoped that the Boers would, in the end, be utterly exterminated, man, woman and child.

My understanding of spoken German as well as my vocabulary increased daily by leaps and bounds. He was definitely an ardent advocate of "frightfulness," beyond the family circle. He told stories of his methods of dealing with "natives," a term which included Chinese, Malays, Indians and other brands of Asiatics. One night, when he and I, together with "Schatz," had gone to an open-air concert, he happened to catch sight of a local tailor to whom he had entrusted the making of a suit of clothes, sitting with his wife at a table nearby. "Look, Herr Hill," he said, pointing with a finger trembling with passionate anger at the little tailor, "at that fellow there. Do

you see him sitting here, drinking beer and listening to this music when he should be sewing my suit of clothes? If I were in Singapore I would know for certain that my Chinese tailor would now, even at this hour of night, be sewing my suit of clothes. But this miserable creature has the audacity to neglect my suit of clothes and come here to a concert and sit down at a table so near to me that he cannot fail to see whom he is insulting by his conduct. If I saw my Chinese tailor in Singapore daring to affront me in this fashion, I would soon teach him better manners."

At this stage poor "Schatz" became acutely apprehensive of some impending act of violence, so that she threw her arms round her husband's waist and implored him to desist from any act of assault and battery in a public place.

I have no doubt that these verbal fireworks were the product of an excessive round of beer, for which, I must admit, old Thiess paid his whack. Anyhow, I found words which effectively diluted his fury, and we sat through the rest of the concert in complete tranquillity.

Whitley and I joined the Normannia Burschenschaft, a students' club, which was not averse to having non-German members. Every Saturday we attended the club's "Kneipe" to sing and drink beer. The club's President was a somewhat truculent individual who expected and demanded implicit

subservience from all its members. On one occasion, Whitley and I, together with a Scottish student of theology, were present at a duelling display. The Scotsman fainted at the very outset when hardly any blood had been shed, and had to be carried into the open air to revive. Whitley and I stayed and saw half a dozen duels whereat faces were cut as well as hair.

I do not think that either of us were greatly impressed by what we saw. In those days the students of a German University played no games like football and hockey, nor did they care much for physical exercise of any sort. A very few played a pat-ball sort of tennis without assuming any costume for the purpose. Coats and caps were laid aside but no other garment. Players wore their ordinary boots and shoes on the tennis court.

As a rule our fellow students were kindly and courteous, but occasionally, when a little drunk, a student would become ferocious. I remember one evening I was sitting with some English and American students in a café, when a drunken German student came over to the table where we were sitting, clicked his heels, bowed and handed me his visiting-card, saying: "Sie haben mich fixiert" ("You have stared at me"). Not knowing the prescribed reaction to this procedure, I took his card and put it in my pocket. At my so doing, the German became incensed and peremptorily demanded "satisfaction" in a duel. I explained that I did not fight, but I would

greatly enjoy punching his face. At this juncture some of his friends came up and led him away. I thought the matter had ended, but I was mistaken. The next evening I was again in the same café when a party of students, more or less drunk, came storming in, shouting: "Where is the little Englishman?" Their tone and manner filled the café's proprietor with so much alarm that he came hurriedly to where I was sitting and begged me to leave the place immediately, for he foresaw that frightfulness was impending. Much against my inclination, I did as he requested, and left. I heard afterwards that these students had conducted a thorough search for me, and failing to find me had vented their wrath on the proprietor by handling him roughly.

My landlord, Herr Tischlermeister Knop, as he liked being called, took a great interest in India and would often ask me about it. He believed that "treasure ships" loaded with jewels and bullion left India every year for England, much as the Spanish galleons of the sixteenth century left the West Indies carrying gold and silver to Spain. Nothing that I could say would alter his opinion. Like most Germans of his class he thought all Englishmen were wealthy, but he refused to believe that my good friend Whitley, who often came to my lodgings, had a private income of £10,000 a year, which was true.

WHY I BECAME A PSYCHIATRIST

At length, overwork and want of exercise began to tell on me. I began to feel apprehensive when going into any crowded place and before long I was in the grip of an acute "claustrophobia." I could not attend lectures nor take my meals at a restaurant. I saw it was useless to go on. Besides I was thoroughly frightened, for I thought I was going insane. I put my case before Professor Verworn and he advised me to throw up my work and take a complete rest. With many regrets I left Göttingen and went, *via* Hamburg, to a very cheap seaside resort on a small island named Juist, in the North Sea.

I took a room in the only hotel where there were a few other visitors and spent the whole day on the seashore. I hardly spoke to anyone and began to feel a little better.

There were two German officers staying in the hotel who sometimes condescended to address to me a few remarks about the Boer War, which was slowly dragging on. Neither of these officers entertained the smallest hope of the British ever being able to vanquish the Boers. I did not attempt to argue with them, for so to do would almost certainly have led to some unpleasantness. I maintained an attitude of mild acquiescence to all that they said.

After a couple of weeks or so, my brother Matthew arrived to find out what was the matter with me. He was very kind and sympathetic and strongly advised

me to return to London. Now the island of Juist lies about twenty miles from the northern coast of Holland, and Dutch fishing-boats call in there from time to time. One evening I got into conversation with the skipper of one of these boats, a Dutchman named Dinkla. I asked him if he would take my brother and me across to Delfzijl. He expressed himself ready to oblige us and said that we should be aboard by seven o'clock next morning. He pointed to his boat, which was lying about a mile from the shore. I asked him how he proposed we should reach him, as he was lying so far out. "Take a carriage and drive out," he replied. I thought he was joking, but he was perfectly serious. Up to that moment I had been quite unaware how shallow is the sea in that part of the world. Accordingly the next morning Captain Dinkla, my brother and I drove with our luggage in a two-horse wagonette to Dinkla's smack. The horses seemed quite used to the procedure, even when the water was nearly over their backs.

The carriage could not quite reach the smack, so Dinkla started shouting something in Dutch, and in a moment or two a tousled head appeared from the galley. It belonged to Dinkla's assistant of whatever rank. In obedience to orders, the assistant weighed anchor and hoisted the mainsail and then steered the smack in our direction. As it passed slowly by the carriage Dinkla sprang on board. My brother and I followed, our luggage being thrown after us by

the driver of the carriage. It was an amazing embarkation!

When all was ready, the smack's bows were turned towards Holland and off we went. Before very long we were out of sight of land and I asked Dinkla if we were in deep water. He took a pole and sounded. The depth was about nine feet. On arriving at Delfzijl we repaired to an inn and ate a hearty breakfast. We then took our passages in a barge by canal to Groningen, passing through marvellously quaint scenery, a good deal of which I missed through falling asleep. We spent the night at Groningen and then went by train to Harlingen where my brother left me to attend some Congress somewhere. From Harlingen I went by steamer to Rotterdam and so back to London.

On arriving, I consulted Sir David Ferrier about my health. Although the most eminent neurologist in London at that time, he admitted he could give no reason for my symptoms and said the best thing I could do was to forget them. Sir David Ferrier's advice took my breath away. I could not understand how a man of his eminence as a neurologist could advise a patient "to forget" his symptoms. I fell to wondering if Sir David knew what he was talking about. Had he any idea, I asked myself, of the paralyzing nature of my malady? Did he appreciate for an instant the feeling of impotence which my trouble evoked? Did he understand the ignominy which it

caused me? Apparently not to the slightest degree. From that moment I vowed that should I recover I would devote what intelligence I possessed to acquiring an understanding of the mind, in health and disease, and thus it was that I became a psychiatrist.

Another factor in my choice of psychiatry as my life-work was my interest in the work of Sigmund Freud, which was brought to my notice by the eminent English psychoanalyst, Dr. Ernest Jones. At that time Ernest Jones shared a fine house in Harley Street with Wilfrid Trotter, who afterwards became the most eminent surgeon in London and Sergeant-Surgeon to King George V. Both these men made a very great impression on me. I can never thank either enough for the light that they threw on my path in the early days of my medical career. Jones and Trotter were men of exceptional ability, though of very different temperament. I admired and respected them very much and do so to this day.

I became one of the original members of the British Psychoanalytical Association and took great interest in the development of psychoanalytical psychology. But although I think that it has revolutionised academic psychology to a very great degree, I cannot feel now as deeply impressed with it as I was in its early days. Nevertheless, I owe a very deep debt to this science for the insight it has enabled me to get of psycho-pathological problems of every

WHY I BECAME A PSYCHIATRIST

description. When I went to India in the Indian Medical Service, I was the only recognised psychoanalyst in the country. At least, I think so. In due course, an Indian branch of the International Psychoanalytical Association was started in Calcutta by my good friend and colleague, Dr. Girindra Shekhar Bose, who has contributed many valuable papers on psychoanalysis.

I may mention here that interest in psychoanalysis is almost confined, as far as Indians are concerned, to Bengalis. I have no explanation to offer for this phenomenon. Besides myself, there was only one other European in India who took psychoanalysis seriously, namely my friend Major C. W. Daly, of the Supply and Transport Corps. Daly's researches on the attitude of the unconscious towards menstruation are undoubtedly of great value to our understanding of this singular physiological process. Through the kindness of Dr. Girindra Shekhar Bose I was permitted to join the Indian Psychoanalytical Association, of which I am still a member.

IV

THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

*"If you your lips would keep from slips
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where."*

—UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS

MY choice of the Indian Medical Service as a career was the outcome of a row with my mother. I recollect so well being with her in the drawing-room of the house in which she then lived, namely 59, Gloucester Terrace, one night after dinner in the early part of 1906.

At that time I was an unpaid anaesthetist at the London Lock Hospital, learning something about anaesthetics and something about venereal diseases. My hours of work at the Lock Hospital were not very long, nor was the work by any means arduous. I had about £150 a year of my own, which, with free board and lodging in my mother's house, was quite adequate for my ordinary needs. I was, in short, all too contented.

Apropos of nothing, as far as I can remember, my

mother suddenly burst out into a violent denunciation of my idleness and lack of interest in my future. As a matter of fact, I was at that time negotiating for a partnership in a big practice in Mexico City. There were three doctors in the partnership, and as one was about to retire, a new partner was needed to take his place. As the firm refused to take a new partner unless he knew Spanish, my application was refused.

To placate my mother I said I would try for the Indian Medical Service, the entrance examination to which would be held in July. This promise mollified her, and on the day following I arranged with a famous coach named Campbell to get a polish put on my stock of learning with a view to sitting for the examination in July. When July came I passed the examination, last but one on the list of candidates. Little did I then realise that I had committed the stupidest act in my life.

It would have been difficult to find anyone less amenable to military discipline than I was at that age. I had, and still have, a strong dislike of elderly men, and it was with elderly men I was going into immediate conflict. I had not the sense then to see that as long as I served in the Army I was destined to lead a life in which I should be clamped down under the fetters of petty detail and fed upon the mean diet of compromise and routine. Like H. G. Wells, I hate the paralysing minor tests of conduct that are vitally important to the imagination of the authoritative

dull, and in the Army the authoritative dull are in the majority. In those days I had not learnt how perfect is the monopoly of commonplace, nor did I know how fatal is the stumbling-block that man sets in the way of his own advancement who dares to think for himself, or who knows more or who does more than the mob of gentlemen-employees who know very little and who do even less.

As nobody cared about me enough to take the trouble to warn me against entering on a career for which I was by nature wholly unfitted, I stepped innocently into the lions' den of military discipline, and with the rest of the batch of officers who had passed into the Indian Medical Service and R.A.M.C. at the same time as myself went to St. Ermine's Hotel in Westminster, there to undergo a course of training in tropical diseases and to learn the ABC of military manners.

Our Commandant was a Colonel of the R.A.M.C. From the very first we were mutually antipathetic. He was altogether too gentlemanly. He was also a snob. I had not been at St. Ermine's long before he sent for me and showed me the Army Regulation which forbade an officer to shave his upper lip. In other words, I was ordered to grow a moustache. When I told him that I did not think a moustache suited my type of beauty, he became very violent and very rude. From that moment I made it my business to provoke the Colonel on every possible

occasion. One of the many pieces of insubordination in which I indulged was to refuse to drink the port wine which was passed round after dinner. I caused a special decanter to be set in front of me, and this evoked a good deal of amusement in all of us with the exception of the Colonel. One day he asked me why I refused to drink the mess port, and I told him that I had learnt as a small child to distinguish between good and bad port, as my father had kept a public house.

After finishing our course at St. Ermine's we were all transferred to Aldershot, where we received instruction in drill, the conduct of courts-martial and equitation. The first two items I treated with contempt, but the equitation I enjoyed thoroughly. With seven or eight other officers, I was sent to the riding-school of the Army Service Corps. The riding master took a grim pleasure in having a batch of young doctors as his pupils and he played some very disconcerting tricks on us. One day when we were riding at a walking pace round the school with our stirrup-leathers crossed over our saddles and our arms crossed over our chests, the riding master fired off a gun, filling the riding-school with a terrific noise. Our chargers leapt into the air and their riders leapt still higher, to find as they descended that their mounts had passed forward so that they were no longer there to receive them on their return. I am glad to be able to state that in some

miraculous fashion I escaped falling to the ground.

I do not know how long we were at Aldershot. I do know, however, how horribly bored I was with the whole affair. At the conclusion of the course we all returned to London, where we sat for an examination to test what we had learnt. When the results of the tests became known I found that I had failed dismally in Tropical Medicine. The result of this was that I had to go before some old bird in the India Office for a wiggling. I was amazed at his appearance and manners, which were quite horrible. When he had said what he had to say, I ventured to remark that I attributed my failure to the bad teaching I had had. This made the old creature wilder than ever.

As soon as he had calmed down, I told him that, with the permission of the India Office, I would take out the London Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene and, by so doing, make up for the lack of knowledge in these subjects that I had recently displayed. In the end I was allowed to do this and I began a fresh course of study at the London Tropical School of Medicine. Here I came under the teaching of Sir Patrick Manson, C. W. Daniels, and other leading lights in tropical diseases. Sir Patrick Manson was the finest lecturer I ever listened to. In the end I obtained the Diploma with Special Distinction and was graciously permitted to remain in the I.M.S., from which I had been within an ace of being expelled.

THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

My failure to satisfy my examiners at the Royal Army Medical College had led to another row with my mother, on account of which I left her house in Gloucester Terrace with a vow I would never return to it, and I never did. In September 1907, I left for India on a transport and arrived in due course at Karachi. Here I reported myself to the A.D.M.S., who took very serious exception to the collar I was wearing when I confronted him. I got orders to proceed to Bangalore, going by steamer from Karachi to Bombay and thence by train. With me there were, I think, four other of my contemporaries, one of whom was a Parsee.

On reaching Bangalore we were told we should have to join the R.A.M.C. Mess there. In those days there was a good deal of ill-feeling between the I.M.S. and R.A.M.C., so that we soon found we were not very welcome at the Mess except for our contributions to its funds. We four determined that we would leave the Mess and go and live at the hotel near the race-course. When our intention was made known to our Commanding Officer he was furious. However, we persisted that we would not stop in the R.A.M.C., and marched off in a body to the A.D.M.S. to lay our grievance before him. Much to our surprise he was very sympathetic and told us that we had a perfect right to live where we liked. Accordingly we all moved into the hotel, a procedure which greatly increased our unpopularity.

In Bangalore we were made to go through another 'course' in matters pertaining to hygiene and public health. Among my other interests in those days was the administration of chloroform by the inhaler invented by Vernon-Harcourt, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford. It was a complicated contraption, but all the same, one by which chloroform could be administered in accurately graded dosage. I recollect giving a demonstration of its utility at the European Station Hospital before a number of R.A.M.C. officers and military medical subordinates of the Indian Medical Department. As far as I remember they were greatly impressed by what they saw.

When the course in public health was finished, I was transferred for duty to the Venereal Hospital for British Troops. Here I acted as second-in-command to a chief whom I got to like very much. There was very little work to do, but what there was I liked. While at the Hospital, it so happened that he and I had to circumcise a soldier with a syphilitic chancre. Noticing that my chief had a slight abrasion on one finger, I begged him to let me operate, as rubber gloves were not issued to us. He made fun of my anxiety, saying: "Don't be a little fool. I shall operate and you can give the anæsthetic. I want to see your Vernon-Harcourt inhaler working." Knowing that my own father had contracted syphilis in just such circumstances, I made one more attempt to dissuade him, but he

would not agree, and within three weeks he developed a Hunterian chancre on the place where the abrasion had been at the time of the operation. In the hope of stopping the progress of the disease, I put him under chloroform and a colleague scraped the chancre and treated it with pure carbolic acid. It was of no use, the poor fellow developed full-fledged syphilis in the course of the next few weeks, and left for England.

Shortly after Rattray's departure, I was transferred to the 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, a famous corps which had its headquarters at Bangalore. The officer commanding at that time was "Freddy" Anderson, renowned for his skill in dealing with ciphers. The adjutant was Captain Molesworth, with whom I became very friendly. Freddy Anderson let me have half of his house, as his wife was in England, and I became devoted to the old boy. He was very amusing and exceedingly kind to all his officers. Occasionally he would be in a thoroughly bad temper, particularly in the early morning. I remember one day during an inspection of the lines he was more than usually snappy. Molesworth, the adjutant, and I, along with one or two others, were walking silently through the lines not daring to speak to the old boy, until Molesworth, unable to stand the oppressive atmosphere any longer, whispered to me: "For God's sake, doctor, say something."

Accepting Molesworth's invitation I turned to the

Colonel and said: "Don't you think, Sir, that these drains might have been made a little straighter?"

Freddy turned on me and shouted: "God damn it, Sir, how can you expect men to see straight when they can't even pee straight?"

From Bangalore I was transferred to Secunderabad to the 33rd Cavalry. My Colonel, "Johnny" Grantham, was quite as much of a character as Freddy Anderson. He was a very good-looking man with an imposing presence. He was immensely popular with the regiment, particularly with the rank and file. I shared a cottage with the adjutant, a man named Gillies.

One evening I was dining in mess with two other subalterns, Willoughby and Kenworthy. (Poor Willoughby was killed in Mesopotamia in the War, while Kenworthy rose to command the Body-guard of the Governor of Bengal.) Suddenly "Johnny" Grantham appeared, having returned late from the Club. He was, as usual, a little tight, but he pulled himself together and stood staring at us three. Suddenly he exclaimed: "My God, to think that after thirty years' service in India I should have to sit down to dinner with the three ugliest men in Asia."

Willoughby had a bearer who was the image of him, and it was generally believed that the bearer was Willoughby's half-brother, being the son of Willoughby's father and his mother's ayah. Anyhow,

except for the difference in the colour of their complexions they were as like as two peas.

After a short time with the 33rd, I was deputed to officiate as Residency Surgeon at Hyderabad. The appointment arose in consequence of the terrible floods in 1908, which created so much work among the injured that the Residency Surgeon, Colonel Robert Shore, could not cope with it. "Bobby" Shore was an Irishman and a Catholic and one of the kindest men I have ever known. He invited me to stay free of charge in his own house, for he was a bachelor and, for this reason perhaps, glad of a companion.

In addition to my work as Residency Surgeon I was also Principal of the Medical College. My chief assistant was Dr. Naidu, the husband of the now famous Sarojini Naidu. The Resident was Sir Charles Bayley, a member of the famous family of Bayleys which has provided so many notable officials to the Government of India. I liked Bayley very much, for he was a man of great humour and extreme kindness.

While at Hyderabad I became very fond of the Matron of the Residency Hospital, a Miss Blair, who had been trained at St. Thomas's Hospital. One afternoon she and I were out for a drive in Colonel Shore's carriage and I took the opportunity of proposing marriage to her. She burst out laughing and said: "Only yesterday Colonel Shore proposed to

me and I accepted him." Gertrude Blair became Mrs. Robert Shore and made the dear old Colonel a most excellent wife.

In those days the Nizam's Government contained a great number of Europeans, many of whom were more or less adventurers. The Nizam (the father of the present Nizam) was very popular. He was kindly and shrewd and treated those whom he considered deserved well at his hands in a very generous spirit. He took to motoring very keenly and had a European named Dolphin in charge of all his cars. There was no speed limit in Hyderabad. Every policeman was instructed to blow his whistle whenever he saw a car coming as a warning to pedestrians to look out for themselves. In spite of this somewhat crude type of traffic regulation, there were very few accidents, but of course there were very few motor-cars. Dolphin, the Nizam's head chauffeur, told me that the Nizam was very fond of driving at night and at a high rate of speed. Dolphin always drove him, no matter at what time of the night he might elect to go out for a drive. Like so many men of his type, Dolphin soon grew too big for his boots, not seeing how well off he was. One day he was extremely impertinent to the Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk, with the result he was immediately dismissed.

Colonel Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk was an entirely "self-made" man. He had been an ordinary sowar in some Indian Cavalry regiment in his young days. His

career began when he was deputed to teach the Nizam to ride. Being a very clever and shrewd man, he rose higher and higher in the Nizam's service, until he reached the post of Commander-in-Chief. He occupied a beautiful house and had a numerous family. He was reputed to be very rich. I can well believe it.

Another remarkable man was the Nizam's astronomer. He was an Englishman, but no one seemed to know what were his qualifications for the post. He had a very nice house on the outskirts of Hyderabad near the observatory. Portions of what was reported to be a magnificent telescope, still in the cases in which they had arrived from Europe, lay around in the vicinity of the observatory. They remained in this condition for months. Everyone wondered when the packages would be opened and the telescope erected. Public opinion became rather hot on the topic. Unpleasant things were said about the astronomer. At last under pressure from various sources the cases were unpacked and the pieces of the telescope assembled.

In the course of a few more weeks people learnt that the famous telescope was now complete and installed in the observatory. The desire to look through it rose to be almost a frenzy. The astronomer published a notice in the Club at Secunderabad that he would be delighted to show the heavens to any person who would care to visit the observatory

between twelve midnight and one a.m. on a certain date.

At the time appointed quite a large crowd of people assembled at the observatory and waited for the astronomer to come and exhibit the telescope. They waited and waited, but the astronomer was conspicuously absent. The crowd became fretful and someone suggested going over to his house and knocking him up. After waiting a little time longer a few exasperated individuals went across to the house and battered on the door. In a few moments who should appear at an upper window but the astronomer clad in his pyjamas and obviously just aroused from sleep.

"What's all this?" he shouted, surveying the expectant multitude gathered beneath. "What do you mean by knocking me up at this time of night? Go away—go right away, every one of you!" With this pronouncement he shut his bedroom window and disappeared.

A roar of fury broke forth. Some wanted to break open the house and bring the astronomer by force to the observatory. Others voted for even more drastic procedure, but nothing happened. By twos and threes the exasperated throng of would-be star-gazers dispersed to their respective beds.

The Nizam retained at an enormous salary a court physician in whom he placed implicit trust. Although he was very old and quite blind this man

had an immense practice. His method of diagnosis was to attach a silken thread to one of his wrists and get his patients to hold the other end of it. That was enough. Diagnoses were made, prescriptions given and marvellous cures supervened.

In May, 1909, I left Hyderabad to go to be medical officer of the 2nd Queen's Own Rajputs, then commanded by a man whom I still regard as my "favourite Colonel," Lt.-Colonel F. A. Smith. Like "Bobby" Shore, he was a bachelor and took me into his house to live. The 2nd Rajputs were a very fine regiment, albeit rather caste-ridden. They had seen much service abroad, particularly in the Persian Gulf. Being much given to hospitality our Guest Nights every Saturday were very popular and frequently did not break up till the early hours of the morning. No matter how late we officers of the regiment went to bed, the Colonel would insist that we turned out at 7 a.m. on Sunday morning to ride round the race-course, taking all the jumps. In those days I had an old chestnut thoroughbred named Agapo, given to me by my eldest brother when he left India. Agapo was a splendid charger but not much good over the hurdles, due to his advanced age. In order, therefore, to compete with this Sunday morning outing I bought, through the kindness of my Colonel's sister, a famous rider in Calcutta, my horse "Rajput" about whom I have written an account in the section of this book entitled "My Horses."

When I left Hyderabad I thought a little holiday would be a good thing. So I went off to Bombay, where my good friend, S. T. Sheppard, of Oxford days, then lived. He was then on the staff of *The Times of India* as an assistant to the editor, Stanley Reed. "Sam" introduced me to several of his friends in Bombay, among whom was the Deputy Commissioner of Police.

X was an extremely efficient officer—a German by birth. One evening in the Club he asked me if I would like to join him in raiding a gambling den. I said: "Nothing would please me more."

"Of course," he said, "you understand that you will have to be disguised."

Rather surprised I asked: "Disguised as what?"

He looked me over and then said: "I think you would make up very well as a down-and-out bearer."

"I think you are very hard on me," I observed, "but still, you are probably a better judge in these matters than I am. When shall I assume this disguise?"

"Come around to my house after dinner and I will make you up," said X.

I was staying at the Taj Mahal Hotel and after dinner I went round to the Deputy Commissioner's house, where he began forthwith to make me up as a down-and-out bearer. I was forced into quite ridiculous garments, and on my head was placed a

circular cap with rather tarnished gold braid such as one might see on the head of a dissolute Moham-medan of Bombay. Then he began on my face, rubbing in some brown pigment, blackening my eyebrows and moustache (for in those days I wore a moustache), until eventually he pronounced my disguise complete. Two or three of his constables were so amused at the effect wrought by their chief upon my appearance that they had to leave the room. The Deputy Commissioner himself was not unamused and said: "I should like to show you to my wife."

"If your wife can stand the strain of seeing me thus terribly disfigured I have no objection."

"Come along into the drawing-room."

In the drawing-room the Deputy Commissioner's wife was sitting in the state of agitation into which she invariably got whenever her husband assumed a disguise of any sort in the prosecution of his duties. As she had not been told anything about my participation in this excursion, the moment she caught sight of me she uttered a piercing scream and, struggling to her feet, rushed from the room.

The Deputy Commissioner shouted after her: "Don't be alarmed, my dear; this is our friend Captain Berkeley-Hill, however frightful he may appear."

The explanation, however, offered her no comfort because we heard her locking herself into her

bedroom. "Well, well," said the Deputy Commissioner, "it is no good alarming my wife unnecessarily. She always gets like this whenever I do any of this raiding business."

"I hope you are going to dress up, too," said I, "for I shall feel very lonely in this disguise."

"Of course I shall dress up. My usual disguise is that of a Maharatta Babu. Stay here and have a drink while I go and change my clothes."

In a surprisingly short time he returned completely disguised as a Maharatta, although rather a large specimen of the race. "Now," said X, "we are ready and we had better be off." We went out into the hall, passing two constables, who seemed to be on the verge of something in the nature of a fit, and got into a ticca ghari. I asked the Deputy Commissioner where we were going.

"We're going to the Thana to collect the remainder of my men." He burst into a roar of laughter and added: "My God, you do look a sight!"

I was beginning to feel highly embarrassed and somewhat sorry for ever having consented to be made such a fool of.

"You won't mind," said the Deputy Commissioner, "if I am a little rough with you when we get to the Thana, because I wish to test in the presence of some members of my staff the perfection of your disguise."

I said: "Well, I have gone so far now that it doesn't seem to matter what I do."

Therefore when we reached the Thana, the Deputy Commissioner, who was a very powerful man, seized me by the scruff of the neck and dragged me out of the gharri up the stairs to the first floor where his office was situated. Arriving in the room he threw me with what struck me at the time as an unnecessary degree of violence on to the floor. It was obvious that I was expected to fill the role of a miserable creature, so I lay in a huddled heap on the floor. The Deputy Commissioner rang his bell and a constable appeared, to whom he gave an order to call his personal assistant. The personal assistant, a very smart, spruce-looking Parsee, entered the room, and the Deputy Commissioner pointed at the dishevelled heap which represented myself lying on the floor. Turning to his assistant, he said: "Mr. Kursetji, do you know that man?"

Mr. Kursetji turned and looked at as much of me as he could see. He then tiptoed across the floor, bent down and peered into my face.

"No, sir," he said, "I do not know this man, but his face is slightly familiar. Yes, I think I do know him. I have forgotten his name. But perhaps we have information about him."

The Deputy Commissioner burst into a roar of laughter and said: "You idiot, that is Captain Berkeley-Hill, who was here this morning,

discussing with you the counterfeiting of coins."

Mr. Kursetji emitted a hollow groan and, rising to an erect attitude, left the room.

"So much for that bloody fool," said the Deputy Commissioner; to which I replied: "May I get up now?"

"Yes, by all means. We will pull somebody else's leg now."

He rang the bell again and on the arrival of his orderly sent for another member of his staff, and after a few moments there arrived a man who appeared by his costume to be an Arab horse-dealer. The Deputy Commissioner turned to this man and said: "Who is that?" pointing his finger at me.

The Arab horse-dealer seized a portion of his clothing, threw it across his face, and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, so you know him, do you?" said the Deputy Commissioner, making his voice heard above the fellow's expressions of amusement. Eventually the Arab horse-dealer allowed his face to appear, and with tears of laughter running down his cheeks he admitted that he did not know me, but that he had never seen such an extraordinary creature in his life.

"Well, never mind," said the Deputy Commissioner, "whether you know him or not, it's time we were off." Turning to me he said: "Come along, Berkeley-Hill, we will get busy."

The Deputy Commissioner, the Arab horse-dealer, who was nothing but another police official in disguise, and myself went down into the street and got into a ticca gharri. Again the Arab horse-dealer had to retire behind a portion of his turban, so deeply consumed was he with uncontrollable laughter. We drove for some time until we reached a large building with several storeys where the ticca gharri drew up.

"That is the place," said the Deputy Commissioner, pointing at this building; but at that very moment a crowd of people, many of whom were Chinese, appeared, making their exit from the doors and windows like bees from a hive that has been overthrown. "Damn!" said the Deputy Commissioner. "It is obvious that they got wind of us. The whole show is spoilt." Then, turning to me, he said: "Berkeley-Hill, I am very sorry. But perhaps it is as well. You might have been knifed."

"Thanks awfully," I said. "I think I'll go home."

"Righto," said the Deputy Commissioner, "I'll get a gharri for you." And a gharri was brought, in which I took my seat and told the driver to go to the Taj Mahal Hotel.

On my arrival there I had completely forgotten what a frightful figure of fun I had become, for I walked straight up to the clerk at the desk and asked for the key of my room. The clerk's face assumed an expression of complete bewilderment, and touching

the bell on the desk beside him he called for a couple of durwans and on their arrival ordered them to throw me out. Just as they laid hold of me I said: "Don't you recognise me? I am Captain Berkeley-Hill."

The clerk said: "I do not recognise you. You are either mad or drunk."

I said: "Please bring me some water and a towel. I shall clean my face."

At this request his indignation vanished. A towel was brought to me and I was taken to the bathroom, where there happened to be a mirror, and in that mirror I beheld a most appalling sight. It was a hot night, and sweat had poured down my face so that its colour was a variety of brown, blackish and pinkish stripes. My clothes were in disarray and my ridiculous cap was cocked over one ear. I cleaned my face as well as I could and returned to the hall, feeling a more complete fool than I had felt for a long time past. It was not to be wondered at that the clerk burst into a roar of laughter as he handed me the key to my bedroom. As I thanked him for the key he bent over the desk and in a voice quivering with emotion asked: "May I know, sir, how you came to be wearing this costume?"

I turned to him and said in a very humble tone: "Please do not enquire. Good night."

After staying some days in Bombay, I boarded a coasting steamer to Mormugoa with the intention of

taking a look at Portuguese India. On landing at Panjim I found the Port Medical Officer very nervous about plague. Plague had, so far, been unknown in Goa; its immunity from this pestilence was ascribed to the presence of the corpse of St. Francis Xavier, whose tragic death and melodramatic arrival in Goa are too well known a story to be repeated here. I told the Port Medical Officer that I was myself a doctor and an officer of the Indian Medical Service and could guarantee that I was free from any suspicion of plague infection. The moment he learnt he was dealing with a colleague he waived all considerations of "quarantine" and went so far as to give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, Father Lopez, who, he was sure, would receive me hospitably at the monastery in Old Goa. Armed with the letter, I passed through the barrier and, thanks to the good doctor's help, obtained a horse-drawn vehicle at a reasonable rate, to carry me to Goa.

I reached the monastery, a huge rambling building, and presented my letter of introduction at the gate. In a very short time Father Lopez came bustling out to welcome me. I was shown upstairs and given a large and commodious room. Quite a number of persons crowded the doorway to see the English stranger, and when I asked for a bath they besieged me with requests to be permitted to see me wash.

I discovered that my arrival coincided with the visit of the venerable Patriarch, who was expected to

arrive in the evening and to welcome whom preparations were being made. It was dark before the Patriarch arrived, borne along in a palanquin, the way lighted by torch-bearers. After waiting some considerable time, dinner was announced and we trooped off to the dining-hall. Here I was introduced to the Patriarch, a very genial old gentleman with a vast beard and a resplendent ring on one of the fingers of his right hand. With him were two chaplains, one of whom was an ex-Brahmin.

Everyone seemed to understand English and, to the best of my recollection, English was the only language spoken during the meal. A variety of excellent wines was produced on which the Patriarch and I bestowed much attention with the result we both got slightly drunk. Anyhow, I remember asking the Patriarch for a blessing and going down on my knees to kiss his ring. He told me that Mother Church had lost a good son in me and it was deplorable that I was not a Catholic. I must have made a good impression on the Patriarch, drunk or sober, for he told off one of his chaplains—I forget now which—to remain in Goa for as long as I remained and constitute himself my guide.

On the following day the Patriarch proceeded on his journey, leaving me in the hands of his chaplain, an extremely civil and informative young man, who showed me all the sights of Old Goa, of which there are many of the greatest interest.

After spending two or three days there, I went to Mormugoa and put up in a ramshackle hotel in which there was only one servant, a negro slave from Portuguese East Africa. After a short stay at Mormugoa, I took a passage in a ship for a trip down the coast. The passengers embarked from boats and there was a terrible scrimmage in which a wretched Indian woman was knocked down and was in a danger of being trampled on had I not helped her to her feet. My action evoked the strongest disapproval from her husband, who abused me for touching his wife.

The ship called at all the ports between Mormugoa and Mangalore, where I left it to proceed down the coast by train. I stopped for a day or so at Cannanore, little knowing what a part this pretty seaside station was shortly to play in my life. Thence I went on to Calicut where an amusing adventure overtook me. I put up at the only hotel at that time to be found there. There was only one other visitor, a young man about my own age. After dining together, we stayed up swapping yarns until a fairly late hour. Eventually we said good night to each other and retired to our rooms. It must have been somewhat after midnight. I had hardly undressed before the most fearful noise broke out in the neighbourhood of the hotel. It was difficult to imagine what the cause of the noise could be, although it appeared to emanate from human throats. While I was pondering

as to what chances of sleep I might have with this deafening row almost beneath my window, my friend of the evening entered my room and said: "What is this damn noise going on?"

I said: "I was wondering myself what it could be."

"Let's go down and see what it is and do something about stopping it. It is impossible to sleep so long as this continues."

In our pyjamas we went downstairs and looked about us. The noise continued, but it was very difficult to ascertain from where it was coming. We were just about to give up our search and retire to our rooms when I saw a light shining through a crack in a partially closed door. I said to my friend: "I believe the noise is coming from behind that door. Let's go and see."

We went in the direction of the door and I found it open and entered the room. Seated around the wall were a number of Moplahs, in front of a few of whom were books supported on small reading-desks. The noise we had heard was due to the fact that the Moplahs were chanting together from the books placed before them.

I held up my hand and demanded silence.

They stopped chanting and looked up at me and said: "Go away. We are reading the Koran."

I replied: "This is not the time for reading the Koran. This is the time for sleep, and if you do not want to sleep, I do."

In a corner of the room I noticed a large pile of wooden slippers such as natives of Malabar are accustomed to use. I think I must have been a little drunk, because I picked up two of these wooden slippers and threatened to throw them at the first man who started the chanting. My friend, who understood the mentality of the Moplahs very much better than I did, turned and fled. The Moplahs, who understood my threat, were too astounded for a moment to do or say anything. They just stared at me.

Suddenly it dawned on me that I was doing something very rash in threatening to throw a slipper at a Mohammedan engaged in religious exercises. At the same time I was determined at all costs to myself to make them stop the noise. The idea occurred to me to fetch the police. I therefore dropped the slippers and went off to the Police Thana. It must have been about one o'clock in the morning. I paddled through the streets in my bare feet, wearing nothing but my pyjamas, and eventually found the Police Thana. There were a good number of constables asleep, and one man, presumably on duty, was awake.

I said to him in a peremptory tone: "Turn out the police." He was so surprised that he saw no alternative but to obey. The police were all aroused from their sleep, including a non-commissioned officer. To him I said: "Open your supply of

lathis and distribute them to these men and then fall them in."

Without any protest the man did as he was told. Each constable was given a lathi and told to fall in outside the Thana. When they were all armed and standing in a line I said, "Follow me," and I marched them off back again to the hotel.

On reaching the hotel I noticed that the noise had been restarted as loud as ever. I said to the non-commissioned officer: "This noise here must stop, as I cannot sleep. I leave it to you to take what measures you like, but it must be stopped at once, and two constables will remain here on duty to prevent it starting again until sunrise." I then retired to bed.

I do not know to this day what the police did about the noise, but it stopped and I fell asleep. The next morning my friend came into my room and told me how near we must have been to being severely handled by the Moplahs the night before. I said: "Well, anyhow I brought the police here and got the noise stopped." "There will be a nice row about this," he declared. "The sooner you clear out the better."

It seemed to me that what he said had a great deal of truth in it, so I called to my servant and said: "Pack up my things. We must leave at once." My servant packed up and we drove off in a gharri to the station, where I took the first train that came in.

Months afterwards I happened to be travelling from Cannanore to Madras, and in the same carriage with me was a young European Assistant Superintendent of Police. Among other things that he told me during the journey was a fairly accurate account of my own doings in Calicut on that fateful night. He concluded his story by saying: "I wish to God I could lay my hands on that fellow. He must have been some drunken loafer whose proper place is inside a jail. I'll catch him one day and then I'll give him a lesson he will never forget."

"Yes," I agreed, "I hope you will catch him and teach him the lesson that he fully deserves."

On leaving Calicut I wandered slowly from one town to another in Southern India till I reached Madras. There I took train back to Secunderabad.

About this time I began to feel the pangs of sexual starvation, a state of emotion that is, owing to the Public School tradition, one of the most disastrous features in the lives of army officers in India. Hence, I recall with much satisfaction an incident which occurred one night after I had returned from the mess to my room in the Colonel's bungalow to write "home letters."

The night was very hot and I had divested myself of most of my clothing. As I sat and wrote my letters I became gradually aware that I was sitting under a punkah which someone was pulling. More from curiosity than from any other impulse I got up and

went out into the veranda. There I saw a very attractive girl pulling the rope of my punkah. I spoke to her, asking her if she could not find something better to do. With a display of the obscene bashfulness that characterises Indian women of this type, she accompanied me into my bedroom. From the way she behaved there I can only presume she was suffering from the same complaint as that from which I was suffering. Anyhow, we did not fail to have the best of three falls every night for the rest of the time I was with the 2nd Rajputs.

From Secunderabad I was transferred to Cannanore as medical officer to the 83rd Wallahabad Light Infantry. I arrived there on a Sunday afternoon, and feeling I would like some tea went straight to the mess. There I saw, sitting in one of the arm-chairs, a rather dark-complexioned man of middle age who was reading a newspaper. Presuming that he was probably the bandmaster, for in those days Madrassi regiments were famous for their bands, I greeted him with just a touch of condescension. I proceeded to call for the mess Havildar, to whom I gave an order for tea.

Wishing to make a good impression I said to my friend of the dark complexion: "What sort of an old snoozer is the Colonel?" He lowered his newspaper and observed, "I am the Colonel."

I felt as if I had been struck by lightning and inwardly cursed myself for having ever asked such a

stupid question. As a matter of fact, the Colonel was amused and not in the least offended. Indeed, we became great friends, J. C. W. Erck and I. In those days I had not discovered that there is a brand of Celt, Scottish and Irish, who are by nature of so dark a complexion as easily to be mistaken for Anglo-Indians. Erck was one of these.

The 83rd Wallahjabad were among the regiments of Madras Infantry that were on the down grade. Nowadays none of them exist. I think the thought depressed Erck, for he was a very reserved man, although on occasions he could be excellent company. He was not a keen soldier. Indeed, he confided in me that he would have liked to be a doctor. He was, like Colonel Smith of the 2nd Rajputs, a bachelor and lived alone in a large house by the seashore.

The only other bachelor among the officers was the adjutant, Spooner, so that Erck, Spooner and I always messed together. Spooner was an old Wykehamist and a charming fellow. No one knew at that time that he had diabetes and I can never forgive myself for not finding this out, for my neglect to do so brought about his death.

Spooner and I were the only two officers who cared a damn about the regiment's decline and we determined to do something to stop the dry rot. We obtained the Colonel's permission to inaugurate a new system of recruiting and training. I have always

believed that if you want to teach people to do anything they can only learn by doing it and not by doing something else. For instance, a soldier must be able to march, dig and shoot, hence "physical jerks" and suchlike antics are a waste of time. Spooner and I instituted an intensive course of marching and digging, to the consternation of nearly everyone. In a short time we had all the recruits able to march thirty miles a day with full equipment. Spooner and I always marched with them. In addition to this I instituted measures for the care of the feet as well as of the boots put on to them.

Colonel Erck began to take much interest in this new form of training, and issued an order that every man in the regiment must be able to march thirty miles in a day. The response to this order was, I think, over one hundred resignations.

From the 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners I obtained a copy of tables they kept in which there was a scale of the ratio of weight to height of the types of Madrassis recruited by them. By applying these figures, which were based on several thousand measurements and weighments, I eliminated a number of poor specimens among our recruits and refused to pass any new recruit whose height and weight did not correspond to them.

I forget now how many months I spent in Cannanore before the regiment received orders to proceed to St. Thomas's Mount. We were to march as far

as Seringapatam and then go by train. It was with a heavy heart that I left Cannanore, for in the dawn of the day of our departure I kissed good-bye to the woman who was to become my wife—Karimbil Kunhimanny.

Here I may interpolate a few words about my marriage, which took place, however, some time after the period of which I am now speaking. As my wife was a Tiyyan by caste there was no law whereby she and I could marry each other. We both objected to her being baptised a Christian in spite of our desire to get married, though characteristically, my wife said: "I will become a Christian, dear, if you order me to." Eventually we found that if she joined the Brahmo Samaj sect she and I could be married under the Indian Marriage Act of 1872. Accordingly she became a member of the Brahmo Samaj and we were duly married.

The ceremony was not entirely devoid of comedy. It took place in our drawing-room in the presence of two witnesses in addition to the officiating priest. My wife and I sat on a tuffet, one of my hands clasped in one of hers. The ceremony took only a few minutes. When it was over I asked the priest how much I had to pay. He replied: "Whatever you like." I gave him all the money I had at the moment, which amounted to exactly five rupees. He seemed perfectly satisfied. I have often laughed over this, because one rupee, or even less, would have done

quite as well. Many a time have I told this story to Hindu friends, particularly Bengalis, who have confided in me their difficulties in meeting the costs of their children's marriages. After being duly bound in holy wedlock, I opened a bottle of champagne which had cost more than double the price of my marriage, and we all drank to our future happiness.

There is no doubt in my mind that by marrying an Indian I incurred the displeasure of many members of my family, as well as that of many of my friends. On the other hand, I am sure I should have quickly tired of an English wife. She would have bored me, and this my wife has never done. I do not think that I ever bored her, although I have often exasperated her. As a housewife she has no equal in my experience. No household could have been better run than ours. No point ever escaped her attention. She threw off all her caste prejudices, except one, that is, she will never eat beef.

This recalls an amusing event which befell shortly after our arrival in Ranchi. The Commissioner of Chota Nagpur, "Punch" Foley, and his wife invited us to dine with them. Mrs. Foley was considerate enough to ask me whether my wife had any prejudices about food.

I said: "None, Mrs. Foley, except that she won't eat beef."

"Of course, Major Berkeley-Hill," said Mrs. Foley,

"I should never dream of having beef on the table when your wife dines."

In due course my wife and I rolled up to dine, only to find that the *pièce de résistance* of the meal was an immense beef-steak, enough for a hungry panther! As this gory mass of flesh was being handed round I happened to catch Mrs. Foley's eye. Poor thing, she was too distressed to utter a word. I could not contain myself and burst into a roar of laughter.

My wife is the only Indian I have ever met who can be relied on consistently to do things promptly and properly. She has an infinite capacity for taking pains. In a simple way she is very devout, never missing her evening prayers. She will pray anywhere, so long as she is not disturbed. I recollect that one evening when my brother Matthew was staying with us at Ranchi, my wife squatted down under the staircase to say her prayers. While thus engaged my brother happened to pass by and noticed her. Being very puzzled by seeing his sister-in-law huddled up under the staircase, he came to me and said: "What is Kay doing under the staircase?"

"Saying her prayers, I should think," I replied. Matthew was hugely amused.

With these few words about one of the dearest creatures I have ever known, I will resume my story.

The march from Cannanore to Seringapatam took us through Coorg. It so happened that we encamped

at a place near the capital of Coorg, Mercara, whence news reached us that an elephant auction was to take place. Spooner and I thought it would be interesting to attend the auction, so we set out to Mercara on horseback.

There was a large crowd of people at the auction and a good many elephants for sale. We witnessed a number of half-grown and less than half-grown elephants auctioned at prices ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 rupees. Then a full-grown female elephant was put up for sale. The bidding started at 200 rupees and rose rapidly to 270. There it stopped, until I caught the eye of the auctioneer and put it up another five. The auctioneer got down from his rostrum and came towards me.

"May I please know your name?" he asked. I gave him my name. He then asked: "Do you know anything about this elephant?"

"Certainly not."

"I am not supposed to tell you," said the auctioneer, "but she is blind and very very old."

"But surely an elephant of this size is not going to be sold for 275 rupees, when others much smaller have been selling at several thousand?"

"I am sorry," he replied, "but I think it very unlikely that there will be any more bidding."

Hearing this I became quite terror-stricken. The prospect of being saddled with an old blind cow elephant in Coorg on a line of march with my regi-

ment was too terrible to contemplate. My Colonel, although a very fine fellow, would certainly not welcome his Medical Officer as the possessor of an old, blind female elephant.

For a moment I thought of turning away and making a run for it, but the auctioneer was not inclined to let me go. He fixed me with a glassy eye and said: "Would you care to examine the animal's eyes?"

Hardly able to speak from embarrassment, I said: "I know nothing about elephants' eyes. I will take your word that she is blind." "No," he said, "you had better see her eyes." And calling to the mahout he told him to make the old elephant kneel down. He then led me up to the poor old creature, and, raising her eye-lids, showed me cataract in both eyes.

I said to the auctioneer: "What is going to happen now? Is this frightful creature my property?"

"I think it is very likely, sir, because she is almost useless."

"Well, for God's sake, have one more shot at selling her."

"I will do my best, but I am very doubtful if anyone else will bid another rupee."

He again got on to his rostrum and, raising his hammer, shouted, "Elephant Rokmani going at 275 rupees."

I listened attentively for another bid. The hammer

fell once. It seemed to me more like a guillotine than a hammer. My freedom from the possession of Rokmani was now within only two blows more. The hammer fell a second time, and the auctioneer announced that Rokmani, blind, female elephant, was going at 275 rupees. I glanced wildly round the throng of bidders, hoping to see at the last moment another purchaser. Suddenly a voice from the crowd put up the price to 280 rupees. With a cry of relief Spooner and I sprang on our ponies and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust and small stones. I had had a narrow escape. I have never attended another elephant auction.

The regiment halted at Seringapatam, so Spooner and I took the opportunity of going carefully over the battlefield as well as the town itself. In due course we reached St. Thomas's Mount, where we were welcomed by the 88th Madras Infantry whom we were to relieve. In those days the 88th had a magnificent band, the bandmaster of which was also the regimental subedar-major, an arrangement that could have hardly existed in any regiment but a Madras one.

I had not been long in St. Thomas's Mount before I got orders to proceed to Port Blair in the Andaman Islands. On arrival there I found I was S.M.O. Troops, that is of one company of the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the 9th Bhopal Infantry. My assistants were an assistant surgeon of the I.M.D. for the

British and a sub-assistant surgeon for the Indian troops. The latter was what would now be called a "political prisoner." I never learnt, for I did not care, how he had earned the reputation of a "suspect." I remember all the letters he received were opened and read by one of the Indian officers of the 9th Bhopal Infantry before he was allowed to receive them.

I had a very nice little house to myself, and became greatly intrigued by the fact that most of the servants on the island were murderers. Every officer of any standing had his own row boat with a crew of four murderers. There was a very nice club where all the servants were said to have committed at least one murder. The head clerk was a man from the North-West Frontier. He had been in the survey department. He was an intelligent and well-educated man, a Pathan by race. One day I asked him whom he had murdered to bring him to the Andamans. "Sahib," he answered, "I have never committed murder. I was convicted of murder because my brother shot a man dead with my gun. No, I have never committed a murder, but I am going to commit one as soon as I get out of this place."

"Whom are you going to kill?" I asked.

"My brother, of course," he replied.

The billiard-marker always struck me as a mental defective. I asked him whom he had killed. "No one," he said, "there was a murder in my village and

the police seized me, for I was poor and had no friends. Thus I came here."

Except fishing there were very few ways of spending one's spare time on Ross Island. The fishing was, of course, magnificent for those who like it. Sometimes I would go across to Aberdeen Island, the biggest of all the Andamans, and get a game of hockey. Once I paid a visit to the Circular Jail and went over all of it. It was not to me an edifying sight. In those days the weekly "marriage" parades existed. That is to say, good conduct men were given permission to select wives from good conduct women. The brides and bridegrooms were paraded and the bridegrooms drew lots. It was rarely that any woman failed to be selected, but it did happen sometimes, and generally evoked "hysterics" in the poor creature who, in that terribly sexually starved community, failed to secure a husband.

Considering the fact that the population of the Andaman Islands was mainly criminals and many of them pretty desperate criminals, there were wonderfully few "incidents." Shortly before I arrived the wife of the Chief Commissioner had had her head cut off. It appears that among the convict servants of the Chief Commissioner was a Pathan with whom, on one occasion, the Chief Commissioner's wife got so infuriated that she kicked him. Without exhibiting any outward sign of what to a Pathan must have been an unforgivable insult, the man went quietly

away and returned with a knife or a hatchet, with which to cut off the woman's head. I think she deserved what she got, because she must have been a cowardly brute to kick a convict.

Another "incident," which also took place before my arrival, was the escape in an open boat of a Sikh and two Burmese. They were without food or water, but in spite of it reached the coast of Burma where they disappeared up country. They were eventually caught asleep in a village and brought back to the Andamans where, I think, they were hanged, because to achieve their escape they had had to kill one or more of their guards.

After four or five weeks at Port Blair I was bored stiff with the place. I wrote to the P.M.O., Burma, for a transfer and to my unspeakable joy I got a reply that another medical officer was being sent to take my place. In a short time my substitute arrived. He was a New Zealander and a very keen fisherman, hence his eagerness to supplant me.

After handing over to him I caught a Royal Indian Marine steamer to Rangoon. I remember being terribly worried as to what fate had in store for me, because I longed to see my wife again. After a day or two in Rangoon, I got orders to go as medical officer of the 90th Infantry from Rangoon to Mandalay by river. The men were accommodated in two huge lighters, one tied to each side of a passenger steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. I have

no recollection of the officers of this regiment, either good or bad, so I take it they were average for Indian regiments stationed in Burma in those days. There was only one outstanding feature of this voyage up the Irrawaddy, and that happened at Thayetmyo, where the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were stationed. Obedient to the orders of the Colonel of the 90th, the Adjutant and I went ashore and left cards on behalf of the 90th Infantry at the Mess of the Oxford and Bucks. This civility was followed by an invitation from the officers of the Oxford and Bucks to the officers of the 90th Infantry to dinner. The invitation was joyfully accepted, as it stood to afford a pleasant change from the monotonous life on board ship.

The officers of the 90th, including myself, went ashore. As we were supposed to be "on manœuvres" we went in our khaki uniform. On arriving at the Mess of the Oxford and Bucks we found all their officers looking very smart in their own special and peculiar mess-kit, that is trousers instead of overalls, Oxford patent leather shoes instead of boots, and white ties instead of the otherwise universal black tie.

Only a regiment with such a record of glorious achievements on the field of battle could have recovered from the shock caused by our appearance in their midst. However, by the exercise of a self-control that only discipline and a strong sense of *noblesse oblige* can bring into existence, we were all

offered a glass of sherry apiece. There was very little talking, and what there was took place chiefly among the officers of the Oxford and Bucks. We, poor creatures, were made immediately aware that we had committed an unforgivable solecism by appearing in the mess of the Oxford and Bucks with the intention of dining there, dressed as Backwoodsmen.

Dinner was announced. We took our places in complete silence. I sat immediately opposite the Colonel of the Oxford and Bucks, Colonel F. G. L. Lamotte. On my left sat the Adjutant of the 90th. No one spoke a word. As the soup plates were being removed I experienced a severe kick on one of my shins, and at the same moment, the Adjutant of the 90th hissed into my ear, "For Christ's sake, doctor, say something."

Leaning over the table, and upsetting a tumbler in so doing, I addressed Colonel Lamotte:

"I suppose, sir, that as His Majesty the King of Portugal is the Honorary Colonel of the Oxford and Bucks, you are fortunate enough to possess port wine of superlative excellence."

As I had made this observation in quite a loud voice it was heard all over the room, so that everyone present broke into a roar of laughter. The Mess Sergeant broke wind and, after cuffing the servant nearest to him, left the room. Contacts were immediately established and a very merry dinner ensued. When the time came for the port wine to go round,

Colonel Lamotte leaned across to me and said: "Doctor, I trust this wine will justify the very high hopes you entertain of the excellence of the port drunk by the officers of this regiment."

The next day we proceeded on our leisurely journey to Mandalay, where I met my good friend V. B. Green-Armytage, who was to become the famous gynæcologist of Calcutta in after years. In those days he was greatly interested in hypnotism and spent much time practising it on any sepoy who would submit.

In Mandalay were collected four or five regiments under the command of a brigadier who was reputed to be the actual father of the greater number of the bandsmen of a certain Madrassi regiment. He was an amusing old gentleman with a turn for salacious stories, but his professional attainments were not thought very highly of. I do not know what "man-œuvres" connoted in Burma in those days, but I know neither Green-Armytage nor I were ever asked to participate. We loafed about in camp all day and sat up most of the night yarning.

In course of time orders reached me to proceed to Maymyo and take over medical charge of an Indian Mountain Battery and a battalion of Gurkhas. To Maymyo, accordingly, I went and put up in the Club. I found that I was expected to live in the lines of the Mountain Battery, so I betook myself there and was given the half of a bungalow to live in. The other

half was occupied by a very serious subaltern. We disliked each other at first sight. I knew nothing about Indian Mountain Batteries, but I had just sense enough to see that I was a member of a community that had, speaking generally, the mentality of Trappist monks. I do not recollect in the whole course of my life ever having lived in a community of my fellow men whose society was more repugnant than that of the officers of that Mountain Battery.

With my indestructible capacity to make myself disliked by people who do not appeal to me, I delivered, one evening at Mess, a lecture on the stupidity of the Indian Army in its insistence on the utilisation of a "lingua franca" like Urdu for the conduct of its affairs. I cited my experience with the 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners in Bangalore, where no sapper could escape having to learn English. I reminded my hearers of the procedure adopted among French Colonial troops, where promotion from the ranks depended on the acquisition of a tolerable acquaintance with the French language. I pointed out how the absence of any need to acquire a knowledge of the vernacular of a colonial unit facilitated the drafting of officers and non-commissioned officers from the home army into the colonial army. And so on.

My remarks were received with thinly veiled scorn, but had my listeners been capable of foreseeing the advent of the Great War and its *sequelæ*,

so far from regarding me as both impertinent and ignorant, as undoubtedly they did, they would have recognised that they had a prophet in their mess. On several occasions during the war I discussed this very point with German officer prisoners, and one and all were emphatic on the wisdom of the French in their insistence on their colonial troops learning to speak and understand French. Like the British, the Germans in East Africa had experienced much inconvenience through their inability to employ officers and warrant officers from their ships, e.g. the *Königsberg*, to serve with their land forces, solely from the fact that to command their native troops it was essential to be able to speak Swahili. Similarly British officers from India and elsewhere were placed under the same disability when their services were required, as they frequently were, in the King's African Rifles. Swahili is no more the language of our African troops than is Urdu the language of our Indian troops, and yet an understanding of both these languages is insisted on among officers serving respectively in India and East Africa.

My chief preoccupation in those days was how to get my wife to join me. There was no accommodation for her in the little house I was sharing with the gunner subaltern. One evening in the Club I was explaining my difficulty to a friend of mine in the Military Accounts Department, and he said: "I think you can get a house of sorts from

a man in the bazaar who keeps a bicycle shop whose name is Supi Kaka."

The very next day I went down to the bazaar and found the bicycle shop of Supi Kaka. The moment I saw him I recognised him as a Moplah, and I told him that I was in urgent need of a house for my wife. When I told him that my wife was like himself a native of Malabar, he at once took the greatest interest in the proposal and said: "I shall get you a house, a nice house. Please come to me this evening and I will show you a house where you and your memsahib can live in peace and comfort."

I went round to him in the evening and he took me to a nice little house situated in a compound of its own which, although in the bazaar itself, was the very thing that I wanted. Supi Kaka said: "I will have this house cleaned and painted, and I shall have a stable built and I shall supply you with a pony carriage and anything else that you want, and it shall be done at once." I was extraordinarily grateful to this man for what was obviously a friendly gesture on behalf of a fellow countrywoman. Within three days the house had been cleaned, white-washed and painted and a little stable erected in which was installed a pony and a little carriage for the convenience of my wife and myself. Within a week I had the joy of welcoming my wife into our first home in Burma.

We gradually made friends, but not with the people of the cantonment so much as with our

neighbours. One of our first friends was a Chinese carpenter, Ah Too by name. He was the proprietor of a big carpenter's shop and employed a number of men under him. He also had two Burmese wives and a number of children, and honoured me by appointing me honorary physician to the household. My friend in the Military Accounts Department, who kept a very pretty Burmese girl called Ma Tin, was also a friend of the family. Supi Kaka being a Moplah could not produce any of his women-kind, but he and Ah Too and the Military Accountant and Ma Tin and a few others would come over to our place of an evening. We would sit round a table and drink beautiful tea presented to us by Ah Too, not to mention stronger beverages, and eat dried leechis also presented to us by Ah Too, with cakes, biscuits, and other things of the same kind.

Neither my wife nor I could speak a word of Burmese, but she used to carry on conversations with Ma Tin, as they were the only two ladies present, Watson and Ah Too acting as interpreter. I look back on these evenings in our little house in the bazaar of Maymyo as some of the happiest in my life.

It did not take me long to see that Burma was even more fantastically incredible than India. I had not then, I admit, seen much of the Indian Army, but I had seen enough to be able to recognise the futility of most of the units which at that time composed the Burma Division.

THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

The Divisional Commander was Lt.-Gen. Sir L. Denning, one of whose principal interests in life was the Irish wolf hounds he kept.

I have a particular dislike of dogs, so my feelings were outraged when I found that I was expected to be medical officer of wolf hounds. The pack included one magnificent old hound, whose name was, I think, Brutus. He was suffering acutely from an abscess in one of his hip-joints and could not move. Though obviously in considerable pain he would allow me daily to cleanse and dress the wound without any protest but a gentle whine and groan. In spite of my sedulous attention the wound did not heal. I appealed to the General to permit me painlessly to destroy the dog. (The General's family had been begging for a long time past that the poor creature might be killed.) With much reluctance and after my reiterated assurance that the end would be quite painless, the General consented to the sentence of death.

What made me choose laudanum with which to slay the old hound I do not know to this day. Anyhow, I poured an ounce down the old hound's throat without much trouble, and left him. Anyone may try to imagine my consternation on receiving a note in the evening of the day on which I had administered the laudanum, to the effect that my medicine had given Brutus a sound sleep from which he had awoken "much refreshed!" On receipt of this news

I went straight off to a chemist's shop and laid in enough cyanide of potassium to polish off a herd of elephants. With this, I repaired to the General's house. The old man welcomed me and said: "I thought you were going to put an end to the old dog." I explained that I had given him a sleeping draught as a preparatory to the administration of a fatal draught which I had now with me. The old General retired to his sitting-room and closed the door.

I went into Brutus's room and found the old hound unusually lively. He raised himself on his fore paws and wagged his tail. I opened his mouth and poured a couple of teaspoons of potassium cyanide in solution down his throat. He gave one terrible gasp and his mouth shut with a snap. He fell over on his side—quite dead.

The whole family, except the General who had shut himself up in his own room, were collected in the drawing-room awaiting the fatal news. I went first to the General's room and, softly opening the door, whispered: "Brutus is dead." The old man was sitting at his desk. When he heard the news he put his face in his hands and burst into tears. I closed the door and entered the drawing-room. There I repeated the same remark, which was received by all present with a deep sigh of relief.

I had not been more than a few months in Burma before A.D.M.S. Colonel Tom Grainger, under whose orders I was working, sent for me and told

me that I had been selected by the Government of India to be the first Medical Officer to the Cavalry Training School of Saugor, in the Central Provinces. I think he rather expected that I should be overwhelmed with pleasure at the appointment, which was in the nature of a compliment. On the contrary, I was horrified at the thought of having to break up my little establishment in the Maymyo bazaar and return to India. I had strong reason at that moment to be very anxious about my wife's health, because a week or so before she had been delivered of what obstetricians call a vesicular mole.

I shall never forget my horror when I diagnosed my wife's complaint. I had been brought up to believe that a vesicular mole was the invariable precursor of cancer of the uterus, and when I found what she was suffering from I think I lost my head. Anyhow I remember removing it with the help of her ayah. I had to give her chloroform and do the operation as well, and I consider that the operation, including the anaesthesia, was one of the best pieces of work I have ever carried out unaided. I remember very well when it was all over coming to the sitting-room and bursting into tears.

On this account, if on no other, Tom Grainger had considerable difficulty in persuading me to accept the appointment, but in the end he succeeded, and my wife and I packed up our few belongings and took the train to Rangoon. Not knowing what sort of a

place Saugor was, nor whether it was possible to get a house there, I sent my wife by ship to Madras and thence to her home, while I took another ship to Calcutta and then proceeded by rail to Saugor. Thus ended my service in Burma.

After all, I think Tom Grainger was right in pressing me to take up a post for which I had been selected by the Government of India, no matter what inconvenience its occupation gave rise to.

In due course I reached Saugor, and after looking around I found a very nice little house where I was sure my dear wife and I should be happy. I was not only Medical Officer to the Cavalry School but Medical Officer to the 24th Punjabis, a very fine regiment. The commandant of the Cavalry School was Brigadier-General Robert Wapshare, a genial old chap to whom I took an immediate liking. His second-in-command was Major Hambro of, I think, the 14th Hussars. The Cavalry Training School (now known as the School of Equitation) at Saugor was the very last "fancy" of the Government of India and a lot of money had been spent upon it. The hospital was not at all bad and I had two assistants, Military Assistant Surgeon C. V. Shunker, I.M.D., and Sub-Assistant Surgeon Harnam Singh, a young and very intelligent Sikh. I got to like both of them very much. Harnam Singh had a brother, Jemadar Suraj Singh of the 2nd Lancers (Gardiner's Horse), who was Indian Staff Officer of the Cavalry Training

School. Both brothers were men of good family and well educated, speaking excellent English.

By far the most remarkable man in Saugor at that time was the Civil Surgeon, Lt.-Colonel William Dunbar Sutherland, I.M.S. Sutherland was a man of great culture and extraordinary charm. Besides this he had a very striking appearance, being extremely handsome. How a man of his professional and cultural attainments had been pushed into a fourth-rate Civil Surgeoncy like that of Saugor, I do not know and I could never ascertain. He spoke French and German almost perfectly. He could read, write and speak Burmese as well as Urdu. He was an admirable raconteur and a perfect host. I think he had lived for thirteen years in Saugor. His wife, who was a German, was fourteen years older than he. They had one child, a son, who was at that time giving great promise as the possessor of a marvellous voice, so that he was being trained as a professional singer.

Sutherland and I became tremendous friends until his death in 1922. He died with his head in my hands, with an amusing joke on his lips. He prided himself on never standing if he could sit and never sitting if he could lie down. On principle, he never took any exercise. It was maddening to walk with him as he walked very slowly, constantly stopping to emphasise some point in a story he might be telling, for unless he was asleep he was always talking. He was a great "clubman" and never missed an evening

at the Club at Saugor. Like myself, he took a delight in shocking people, particularly women. He was an enthusiastic sexualist and was never without at least one mistress. At Saugor he had two; one was the wife of a Government official and the other the mid-wife of the Saugor Sadar Hospital.

Without fail he would call in at my house about 3.30 p.m. and shout for my wife, whom he always addressed as "K.K." "K.K.," he would say, "is my coffee ready?" He would drink a cup or two of coffee and then a large gin and soda, talking incessantly. About six o'clock he would get into his tonga and drive to the Club, and I would not see him again until the following afternoon.

I recollect his asking me one day to lend him £400. He made the request as if he were asking for a ten-rupee note. He told me that he had been landed in terrible difficulty in the matter of acquiring a house at Hampstead. By selling out some investments which had been given me by my uncle Alfred Hill, I was able to raise the required sum. He paid me back every anna.

Sutherland was a mine of information and I never found him incorrect or mistaken in anything he said. Many of his more intimate friends must have discovered, as I frequently did, a new and utterly unexpected vein in his mine of knowledge. His appreciation of his friends, particularly his professional friends, was always wholehearted and

utterly without any sort of reservation. He was absolutely incapable of jealousy as well as of that feeling of hostility towards the rising generation which is such a direful characteristic of many men who have passed their intellectual climacteric. Although he took a great delight in the society of women, he was essentially a man's man, and as a host he had few equals.

Few people manage to get through their lives without at some time or another permitting their personal sorrows and anxieties to obtrude themselves into the lives of others, but in this respect Sutherland was a notable exception. Whatever might be troubling him at the time, he always appeared bright and cheery in public, so that those who only knew him slightly may have sometimes been led to envy him for a man to whom trouble never came. It was a terrible shock to me when I received a telegram in 1922 that he was dying and wished to see me. I found him in the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, suffering from the after-effects of an operation for appendicitis. Although he was fully aware that his end was near, he was in excellent spirits. I can never forget the last few moments of his life. He had been lying quite still without speaking for some time, when he suddenly turned to me and said: "Berkeley-Hill, I would like some beer." Seeing that it did not matter what he took as he had only a very short time to live, I rushed from the room and procured from

a protesting nurse a bottle of beer. I poured some of the beer into a glass, and supporting him with one arm round his shoulders, I raised the glass to his lips. He drank a few mouthfuls and then made a sign to me to let him lie back. Within a minute or two he was dead. I closed his eyes and left the room. Outside in the passage I burst into tears.

At the conclusion of the Durbar at Delhi in honour of His Majesty King George V in 1911, my good friend Moseley, the Veterinary Officer of the Cavalry School, was deputed to take a charger which had been sent to the King from Australia, all the way to London. General Wapshare, the Commandant of the School, was greatly concerned to obtain a successor to Moseley, so I suggested my brother-in-law, Captain A. N. Swanston, who was then stationed in Lucknow. To my great content my brother-in-law was appointed so that in a short time he and my sister and their little daughter arrived in Saugor. It so happened that shortly before my sister's arrival I had told, at dinner one night in the mess of the 2nd Lancers, the following story:

"When I was a little boy I was taken one summer with the rest of my family, including some of our servants, to Scotland. For this holiday my mother presented me with a piece of headgear that was in those days known as a deerstalker. I think this cap no longer exists. I was very proud of my new cap, and my consternation could hardly be measured when

I rashly put my head out of the railway carriage window, so that my cap was blown away. I was almost inconsolable. I remember very distinctly weeping copiously. The first stop of the Scotch express was at Rugby. You may try and imagine my joy when at that station my father's butler came to our carriage with my little cap in his hands. It appears that he was looking out of the window of the third-class carriage in the rear of the train in which my father's servants were travelling, when my cap blew straight in to him and he caught it."

At this point of the story the Vice-President of the Mess called for the Mess-Duffadar. When the Duffadar arrived he said: "Jhut ka kitab layao (Bring the Lie Book) and a pen and ink."

I had never heard of the "Lie Book" and it seemed to me that the introduction of the "Lie Book" at the completion of my story was grossly unfair as I had related a completely true account of what had actually happened. I protested. My protests were drowned in a roar of derision. . . . Indeed, I was assured that the story I had related would be given first prize in the collection of lies of the current year. I became incensed with mortification and refused to write down my story in the "Lie Book" when it was placed before me. The Adjutant, however, wrote down my story and asked me if I would sign it. Seeing no objection to this I placed my signature beneath the story taken down by the Adjutant. I then dated it.

Some time after this there was a ladies' guest night at the Mess and I invited my sister to dine as my guest. When dinner was over I asked the Vice-President if the "Lie Book" might be produced and he said, "Certainly," and ordered the Mess-Duffadar to go and fetch it. I opened the Book and showed my sister the Story of the Deerstalker Cap. My sister read it through and burst out laughing. She then returned it to the Vice-President, Major G. Knowles, who was a very great friend of mine, and said: "Major Knowles, that story my brother told you is perfectly true. I was an eye-witness. The story has no business to be in your Lie Book." My sister's corroboration of my story caused quite a sensation, and with much pomp and ceremony the Vice-President noted on the page that the story was not a lie but had been corroborated by the sister of the narrator who had been an eye-witness of the incident.

After some pleasant months at Saugor I took a short leave to England—nearly dying of pneumonia in Egypt en route. On my return to Saugor I found orders awaiting me to go to Madras as Deputy Sanitary Commissioner or Assistant Director of Public Health as it would now be called. When I went on leave my wife had gone to her own home, where a second son was born to her during my absence, so I wrote to let her know that I was bound for Madras.

On arrival there I found that my chief was Captain William Adolphus Justice, a native of Aberdeen. The Public Health Department of Madras was in those days in a state of fatuity. My work was to travel about, at considerable expense to Government, to count the number of vaccinated and unvaccinated babies throughout the province. I was revolted at my occupation, which could easily have been done by any intelligent babu at a tenth of the cost. However, my work afforded me an opportunity of seeing something of the province of Madras, and I remember enjoying a tour through the Godavery district in the house-boat of the collector.

Justice sat, day after day, in his office behind a huge pile of files which completely hid him from view. This was my first experience of "civil" administration. I had never met a "file" before, so it fell to the Manager of the Office, a charming Telugu Brahman, to explain what was wanted of me. I soon saw that I had not one hour's honest work in the day, so I occupied my time in my office writing my Thesis for my degree of Doctor of Medicine. Justice and I seldom spoke to each other. Once only he sent for me, and then to ask me in a tone of profound solemnity whether I was in favour of destroying pariah dogs by hitting them over the head with a hammer or by administering strychnine to them. I thought he was pulling my leg, but he was perfectly serious.

ALL TOO HUMAN

It was obvious to me that Justice and I would have a bloody row and in due course we did. It so happened that there was a report wanted by the Government of Madras on the prevalence of malaria in some sawn-off township somewhere, I forget where. Justice sent me to the place to write a report on it. I went there and wrote my report when I returned to Madras and submitted it to Justice. He disapproved strongly of my report. He charged me with being too explicit. Certain passages, he said, wanted toning down as they showed up the state of affairs in too glaring a manner. After drivelling on in this fashion for some time he asked me to alter my report along lines that he would dictate. At this I lost my temper and told Justice I would not alter my report and if he did not like my report he had better write one of his own. I bounced out of his office, but not before I had caught some remark of his about my being "an unsubordinate officer."

I was sick of Justice and I was going straightaway to tell the Surgeon-General so. Without waiting for an instant, I drove off in an old tumbledown victoria I kept in those days to the office of the Surgeon-General, General W. B. Bannerman. I was in a boiling fury and burst into the Surgeon-General's office without by-your-leave from anyone. I told Bannerman what I thought of Justice and public health work in Madras. I said I would not be mixed

up any more with such a preposterous waste of time and public money and so on and so on. Old Bannerman listened very patiently to what I had to say and then, in a most kindly way, set out to pacify me, which showed he had some knowledge of human nature. In the end he promised to get me a transfer, and in a few days' time I learnt that I had been appointed to officiate as Medical Superintendent of the Punjab Lunatic Asylum in Lahore.

In the female section there were four Franciscan Sisters instead of nurses. One of these, named Veronica, was a German, and with her I took lessons in reading and conversation on three afternoons a week. On the other three afternoons I had lessons in French with the senior Sister, who was a Frenchwoman. I greatly enjoyed these lessons, particularly my German lessons with Sister Veronica. I remember making her laugh very heartily on one occasion by asking if she was a widow, as she wore a wedding ring. When she had stopped laughing sufficiently to permit her to speak, she explained that she wore a wedding ring, as her colleagues did, to indicate they were wedded to the Church.

On one horribly hot evening in July I sent the four Sisters out for a drive in my car. They greatly enjoyed the airing but got into frightful trouble with their father confessor for driving out in a motor. They were forbidden ever to do so again. Sister Veronica fell very ill of a fever while I was there,

and when she was convalescent I said how much better she was looking and told her to take a look at herself in a mirror. At this suggestion she and the Senior Sister who was with me both burst into fits of laughter, and explained to me that one of the vows they took when they entered the order was never to look in a mirror again.

These worthy women have now been replaced by trained hospital nurses, which is no doubt just as well, although they were zealous and uncomplaining workers.

The design of the asylum was old-fashioned to a degree. Many of the patients were extremely dangerous through being constantly under lock and key with nothing to do. In those days there was only one European patient. He was an interesting case. Years ago he had found his wife having sexual intercourse with her eldest son. This so infuriated him that he promptly shot both of them dead as they lay in bed. He was tried for murder, given a life sentence and sent to the Andaman Islands. Being a man of some substance he was allowed to build himself a house to live in. After a while he became so violent and intractable that he was pronounced insane and sent to the Lunatic Asylum in Lahore. There he had a set of rooms to himself, a pony and trap and a multitude of dogs. He was a very hot-tempered man, but, if dealt with tactfully, quite easy to manage. He and I became very good friends. We

used to play chess together and exchange books. Every day he would drive in his trap to a restaurant in the city to take his tiffin, but after a time his behaviour there became so turbulent he was forbidden to leave the grounds of the Asylum.

My chief friend in Lahore was P. Warburton, who was then Manager of the Punjab Bank. He had only *one arm*, but he could drive a car and was a keen horseman.

Here I may insert an anecdote that will, if this book is ever published, evoke some interest in years to come. When I left Burma to go to the Cavalry School at Saugor, I received a letter from one of the servants of my old friend Colonel R. Shore, I.M.S., with whom I had lived and worked in Hyderabad in 1908. This man was a native of Ajmere, named Khwaja Bux. He wrote to say that as he could no longer stand the persecutions of Ishmail (Colonel Shore's chief bearer) he had resigned his job and wished to join my service.

I had known Khwaja Bux very well and knew him to be a first-class servant. There was hardly anything he could not do or would not attempt. He had started life as "dog-boy" to one of the most remarkable men who has ever entered the Indian Medical Service, "Jim" Crofts, a Galway Irishman. Jim was a huge man with a violent and headstrong temper. People quailed before him. Colonel Shore, who succeeded him as Residency Surgeon of Udaipur

after Jim had been told to resign his commission for trying to shoot a missionary, was full of stories about the great Jim. Shore had taken over from Jim his servants Ishmail and Khwaja Bux, both of whom had become the slavish admirers of this extraordinary Irishman. I should fancy that in a rough and ready fashion Jim Crofts was a fairly capable surgeon. He was besides a great "shikari" and the only man in Udaipur State who had the courage to defy the Maharajah's orders in respect of the preservation of tigers that only he himself should shoot them.

Colonel Shore used to tell a story about Jim in which the latter was out after a tiger, but handicapped for beaters. As chance had it, a marriage procession just happened to be passing close by when Jim was becoming desperate about raising some more beaters. Catching sight of the marriage procession Jim strode over in their direction and in his overbearing manner ordered everyone, save the bride and her immediate attendants, to function as beaters. Overwhelmed by Jim's manner and appearance the entourage, with the exception of the bride and her attendants, who were made comfortable in the shade of a spreading tree, joined in the beat, with the result the tiger was shot, and its claws, being removed, were presented to the bride by Jim himself.

Like many Irishmen of his class, Jim was a famous horse-coper. He used to buy up odds and ends of horses and, having broken them in along lines he

had himself established, would sell them at much profit to himself. For recalcitrant horses he caused to be built something like one of those old-fashioned bathing-machines which used in my boyhood to figure prominently at English seaside resorts. The main difference between the bathing-machine and Jim's contraption was that the latter was so constructed that it could be wound up by an apparatus similar to that used on sailing ships to heave the anchor and could, on the liberation of a lever, be allowed to unwind itself with formidable rapidity. Khwaja Bux used to delight in telling how he had been nearly killed through having been used to test the efficacy of this machine when it was first installed. After its efficacy had been demonstrated on the body of Khwaja Bux, who was removed from its interior completely senseless, wild horses were forced into its interior and subjected to the effects of its powerful rotary movement.

In addition to horse-coping, Jim was an enthusiastic breeder of pigs. The verandah of his house, I was told, was embellished by a multitude of hams hung there to cure. While Residency Surgeon of Udaipur he learnt that the Maharajah of Gwalior had imported from England a very fine boar. On receipt of this news Jim wrote to the Private Secretary of the Maharajah of Gwalior requesting that this famous boar should be sent to Udaipur to cover some of Jim's sows. The request was refused. Jim got very

annoyed and wrote again. A reply reached him that owing to the heat the boar could not be transported from Gwalior to Udaipur. Jim replied that he would send a man to travel with the boar in a horse box with plenty of ice to keep the boar cool. To this letter Jim received a curt reply that in no circumstances could the boar of His Highness the Maharajah of Gwalior be sent to Udaipur. On the receipt of this missive Jim went up in flames and referred the whole correspondence to the Political Department of the Government of India! I do not know what was the precise outcome of this wrangle, but shortly afterwards Jim tried to shoot a missionary and this led to his expulsion from the Indian Medical Service. He retired to Ireland and occupied himself in horse-coping. In the end he was one day kicked to death by a horse.

Apart from getting an exceedingly efficient servant as my bearer, I was often regaled by stories about Jim which Khwaja, without doubt, had schooled himself to believe to be completely true. For example, he would tell me that "Crafts Sahib," as he always termed him, would consume for breakfast four dozen snipe, two ducks, one beef-steak and four bottles of beer, after which "Crafts Sahib" would clear his throat and the noise of it could be heard at a distance of four miles! Once I asked Khwaja if "Crafts Sahib" ever used chloroform when he performed an operation. "Certainly not," Khwaja

replied. "Crafts Sahib was not a man to waste money on chloroform. He struck his patients over the head with his fist and they became unconscious for a whole day." And so on.

It so happened that while I was at Lahore Major General Aylmer Crofts, brother to Jim, came one morning to see me. I invited him to stay to breakfast, which he consented to do. I then left the General to give Khwaja instructions about my guest and, incidentally, to let him know that my guest was a real brother of his old master Jim. At this news Khwaja was momentarily almost stupefied. He asked me where the General was at the moment. I told him the General was in my drawing-room. In an instant Khwaja ran to the drawing-room and threw himself at the General's feet, much to the latter's surprise. I closed the drawing-room door and left them together.

After breakfast when we were alone the General said to me: "That servant of yours was once with my brother Jim and seems to cherish his memory."

I said: "Yes, General, Khwaja is constantly talking to me about Colonel Crofts, to whom he was deeply devoted. Some of the stories he tells me about your brother are quite incredible."

"Jim was certainly a damned queer fellow," remarked the General and there the matter ended.

When the General had gone I asked Khwaja if he was at all like his brother. Khwaja made a

deprecatory gesture and said: "Not in the least."

Khwaja was quite marvellous when there was a dinner party or a picnic to be arranged. The bigger and more complicated the function the better pleased he was. Once while in Lahore I told Khwaja that I wanted dinner for fourteen people on a certain night in the Shalimar Gardens. He asked for no further instructions but made the most complete arrangements, including lighting and a retiring room for the ladies. He did not even overlook the provision of toothpicks.

Khwaja's service with me came to a rather tragic end shortly after my wife and I moved to Poona. One night I had been dining out in one of the regimental messes and returned home pretty late, after midnight. To my surprise and sorrow I found my wife in our drawing-room crying. I asked her why she was not in bed and for what she was crying.

"Khwaja has been very rude to me," she said. I told her to go to bed and when she had gone I called for Khwaja. As soon as he entered the room, I turned to him and said: "I never wish to see your face again." He salaamed and left the room.

In the very early hours of the morning I heard two bullock carts come into the compound, and when the dawn came, Khwaja, his family and his possessions had entirely disappeared. An organiser to the last.

This episode recalled a remark that General Robert Wapshare, the Commandant of the Cavalry Training

School at Saugor, had made to me some years previously, to the effect that a married man should never keep a Mohammedan servant in the house. I remember at the time thinking this remark of Wapshare very silly, but, as things turned out, perhaps it was rather wise.

In November of that year (1913), I was transferred to the new Bombay Lunatic Asylum at Yeravda, near Poona, to officiate for Jagoe Shaw, the permanent Superintendent. While in Lahore I had bought my first motor-car, an Austin, but it was not until I got to Poona that I learnt to drive it. The house of the Medical Superintendent at the Yeravda Lunatic Asylum was a great improvement on that of the Medical Superintendent of the Punjab Lunatic Asylum. It had an adequate plinth and was well-fitted with electric light and fans. In view of the copious water supply I could never understand why water sanitation had not been installed. My deputy was Dr. Shemain, a very keen and active Military Assistant Surgeon. During the war, which was then, had we only known it, within a few months of breaking out, Shemain went through the siege of Kut-el-Amara and suffered so much in health that he died a year or so afterwards.

While at Yeravda we had two friends who stayed with us for some time. One was Captain W. D. Keyworth, I.M.S., who had been deputed to investigate what was then known as "Poona diarrhoea,"

and the other was Captain John Willoughby, whom I had known years before in the 33rd Cavalry at Secunderabad. He was going through a "Transport Course" at Poona. Poor Willoughby was killed by Arabs in Mesopotamia shortly after the war broke out. He was a most amusing fellow and my wife was very fond of him. The Lunatic Asylum was a fairly recent structure. It had an elaborate electrical installation with an "alarm" system which was more suitable for a jail than a hospital. I did a good deal of hunting while at Poona, but as Yeravda was so far out of Poona I did not meet many people. Colonel J. B. Smith, I.M.S., was Civil Surgeon. He was, like Colonel J. C. W. Erck, one of those very swarthy Irishmen that frequently get taken for Anglo-Indians. I liked him very much. He had as his assistant Captain J. B. Smalley, I.M.S., and I got to know both of them fairly well.

The night before Smalley and I left Poona to join up for the war, that is the 15th of August, 1914, Smalley and I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Smith. The Smiths were in great anxiety about their two daughters, who had been at school in Germany when the war broke out and, as far as could be ascertained, were at that time still in Germany.

And now to the War.

V

WAR

" . . . as long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."

—GIBBON

WHEN the War broke out in August, 1914, the excitement and surprise at Poona were as universal as probably in any other part of the British Empire. Before the month was out I received orders to report myself for duty to the A.D.M.S. at Quetta. I left my wife to pack up our effects and to betake herself and our two boys to her home in Cannanore.

Looking back over the years that have passed since then, I think I was filled with an extraordinary idea that there had come to me an opportunity which would either prove me to be a complete failure or something rather unusual. As things turned out, it did neither the one nor the other.

When I arrived at Quetta I reported myself to the

office of the A.D.M.S. and saw for the first time the extraordinary confusion into which the Army in India had fallen owing to the outbreak of War. In spite of the fact that I was then a specialist in mental and nervous disorders, this had no influence at all on my appointment for duty with the troops. A man like myself, who spoke French and German, and was more or less an authority on nervous disorders, should have been sent to a base hospital in France. Instead of that I was given the command of one section of No. 120 Indian Field Ambulance, and I was immensely surprised to find that this Field Ambulance was destined for East Africa.

The failure to place people in positions to which they were adapted, was typical of the state of affairs of that time. As most people know, there was a terrible amount of preventable suffering due to medical incompetence in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia. I was to see for myself the medical incompetence of our forces in East Africa. I have often contemplated compiling an account of the frightful medical incompetence that seems to be inseparable from most of the great wars in which England has been involved. In the Crimea and in the Boer War in South Africa, the medical incompetence was almost beyond belief. It would appear that the medical profession in Great Britain is incapable of learning a lesson from experience in regard to military organisation. Indeed, I should not be in the least surprised

to see military medical organisation collapse in the next war in which we are involved, particularly the military medical organisation of the Army in India.

After waiting for a week or so in Quetta I was given orders to go to Bombay. On arriving there, I was told that I should report to the O.C. Troops that were being despatched by s.s. *Umfuli*. The *Umfuli* was a very old ship of the Natal Line that had been constructed for the conveyance of coolies, and it was therefore not at all a bad ship for the conveyance of troops. We were a very mixed crowd on board. There were three or four I.M.S. officers besides myself, as well as officers of other units, such as the Field Post Office and Supply and Transport. Our commandant was a Colonel of an English Line Regiment. He was a Highlander who had accepted a Commission as an alternative to receiving a Victoria Cross. Before the voyage was over it was evident to most of us that it would have been much better had he accepted the Victoria Cross instead of a commission.

The captain of the *Umfuli* was a Swede, an extremely genial old man, who took a great fancy to me, so that every evening, after the rest had retired to sleep, he would invite me into an empty cabin, densely populated with cockroaches, to drink beer. Sometimes the Chief Engineer, who was a Devonshire man, would join us and then the Captain would get his leg considerably pulled. The stock joke of the

Chief Engineer always appeared whenever the captain showed us, as he was very fond of doing, the photographs of his two little children. As soon as the photographs were displayed, the Chief Engineer would say in a whisper to me: "The captain thinks those children are his: they are not really. He is far too old to have children of that age." The captain took this joke in very good part in spite of the fact that it was one which might have exasperated any less genial man to the point of some unpleasantness.

We were conducted from Bombay along with other transports for Mombasa by H.M.S. *Fox* and H.M.S. *Dartmouth*. The *Umfuli* at her best could not do more than eight or nine knots, so that we were always lagging behind and being told to hurry by one or the other of our convoys. The captain of the *Fox* was the senior naval officer of the two warships, so that when the captain of the *Umfuli* was to be told off, it was done by semaphore from the bridge of the *Fox*. The day before we reached Mombasa, the *Dartmouth* suddenly disappeared at full speed and was soon lost over the horizon. We learnt afterwards that she had rushed off to rescue the cruiser *Kent* which had piled herself up and was quite defenceless had the *Königsberg*, who was reported to be in the neighbourhood, attacked her. As a matter of fact the *Königsberg* had already beat a retreat up the Rufiji river, from where she never emerged again.

As we neared Mombasa the captain of the *Umfuli* had his revenge, although he had to pay for it. It so happened that he was not very clear about making Mombasa, which is a very difficult port to pick up, and on the morning of our arrival on the East African coast it became evident to the captain of the *Umfuli* that the convoy was not making a straight course for Mombasa harbour. The old man was delighted and came skipping along the deck to me, beaming all over his face. "Doctor," he said, "shall I tell the *Fox* that she is on the wrong course?"

I said: "My dear captain, this is not my business: you must do whatever you like."

"I think I will," he said, and immediately set his semaphore in action.

In a minute or two the *Fox* picked up his message, to the effect that the whole convoy was on the wrong course. The captain of the *Fox*, instead of politely acknowledging his mistake, semaphored back an extremely rude message to the captain of the *Umfuli* to the effect that his advice had not been asked for and would he please refrain from giving advice until called upon to do so. This message delighted the old Swede beyond all measure, and he hoped that the *Fox* would go on leading the convoy astray, but his hope was not realised when in a very short time the *Fox* altered her course and in a few hours the whole convoy anchored in the harbour of Kilindini.

In those days there were no facilities as now for

disembarkation. Everything and everyone had to go ashore in lighters. After a good many hours the whole force was disembarked and given instructions as to where to proceed for the night. The camping arrangements were very crude, and orders were contradictory in the highest degree. Through enquiry I learnt that the General Officer Commanding was my old friend, Robert Wapshare, who had been Commandant of the Cavalry Training School at Saugor when I was its Medical Officer in 1910. Wapshare and his staff had taken up the quarters in a fine house overlooking the harbour, and I went off to pay him a visit. Wapshare treated me very kindly and introduced me to his staff, including his D.M.S., Colonel Charles Johnson, I.M.S., whom I had first met in 1907 when I was posted in the Second Queen's Own Sappers and Miners in Bangalore. Johnson was an Anglo-Indian and was known by his friends and enemies as "Massa."

I received orders to take the section of my Indian Field Ambulance on the following morning to a place named Gazi, about thirty miles along the coast, south of Mombasa. I was told that I would be given Kavirondo porters to carry my equipment. I was fortunate in having two extremely efficient Sub-Assistant Surgeons and a very good staff, including bhistis, cooks, sweepers and so on. On the following morning I collected my staff and waited for the arrival of the Kavirondo porters. I had not the slightest

idea what sort of creature a Kavirondo was, but I soon found out, as did everyone else, that these simple savages from Lake Victoria Nyanza were going to be the backbone of the transport of our forces in East Africa throughout the whole War.

I may mention that the Kavirondo in those days were a people who habitually wore no clothes whatsoever, but in order to save the feelings of strangers from India they had been issued jerseys. In due course about forty of these Kavirondo, each wearing a jersey and nothing else, arrived under the command of a headman, and I was informed that they were there to transport the equipment of a section of my Field Ambulance to Gazi. Like all Kavirondo they were greatly irritated by being ordered to wear clothes, and since the equipment, which was extremely difficult to carry in view of the fact that it had been devised for mule transport, had to be divided up into parcels more or less portable by human beings, the Kavirondos took off their jerseys and made pads of them to place between their heads and the burdens that they undertook to carry. Most of the big pieces of equipment had to be slung on bamboos with a Kavirondo at each end with his jersey between the bamboo and his head.

The effect produced on my Indian staff at the sudden complete nakedness of these porters was extremely amusing: some of them hid their faces and others shook with laughter. I went among them

telling them not to be ridiculous; it was War and anything that happened had to happen.

After an immense amount of talking and squabbling among the porters we moved off along the road that led from Mombasa to Gazi. It was impossible to lose one's way, because it was the only road. Our progress was very slow, and within an hour or two the cavalcade was straggling over nearly a mile of road. I did my best to keep them together, but it was out of the question. About midday we halted for some food, and after rest proceeded on our way. Towards evening some of us were surprised, and some were terrified, by a number of Kavirondo who came running towards us with information that the Germans had captured Gazi and were coming along the road on their way to Mombasa.

It was impossible to make out whether the story was true or not. It was also impossible to hope to reach Gazi that night, for by sundown we had not got half way. I could see that my own porters looked frightened by the news they had received from their fellow countrymen, and it was quite obvious that they were not likely to go any further. It so happened that we were on the outskirts of a village, so I told my staff that we could camp there for the night. As soon as it was discovered that the villagers had fled, my porters threw down their loads and fled likewise, so that in a few minutes my staff and myself were sitting disconsolately in a desolate African village

with the news that we might be attacked by an armed force of Germans at any moment.

We all felt very lonely and rather doomed. However, I managed to cheer up most of the party and we cooked some supper and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night. I had no idea what to do: I could not advance; I could not retreat, without leaving all my equipment in the village. My Indian staff sought out an empty house and lay down for the night. I lay down in the veranda of the house, as it was very hot, and soon fell asleep.

In the very early morning I awoke to see by moonlight an animal coming in my direction. In a moment of time I was convinced that it was a lion. I sat wondering what was the right thing to do in such circumstances. While turning over the various alternatives that presented themselves to my mind the animal came a good deal nearer and then I saw it was a donkey. I felt terribly ashamed until some years afterwards when I met that famous lion hunter, Mr. F. C. Selous, to whom I told the story. He assured me that I had no need to feel ashamed, as he had often made the same mistake himself. The appearance of a lion that turned out to be a donkey so disturbed me that I was unable to fall asleep again, so I lit a cigarette and fell to thinking as to what else was in store for me. I had not been thinking long when the village was suddenly inundated by Kavi-rondos fleeing wildly along the road from Gazi

in the direction of Mombasa. The noise that they made aroused my Indian staff, who all came tumbling out of the house in which they had been sleeping.

I told them not to move away from where we had taken up our position for the night, but one or two of them were so frightened that they ran off into the darkness, including a very young Punjabi Mohammedan, who was one of the two orderlies of the section. He was a very nice and a very smart boy, but full of a mixture of military ardour and fear of the unknown. In a very few minutes he was back again, pop-eyed and almost breathless with excitement. He came up to me too excited to salute and said: "Sahib, the Germans are upon us."

"Zafar Khan," I said, "I do not see any Germans."

"Sahib," he answered, "I have seen two German officers and many men with them."

"What do the German officers look like?"

"They both wore white helmets."

"Of course they would wear white helmets at four o'clock in the morning! Zafar Khan, you are a fool. Go and lie down and sleep."

The noise and racket all round us certainly did affect my staff, who became extremely nervous and wanted to barricade themselves inside the house in which they had hitherto been sleeping. I assured them that if any Germans were near us, which I did not believe for a moment, we were either certain to be killed or else overlooked, so it would be far

better if we tried to sleep a little more. We all made a pretence of lying down to sleep, but I do not think anybody slept for the rest of the night. When the sun rose we were quite alone: our porters had run away and joined the retreating Kavirondos who had disturbed our sleep. Nevertheless, we all felt rather glad that we were still alive and unhurt, so that we proceeded to make ourselves some tea. I consulted with my two Sub-Assistant Surgeons as to what we had better do, but they had no suggestions to make. It was quite obvious that we could not move without leaving all our baggage behind us as we had no porters.

There was only one thing that we could do and that was to sit tight. We agreed to sit tight. Having nothing to do I went off through the jungle on the edge of the village and to my intense surprise I found one or two Kavirondo porters hiding in the tall grass. I could not speak a word of their language, so by signs of greeting I got them to follow me back to the village. From what they said to me it seemed that there were more of the party hidden in the outskirts of the village, so I told my staff to go out and see if they could find some more porters, and in about an hour we had collected about half the number of porters with whom we had left Mombasa on the previous day.

It seemed to me that with twenty or more porters I could move a certain amount of my equipment in

the direction of Gazi, to which place I had imperative orders to proceed. We therefore selected the most important parts of our equipment and started off along the road to Gazi, leaving the rest behind in an empty house. Not one of my Indian staff would consent to stay behind as a guard over the luggage left behind.

We walked for about eight or nine miles, when there suddenly appeared two Europeans. I went up to them and discovered that they were both French: a man and his wife, she dressed in male attire. They did not speak English, but informed me that they had heard that the Germans were advancing from Gazi, so they had left their house and run off and hidden in the jungle. I explained to them who I was and where I was supposed to be going, and assured them that the same scare had reached me in the course of the previous night, but I believed it to be completely unfounded. These people, who were quite elderly were greatly relieved to have my assurance that their lives were not in danger, and they invited me to their house along with my staff. Their house was not very far away, and we were very glad to find ourselves guests of this French gentleman and his wife until such times as we could get instructions as to what we should do, because I had given up hope of getting my porters any nearer to Gazi than they were at that moment.

In order, more or less, to justify my failure to carry out the orders that I had received to proceed to

Gazi, I opened up my equipment and turned the house of my friends and hosts into a hospital, because I thought that if somebody should arrive and ask me what I was doing there I could truthfully say that I had heard a rumour to the effect that there had been a battle at Gazi and that I had prepared a dressing-station for the treatment of wounded whom I presumed would be evacuated to Mombasa.

My friends and hosts were delighted at getting back to their house and overwhelmed me with hospitality. Madame went off to her kitchen and cooked a delightful breakfast, while my Indian staff cooked their own food in her compound. After breakfast I sat and talked to my host and hostess, who told me of the extraordinary life they led in a desolate place, without friends of any sort, entirely dependent on each other, year in and year out. While we were talking a motor-car arrived, driven by a European, who turned out to be a Swiss. He told me that he had had orders to go out and look for me. He also told me that there had been an attempt by the Germans on the previous day to capture Gazi, but they had been driven off. He also informed me that my hospital was urgently needed at Gazi, as there were many sick and some wounded without proper medical aid and comforts. I explained to him what had happened and he said that he was prepared to take me in his car to Gazi, from which place a military guard would be sent to convoy my

equipment and my staff from where they were left.

I got into his car and was driven at what appeared to me rather reckless speed, considering the condition of the road, but he explained that his haste was due to the fact that he was in great fear of being sniped by Germans, who might still be lurking in the neighbourhood. I arrived at Gazi about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. It was a curious place: the main building was a huge two-storeyed rambling affair that had one time been the residence of an Arab slave dealer. The place was surrounded by trenches and the defence force was composed mainly of the 29th Punjabis. There were two doctors: an old fellow called Miller of whom I shall have more to say later, and a young Scotchman, called Mackinnon, the son of a missionary in Damascus. They were almost entirely without any medical or surgical equipment and were obviously doing their best to deal with the sick and wounded in their charge.

The Commandant was an officer of the 3rd Battalion of the King's African Rifles who had been shot through the buttocks on the previous day and was confined to bed. He was an extraordinarily genial and effective fellow, and he apologised to me when I reported myself to him for the nature and position of his wound. He made immediate arrangements for the collection of my equipment and the safeguarding of my staff for the rest of the journey to Gazi.

I was given accommodation in a corner of a big room in the upper storey of the house to which I have already alluded. This room was used as an Officers' Mess as well as my bedroom. We three doctors sat at a table by ourselves, and I found the old Irishman, Miller, a very interesting creature. He had been Assistant Professor of Anatomy in an English University, but owing to some trouble (probably drink) he threw up his work and came out to East Africa. He had been a very fine heavy-weight boxer in his younger days and had actually boxed with the great Fitzsimmons. In East Africa he had taken to elephant hunting and the shooting of other big game. When he was drunk, which he was every evening towards the end of dinner, he would become very aggressive, I might even say quite dangerous. Mackinnon, however, had a very soothing influence over him which prevented anybody being injured.

Miller had married a woman who drank almost as much as he did and their dinner parties in Mombasa had become quite notorious. Mrs. Miller in her cups became very sensitive to what was said in her presence. If she particularly disliked a remark made by any guest she would say to her husband: "Put him to sleep, John," at which the doctor would get up and knock his guest senseless. I remember the Deputy Commissioner of Mombasa, a man named Dixon, telling me that he once dined with the

Millers and every guest was knocked senseless except himself, who only escaped by jumping through a window.

Beyond attending to the sanitation of Gazi Fort I had not very much work to do. Among other duties that fell to my lot was to relieve the excruciating pain in the eye of one of the officers of the 29th Punjabis who had encountered a black "Mamba." I had heard stories of this terrible snake spitting into people's eyes, but I had never believed them until this poor fellow came to me in an agony of pain from that very cause.

One day a great stir was caused in the Fort by the receipt of orders that a small force should proceed immediately down the coast by road in the direction of Tanga to create a diversion in favour of our troops that were about to land at that spot. I was selected as the Medical Officer to this force, and with a few of my staff and ten stretcher-bearers I accompanied the force on its march. The whole affair turned out to be a complete failure. We met with a small patrol of the enemy who fired at us, killing one sepoy, a Sikh. The paths we followed were so narrow and the jungle so dense that after going ten or fifteen miles, our Commanding Officer decided to retire. It was quite obvious that we could do nothing to help the force landing at Tanga. Our disastrous attempt to land at Tanga is so well known that I need not dilate on it here. Afterwards the whole force

at Gazi was recalled to Mombasa and there I had the opportunity of meeting with a good many persons who had been present at the assault on Tanga. One particularly virulent critic was Major W. F. Brayne, I.M.S., Medical Officer of the 7th Rajputs. He described the rout of the 7th Rajputs in the most lurid language, though I do not suppose that the 7th Rajputs did much worse than any other unit. There is no doubt that the defeat we sustained at Tanga reduced the morale of our troops to such a pitch that they never recovered from it. The account given of the engagement by General von Lettow-Vorbeck in his book on the campaign in East Africa shows very clearly that it was touch and go whether Tanga was captured. Had the military forces received more support from the Navy, and had we not allowed the Germans two days to remove their women and children, there is no doubt Tanga must have fallen. What actually happened was that the two days' grace given to the Germans to remove their women and children was spent by them in bringing up troops by rail from Moshi, so that when we attacked Tanga was strongly defended. In addition to our heavy casualties our retirement from Tanga left the Germans with an immense store of military and medical equipment.

About this time I was suffering from a severe attack of dhobi's itch and was put into the Civil Hospital under the care of the Civil Surgeon. The hospital was full to overflowing, when my friend

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and colleague, Captain E. T. Harris, I.M.S., was brought in suffering from dysentery. As I was only suffering from dhobi's itch I gave up my bed to him. The Civil Surgeon did not know what to do with me, but it so happened that, at the moment when my disposal was troubling him, Captain Arthur Wavell happened to visit the hospital and he very kindly offered me a room in his house.

Wavell was perhaps the most remarkable man whom I met during the four and a half years I was in East Africa. He was a small thin wiry man with dark complexion and protruding bloodshot eyes. Some years previously he had gone to Mecca, disguised as a Zanzibar Arab, and later he had made an audacious journey to Sanaa, the capital of the Yemen, where he had been thrown into prison and very nearly hanged by infuriated Turkish officials. Owing to Wavell's immense prestige among the Arabs of Mombasa and Zanzibar, he was able at the very beginning of the war to raise a force of Arabs and Somalis and by advancing down the coast prevent any attempt on the part of the Germans to isolate the island of Mombasa from the mainland by blowing up the Salisbury Bridge.

Wavell spoke Arabic with great fluency and he always dressed as an Arab, even in his own house. The dress that he wore when not in uniform was supposed to be similar to that worn by the Prophet himself. It is curious what a profound fascination

Arabs and Arabia seem to exercise over the minds of Englishmen. Palgrave, Burton, Doughty, T. E. Lawrence, Gertrude Bell and Arthur Wavell all seemed to have fallen under the spell of Arabs. Wavell had built himself a charming residence close to the sea to the north of Mombasa and there he made me very welcome. He was the son of a soldier, his father having commanded the Welch Regiment. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the South African War as a second lieutenant in his father's regiment. He had been educated at Winchester, where he had had a singularly undistinguished career. After the South African War he undertook a journey through the Kalihari desert, which was the first of his many hazardous enterprises. His force of Arabs and Somalis contained two other British Officers and one Sudanese Officer. The Sudanese was quite an old man, but still active and forceful. His left breast was covered with medals. At first Wavell's Arabs had objected to taking orders from a "black man."

When Wavell communicated this news to his Sudanese Officer, the old man drew himself up and said: "Effendi, may I deal with this situation alone?"

"Certainly," said Wavell. "Do what you like; only do not kill anyone."

To this day nobody knows what the old Sudanese did, but no Arab or Somali from that time showed the slightest disinclination to carry out his orders.

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I had the greatest desire to be appointed Medical Officer to Wavell's Arabs. Indeed, I think the peculiar glamour which the Arabs appear to exercise over English people was beginning to be felt by myself. I started learning Arabic and worked very hard at it. I engaged an Arab servant, Muhammad Mogayeth, a queer little Yemen, aged about sixteen, who volunteered to go anywhere and do anything that might be asked of him.

After a short stay in Wavell's house, I went up-country and took over charge of another section of the 120th Indian Field Ambulance at a place called Bissil, which was in the game reserve and not far from the famous soda lake at Magadi. I went by train as far as Magadi, whence I had to march on foot the twenty-two miles to Bissil. It so happened that on the day of my arrival at Magadi, a convoy was proceeding to Bissil and beyond Bissil to Longido. I was advised to accompany the convoy. The convoy, however, moved so slowly that I soon found myself far ahead of it. On all sides were the rolling plains covered with grass and clumps of thorny trees. To my left arose what I consider to be the most majestic mountain in the world, Kilima Njaro. It is impossible to imagine the extraordinary majesty of this now extinct volcano. Sometimes one can see nothing except the snow-capped summit hanging in the heavens like an enormous inverted white wash-hand basin.

As I walked along, somewhat apprehensive of lions which roam about all over the country, I suddenly realised that within a few yards of me there was striding along a full-grown giraffe. He had moved so quietly that I did not notice his presence until he was quite close to me. He took no notice of me, but walked slowly and stately along for at least a mile, when he suddenly turned and trotted away in another direction.

I walked those twenty-two miles in the best part of one day, arriving at the encampment of Bissil early on the following morning. The camp consisted of one regiment of Imperial Service Troops belonging to the Rampur State, and various details. It was situated on the top of a small hill with a stream running close by which provided plenty of water for drinking and washing. The Commandant was Colonel Brown, of what regiment I forget. Brown was an extremely kindly man albeit of a somewhat terrifying appearance. His expression and manner reminded me frequently of that of a wild boar, for when annoyed he was liable to charge about much in the manner of a boar breaking cover. He had a brother in the Indian Army, whom I had known in the old days at Saugor, and another brother in my own service, who had retired when only a Major to prosecute research work in London. We had a very happy mess and lived in a state of complete lack of apprehension of any

attack, which was just as well in view of the fact that our encampment had no defences and might have been rushed by a party of Germans at any hour of the day or night.

I took charge of medical affairs and did a certain amount to improve sanitation and so forth. We had not been there very long before the 2nd Battalion of the Rhodesian Rifles arrived from Magadi. There they had just arrived from Rhodesia and were proceeding to Longido. Their Commanding Officer was extremely indignant at no provision having been made for his men to bathe while at Magadi, which was a thoroughly bad piece of organisation in view of the fact that there was an abundant water supply. When I told him that I would give all his men a bath he seemed somewhat surprised, but by requisitioning every bath, pail and other utensil that would hold water and turning out my staff to fetch the water from a river, we gave a bath to the whole battalion. This act of mine was never forgotten by the 2nd Rhodesians, so that I was known by them ever afterwards as "the doctor who gave us a bath."

Bissil was an extremely healthy place and I had no disease to combat or prevent except "jiggers." As most people know, the jigger is an ordinary flea, except that it cannot jump: it can only run. They swarmed over the ground; the female, when about to bring forth, buries herself under the toe-nails of,

human beings and, unless she is carefully removed, she will create a very troublesome sore in the toe in which she has sought refuge. In order to exterminate jiggers, I suggested a corner of the hospital area for men to have jiggers removed from their toes, and it was forbidden by order of the Commandant to remove a jigger anywhere else in the camp.

It so happened one day that I discovered the compounder of the Rampur Imperial Service Troops (who, by the way, was always known as the "Kapoodar Sahib"), removing jiggers from the toes of two followers in his own tent. As this was an infringement of camp orders, I reported the compounder to Colonel Brown and asked him to award some exemplary punishment. I forget what punishment was awarded to the compounder himself, but the two followers were condemned to receive ten stripes apiece with a stick.

In order to impress everyone in camp that the order about the removal of jiggers must be strictly obeyed, a proclamation was made that the camp would be expected to attend the execution at a stated hour. As customary in such cases, I examined the two culprits and pronounced them physically fit to receive the punishment awarded to them. A whipping-block was erected in the centre of the camp, made out of bales of hay, and an executioner was chosen from the rank and file of the Rampur Infantry. At the appointed time everybody assembled

to see the sentence carried out. The two culprits were led on to the scene and the enormity of their offence was explained to them again by Colonel Brown. Then one culprit was made to lean over the bales of hay. The executioner's stick was examined to see that it fell within the prescribed limits of length, strength and thickness. It was pronounced to be able to fulfil the legal requirements and the executioner was ordered to lay on. The first blow delivered on the culprit's posterior was so meagre that it would hardly have killed a fly. Colonel Brown shouted to the executioner to use more force, so that the second blow was somewhat harder and evoked a small cloud of dust from the pants of the offender. Colonel Brown was still unsatisfied and again shouted to the executioner to lay on much harder. The executioner delivered a third blow of about the same force as the second, and again a small cloud of dust came out of the man's pants. At this Colonel Brown became so infuriated that he rushed to the executioner, seized the stick from his hand and delivered a terrific blow. The result of this was an immense cloud of dust which more or less enveloped Colonel Brown and the man who was being beaten. Colonel Brown then lost control and proceeded to shower blows, with the result that an immense cloud of dust arose and persons in the vicinity started coughing and spluttering. From the centre of the dust-cloud Colonel Brown could be

heard shouting: "What is the matter with this man? Let somebody take off his pants." Two or three persons stepped forward and the man's pants were removed, disclosing an empty flour-bag neatly folded over his posterior. This discovery drove Colonel Brown completely berserk, with the result that the other culprit fled and the whole company retired out of the cloud of flour and dust that filled the air. I went to my tent in convulsions of laughter, knowing full well that it would take some time for Colonel Brown to calm down sufficiently to be able to speak. So the episode ended. No one was hurt and what was meant to be an extremely solemn procedure turned out a complete farce.

During the War in East Africa my duties led me into the Game Reserve and there I came into contact with numbers of the Masai. They were fine, tall, athletic, fierce-looking fellows, armed with shields, short swords and enormous spears about seven feet long. One day a Masai was brought to me by his friends for treatment for a lion bite. The lion had bitten him through the right fore-arm. I disinfected the wound as well as I was able and bandaged it up and told him to come and see me every day for the next few days. His friends thanked me and said: "Would you like to come with us now and kill the lion who bit this man?"

I said, Yes, I should be very pleased.

They said: "On no account must you bring

a gun. We will look after you, so do not fear."

I sent for my orderly, a Yemen Arab, and asked him if he would like to come with me and see these Masai kill a lion. He said he would be delighted, so we set off.

The Masai were so keen to take revenge on the lion that had bitten their friend that they broke into a quick swinging trot which soon left me behind. Seeing that I was unable to keep up with them, one of the men came and accommodated his pace to mine. We were soon joined by a dozen or more other Masai, and in a very short time we found the lion lying under a bush. The man whom he had bitten in the fore-arm had managed to spear him so that the lion left tracks of blood as he ran away. I asked the Masai where I had better stand, as I was completely unarmed. They said: "You keep close behind us."

They then formed themselves into a semi-circle, each man placing his shield in front of him so that there was a complete wall of shields in front of the half-circle of men. They brought their long spears to the carry, and then, uttering ear-splitting yells, they rushed at the lion. Needless to say I kept close, indeed very close, behind the Masai. For some reason the lion never charged but lay snarling under the bush, and in a moment it was transfixed by a dozen spears. The shouts and the snarling of the lion made a terrific noise, but in a short while it died and the hubbub ceased. It was an exciting

experience and might have been extremely dangerous had the lion charged, in which case he would probably have leapt over the ring of Masai and landed on me, and I might have suffered considerably. I learnt afterwards that in asking me to be present at the destruction of this lion I had been paid a very high compliment.

This was not the only encounter I had with lions while at Bissil. I remember one afternoon being out with my shot-gun after guinea-fowl. I was walking up the guinea-fowl in company with one of my hospital bhists. In the course of our walk we came upon a ravine. I told the bhisti that I would walk along one edge of the ravine while he walked along the other and threw stones into it with a view to putting up the birds. The bhisti proceeded to walk along his side of the ravine throwing stones into the bushes. We had not gone far when, to the consternation of both of us, a full grown male lion came out: both the bhisti and I were standing within twenty yards of the beast. When he caught sight of us he stopped and looked at us. I felt myself sure that we were at the mercy of the lion, should he take into his head and charge, as I had nothing but my shot-gun with No. 4 shots. After staring at us for a minute or so the lion turned round and disappeared into the bushes. Needless to say the bhisti and I turned round also and disappeared in the opposite direction.

Shortly after this the Rampur Imperial Service Troops were withdrawn and their place was taken by a company of North-Western Railway Sappers and Miners, with three British Officers and two British non-commissioned Officers. The Commanding Officer of the Railway Sappers and Miners became the new Commandant of Bissil. He was horrified at the complete absence of anything in the nature of defences and gave orders to his men to dig trenches round the camp, which they did to considerable purpose. While the Railway Sappers and Miners were at Bissil we had another strange adventure.

Bissil was within the Game Reserve. Game of all kinds abounded. One night we officers were sitting in our Mess at the conclusion of dinner, when a large man, with a face like a tomato that had been five days in the bazaar, appeared in the doorway, and, standing to attention, saluted, saying: "There is a rhinoceros in the kitchen."

We recognised our visitor as the Sergeant-Major of the Railway Sappers and Miners who had been sent to dig fortifications for Bissil. Our Commanding Officer, a Major of the R.E., looked up and said: "What did you say, Sergeant-Major?"

The Sergeant-Major saluted again and said for the second time: "There is a rhinoceros in the kitchen, sir."

We all rose to our feet and rushed for our rifles.

On our way to our tents, we could see without any possible dispute an enormous rhinoceros standing by the side of the kitchen. How it got there and why it remained there, no one knew. The excitement among us was prodigious. By the time we had collected our rifles the rhinoceros had disappeared as mysteriously as it had arrived. Notwithstanding this we all charged out of the trenches and went rushing off in the direction in which we supposed it to have gone.

Suddenly someone shouted: "There he is, I can see him," and immediately fired a shot. Within a few seconds everybody who had a rifle was firing in the direction indicated by the man who was sure he could see the rhinoceros. Not one of us apparently had any idea what would be the immediate result of this pointless fusillade over a non-existent rhinoceros. The whole camp sprang to arms, bugles blew, and within a few moments the trenches were full of men peering into the night, prepared to repel an attack of the enemy.

Our Sapper Major shouted: "Lie down all of you. We have made fools of ourselves and shall be shot as Germans in a minute or two." At the sound of his voice someone in the line of trenches gave an order to "fire" and a volley of bullets poured over our prostrate forms. There was only one man in the camp who was really completely aware of what had happened and that was the Sergeant-Major, who was

now running frantically hither and thither begging the men not to fire on their Commanding Officer and the rest of their officers who had gone out after rhinoceros. It took some considerable time for this highly improbable story to attain any belief on the part of those within the trenches, but after a time the situation was made clear to all and we officers got up from the ground and trailed back into camp feeling one and all extremely silly.

As time went on I got rather tired of Bissil and got leave to go to Mombasa, where, to my great pleasure, I was allowed to visit Bombay on the hospital ship *Mvita*. The *Mvita* was a beautiful ship and there were four medical officers on board. It was very pleasant to have decently served meals and a variety of good food. I spent Christmas on board and arriving at Bombay had a few days' leave with my old college friend, S. T. Sheppard, who was then Assistant Editor of *The Times of India*. On returning to Mombasa I received orders to proceed to a place called Kiu on the Uganda Railway.

Once when I was in Mombasa on short leave from what we facetiously termed the "Front," I had been dining at the Club and was walking back to the Officers' Camp at Kilindini when a party of prostitutes (Swahili women) passed me on the road, chattering among themselves. I recognised their profession through their wearing the black dress, peculiar to prostitutes, that is, a long cloak that

covers the heads and faces and reaches to the ankles. There is no aperture in the garment save two holes to see through. In India this garment is worn by Mohammedan women and is known as a "bhoorka."

As they walked on ahead of me there suddenly came racing down the incline which leads to the Club a Ford car. Either the driver did not notice them in the dark on account of their black garments, or was extremely careless in driving, for one of them suddenly fell and uttered a scream of pain. All the women with her dropped on their knees in the road and joined in the screaming. Seeing that somebody was hurt, I ran towards the group and offered my assistance as a doctor. They allowed me to examine the woman who had been knocked down, and I soon found that she had three ribs broken. I told the women that I would get some plaster and bandages, and come and bandage up the broken ribs. One of them said: "Do you know who we are and where we live?" I replied: "Yes, I know who you are, but one of you can stay behind and show me where your house is." It so happened that close by was a hospital, so I entered it and found a nurse on night duty. I said to her: "There has been an accident and a woman has had three of her ribs broken. Please give me some plaster and bandages." She gave me what I wanted and, accompanied by the prostitute who had remained behind to show me the way, I went off in the direction of the prostitutes' quarter.

When I arrived I found the woman who had been injured lying on a bed, moaning with pain. I got her clothes taken off and strapped up her ribs and told her that I would call to see her on the following day. I think I called every day for nearly a week, by which time the broken ribs had begun to heal and the woman was free from pain. As it did not appear to me to be necessary to call any more, I told the patient that she could now remove the plaster and wear the bandage round her ribs for another week. She was very profuse in her thanks and wished me farewell. As I left the room one of these girls, none of whom had ever appeared before me except clothed in their black bhoorkas, ran after me. She caught hold of my hand and said: "Come into my room. I wish to speak to you."

I followed her into her room and she closed the door. She caught hold of me by the hands, and, looking at me through the holes in her bhoorka, said: "You are a very good man. I would like to go with you to the War."

"You cannot do that," I said, "for you are a woman."

"Yes, I can, for I will dress as a boy and pretend that I am your servant."

"That is nonsense. You would be discovered at once."

"I do not think so, look——" and with one gesture she pulled over her head the bhoorka, which

completely covered her from my eyes, and stood up in front of me completely naked. She threw her arms round my neck and said: "Buy in the Bazaar a tarboosh, a jersey, a pair of khaki shorts and puttees and no one will know that I am not your boy when I put on these things."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"My name is Ayesha and I am a native of Lamu."

I knew enough of East Africa to know that Lamu was famous for the beauty of its women as well as for their want of virtue. I said: "Ayesha, you are a very brave girl, but much as I would like to take you to the Front I cannot do so. You might get ill. You might even be killed."

At this she burst into tears and begged me to take her. She said she did not mind being ill or even being killed. I begged her to put on her bhoorka and tell me something of her life. "No, no," she said. "I can tell you about myself when we reach the Front. Go quickly and buy me the clothes."

"Ayesha," I told her, "it is impossible to take you with me, but I will come and call on you this afternoon and bring you some beer, for I suppose that, like all Lamu people, you do not object to beer, albeit you are Moslem."

"Yes," said Ayesha, "do bring me some beer this afternoon, but do not go now. Take me for a drive in a taxi."

So I went out and called a taxi. She put on her

bhoorka and we got into the taxi and took a drive round the whole of Mombasa. She was enormously pleased and excited at this adventure, and asked me several times was I not ashamed to be seen in a taxi with a whore. I said: "No, not when she is as pretty as you are," at which she laughed immoderately.

That night after dinner I went with a basket of iced lager to Ayesha's house, and I did not get back to the Camp until the early hours of the morning. That was the last I saw of her, a fact over which I had occasion to grieve during the months to come.

On arriving at Kiu I found myself the Principal Medical Officer of the encampment. The troops gathered at Kiu comprised of the Cossipur Artillery Volunteers, known to everybody as the "Calcutta Cow Guns," under the command of Major G. Kinloch. Major Kinloch was greatly beloved by all. He suffered from a peculiar stammer which he tried to control by saying "up down" whenever he could say nothing else. The result was that he was known everywhere as "Up Down." The other principal unit at Kiu was the Kapoorthala Imperial Service Troops. To this unit was attached a particularly charming man, Captain Manners. He and I became great friends and messed together.

By this time I had added to my personal staff a Kikuyu boy named Mungi. I had found him wandering about in Nairobi, which I had visited on my way to Mombasa from Bissil, scantily attired in a small

piece of ragged blanket and holding in one hand a piece of paper on which was written: "This is to certify that Mungi once looked after my mule." The statement was signed, but I have forgotten the name. I said to Mungi: "I suppose if you have looked after a mule you could look after an ass." I fear my joke fell completely flat, but I took him on as deputy to Muhammad Mogayeth, my Arab servant. Mungi was a very cheerful little creature, about fifteen or sixteen years old, and soon became an extremely efficient servant.

I spent a very happy time at Kiu as everybody was on excellent terms with everyone else. I remember so well how Tom Manners would read out to me his letters to his wife. Little did he or anyone else know that his wife had deserted him. He had left her behind in India and when the news of her infidelity reached him, poor Manners shot himself. He did not do this at Kiu, but at some other place. The story I was told was that he was travelling by train in a railway carriage with some other officers. The train stopped for a few minutes and Manners left the carriage on the plea that he wished to relieve himself. He disappeared behind some bushes when a shot was heard. As there were no enemy in that neighbourhood everyone was surprised and presumed that somebody or other had let off his rifle by mistake. It so happened that some Kavirondo porters had seen Manners go behind the bush. They came running

to the train and said that a "Bwana" had shot himself. The officers who had been travelling in the same carriage with Manners, got out of the carriage and directed by the Kavirondo found the poor fellow lying dead by his own hand.

While I was stationed at Kiu I took a few days' leave to Mombasa, and stayed with Wavell, who happened also to be on leave at that time. I had not been with him for more than two days when he received a telegram from the second-in-command of his outpost of Mwele that the outpost had been attacked and was in danger of further attack. Wavell showed me the telegram and told me that he must leave immediately for Mwele. I asked him if he had any objection to my going with him, to which he replied: "None whatever, provided you don't mind a forced march of twenty-seven miles."

That evening we set out with a guard of six or seven of Wavell's Arabs. We marched till midnight, lay down and rested for about an hour, and then resumed our march. Just as it dawned a native runner brought a note to Wavell from the Fort at Mwele to the effect that we should exercise extreme caution in approaching, as there was reason to suppose that a German force was waiting for us. On receipt of this news Wavell informed his men that they must keep the very sharpest look-out from now onwards until we reached the Fort. There was nothing for us but to go on, but had any German force discovered

us before we got in we should have been inevitably overwhelmed. To the great content of everyone concerned we reached Mwele about half-past nine in the morning. I was terribly tired and excessively thirsty. After quenching my thirst with two large glasses of lime juice and water I lay down and fell asleep for about four hours, when I awoke greatly revived. Indeed I was so revived that I played a game of football that afternoon.

I spent a very pleasant four days with Wavell and his comrades when I was recalled by telegram to Kiu. I was so annoyed at being ordered to return that I contemplated ignoring the telegram, but very fortunately, perhaps, Wavell persuaded me to obey orders. Had I disobeyed and remained with Wavell it is very likely that I should have lost my life, because within a few days of my leaving Mweli, Wavell was ambushed and killed along with two of his British Officers and a number of his Arabs.

The Germans buried Wavell and his two officers and, before the War was finished, Wavell's mother caused a tombstone to be erected over his grave.

The news of his death caused consternation throughout the whole force, as the Germans were offering a thousand rupees for Wavell, dead or alive. Before I left East Africa for good I visited his grave in the company of his old Sudanese Officer. As we stood by the graveside a small shower of rain fell, and turning to me the old Sudanese said: "Effendi, even

the Heavens are weeping." On my return to London in 1917 I called on Wavell's grief-stricken mother. She seemed very pleased to meet a man who had known and deeply respected her son. To Muhammad Mogayeth Mrs. Wavell presented a handsome present, in view of the fact that he belonged to the Yemen whence the majority of her son's men had been drawn.

From Kiu I was transferred to a block-house about forty miles west of Tsavo, the place made famous by Major Patterson's book *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*. One had to travel from Tsavo to this block-house, situated at a place called Mzima, either on foot or by motor lorry. The garrison of Mzima was the 4th King's African Rifles. It was a very strongly fortified post and more or less in constant danger of assault by the enemy. In addition to the African Rifles, there was one company of the 63rd Madras Pioneers under the command of Captain Thacker. Besides the hospital for troops, we had a hospital for porters, mostly Kavirondos. I placed my second Sub-Assistant Surgeon, a Deccani Brahman named Mekashir, in charge. He was extremely efficient and full of pluck. My other Sub-Assistant Surgeon was also a Deccani Brahman, whose name was Krishna Ramchandra. He was the son of a retired Subedar Major in the Indian Army, and I was greatly amused one day to receive a letter from his father asking to be assured that his son was behaving gallantly, as he

had not heard up to the time of writing that his son had received any promotion or decoration.

It was a touching letter and I showed it to my assistant, who was rather amused that his father should have written to me in this strain. I replied to the old Subedar Major assuring him that no I.M.S. officer in the force could have a better assistant than his son. I ended by saying that if his son continued to behave as efficiently and gallantly as he had behaved under my command, I was sure that some decoration was in store for him. Krishna Ramchandra was, like his colleague Mekashir, immensely plucky. I remember returning one morning on foot from Tsavo, where I had been on short leave. As I neared the block-house I was greatly surprised to hear shots being fired and still more surprised to see Ramchandra walking towards me. When we arrived within speaking distance of each other, I said to Ramchandra: "What is going on?"

"Sir, I believe it is a battle," said he. To which I replied: "Well, the best thing that you and I can do is to get inside the Fort."

"Sir," said Krishna Ramchandra, "I am going to tell Mekashir that he had better take his Kavirondo patients under shelter."

I said: "I will go to Mekashir: you retire in the block-house."

I went at once to the Porters' Hospital, which was outside the trenches, and there I found Mekashir

collecting his patients who could walk and arranging with those who were too weak to walk to be carried into the Fort. Indeed, at the moment of my arrival Mekashir, who was an extremely powerful little man, was actually carrying over his shoulder a huge but emaciated Kavirondo, who was too weak to walk the distance.

By the time we had got the Kavirondos under cover, the battle, which apparently was taking place on the side of the Fort further from us, had subsided. I learnt afterwards that nobody had been injured on our side and, as far as we could ascertain, the Germans had not received any injury either, although they were extraordinarily adept at removing their dead and wounded.

As elsewhere, the Germans had little regard for the Red Cross Flag, so that on one occasion when I was sending my Red Cross Ambulance with some sick and wounded to Tsavo they attacked it and shot my driver dead. The driver was a stout-hearted young fellow, who had no fear and a great sense of duty. The attack on the Ambulance took place a short distance from the Fort, and on hearing the shots I went out to see what had happened. The wounded and sick had managed to hide in the tall grass by the side of the road, but my driver was lying over the steering-wheel, dead, having been shot through his liver.

The Commandant of the block-house was a Major

Lyall. He was an extremely charming man and had served for a long time in the Political Department. He and I became great friends and used to sit up talking in the mess till a late hour in the night. One day the driver of one of our transport lorries reported to Lyall that there was a bomb buried in the road and that he had only just missed it with his lorry. I happened to be with Lyall at the time, and he turned to me and said: "Doctor, go and see about this, will you?"

Thinking this was hardly a job for a doctor, I said to Lyall: "What am I to do about it?"

He said: "Oh! dig it up."

I said: "But if the damn thing goes off?"

He replied: "Oh! it probably won't go off and even if it does it can't be helped."

With this piece of very cold comfort I went off to obey an order that I thought, with all due respect to my Commandant, should never have been given to me. I walked some distance along the road and sure enough in the middle of the road was a very suspicious-looking object. I had not the slightest notion how to deal with such a situation, so I lay down and crawled very slowly and very cautiously in that direction. As I got nearer I saw it was a stick thrust into the ground with a piece of paper attached to it. It did not look to me like a bomb, but at the same time it might be attached to a bomb. With immense caution I continued to crawl on my belly over the

ground until I was near enough to touch the stick. Remembering that I might be blown sky-high I snatched at the paper in the cleft of the stick and leapt back as fast as I possibly could. No explosion followed. I unfolded the paper and read the following message, which was unsigned. It ran:

"Do you people know that our Zeppelins have bombed London?"

With a great feeling of relief I put the paper in my pocket and returned to the Fort, where I showed it to Lyall.

All that Lyall said was: "Thanks very much, Doctor."

About this time the 4th King's African Rifles were withdrawn from Mzima and their place taken by one battalion of the Kashmeer Imperial Service Troops. Their commandant was a very fine fellow, a Punjabi Mohammedan. He was completely illiterate, but, in spite of this drawback, a most efficient commander.

On one of my periodical visits to Tsavo I took a lift in an empty supply lorry with two or three other fellows. One of them was an American, who had joined up with our forces, and, as we drove along he began to expatiate on the beauties of Kilima Njaro. Just as he was in the middle of his story there was a crashing sound to the left of us, and out charged a rhinoceros from the jungle. We who were sitting on the edge of the lorry with our legs dangling

over the side, had just time to draw them up before the rhinoceros came near enough to touch the lorry with his horn. We all expected something in the nature of an accident either to the lorry, or to the rhinoceros, or to both. But with an amazing agility, of which a rhinoceros is capable when properly warmed up, he swerved and passed in front of the bonnet of the lorry back into the jungle. "Well," said the American, "I have now seen two wonderful things in East Africa: Kilima Njaro and a rhinoceros charging a lorry."

I think it was about February, 1917, that we received orders to evacuate Mzima and fall back on Tsavo. It was about this time that, to the great satisfaction of all, General Smuts had taken over command of our forces in East Africa, and had prepared his great drive across the two railway lines which ran from east to west in German East Africa, through the Pare hills and Uluguru mountains. There was a great concentration of forces at Mbuyuni, and to this centre I received orders to report myself for duty. I spent some weeks there awaiting further orders. Nothing of particular interest happened during the time I was there, with perhaps the exception of an attempt on the part of a naval surgeon to commit suicide. I recollect very well being called out one evening by a young officer in the R.A.M.C., to see this naval surgeon, who had taken an overdose of morphia. The young officer was

so upset that he appeared to have forgotten the proper treatment for morphia poisoning. I passed a needle threaded with silk through the poor fellow's tongue and proceeded to do artificial respiration after giving him an injection of atropin. He gradually came round and I left him quietly sleeping in charge of my R.A.M.C. colleague. I never learnt why he had attempted suicide. I saw him once, later on, in exciting circumstances to which I shall refer in due course.

While at Mbuyuni, I met two very remarkable men who were stationed there. One of them was Sir John Willoughby, who commanded the light armoured cars. I was greatly interested to make his acquaintance, as he had been in command of the famous Jameson Raid, for which he was condemned to death, but later reprieved. Another even more interesting character was the famous hunter, F. C. Selous. He was then about sixty-two years of age, but as active and strong as a man of thirty. On one occasion I told him how, as a boy at Rugby (he was himself an old Rugbeian), I had heard him deliver lectures on lion hunting. One day Selous came to me and said: "Captain Berkeley-Hill, I should like to consult you professionally, for I am suffering from hæmorrhoids."

I examined him and recommended him to undergo an operation, preferably in London. When the examination was complete Selous asked me to let

him know what my fee was. "My dear Mr. Selous," I said, "I shall never dream of taking a fee from you." To which he replied: "I must beg of you to accept a fee." "Mr. Selous," I said, "if you insist on making me some recompense for what I consider as a medical officer of this force to be my duty, I shall be more than amply rewarded if you will tell me another story about your lion shooting in the old days."

Selous laughed and told me to come over to the mess any evening and he would tell me some more lion stories. I asked Selous to what he attributed his extraordinary health, and he said that in the whole of his life he had never smoked and he never drank any alcohol. "But," he went on, "I really believe that my good health is mainly due to the fact that when I was shooting elephants and lions I never wore any pants."

The next year Selous was shot while leading his men in a charge at Beho-Beho. The spot where he fell was typical of the jungle in which he had spent most of his life, a fitting ending place to a really great man. Selous always maintained that he had been a very bad shot all his life, and when I asked him how he had managed to kill so many elephants and lions if he was a very bad shot, he replied: "I always took pains to get so near to them that it was impossible to miss."

Eventually the force collected together at Mbuyuni

moved off in two brigades, one commanded by General Shepherd and the other by General Harrington, Brigadiers in whom the troops had complete confidence. From that time onwards the fighting was almost incessant. It so happened that shortly after we left Mbuyuni, Mackinnon, to whom I have already referred in my reminiscences of Gazi, and who had now become Medical Officer to the 3rd King's African Rifles, fell ill, and I was ordered to take his place. The 3rd King's African Rifles were probably the most efficient of all the battalions, and I greatly enjoyed working with them. There was attached to us some Abyssinian Mountain Infantry among whose officers was a man who had been at Wellington College with my youngest brother. He was always known as "Little Tich" on account of his diminutive stature, but as Kinglake said of Keate, the famous headmaster of Eton, "in that small compass was the courage of ten battalions." I remember well one day when we were being heavily shelled by the 4.5-inch guns that the Germans had taken from the *Königsberg*, a senior officer completely lost his head, and "Little Tich" came hurrying to me to ask me to go and see him. I went off with him and found the officer in question in a state of collapse, so I reassured him that he was suffering from an attack of fever and had better hand over his command to his junior officer. I got him into a place of comparative safety and then

returned to my dressing-station to find that my only European colleague had really collapsed with fever. He was a very nice fellow and had joined up as a Medical Officer in the East African Medical Service from the Seychelles. I dragged him under a fallen tree-trunk, where he was quite safe from harm, and then sent back word to the rear for another medical officer.

In a very short time who should arrive to give me assistance but the naval surgeon whom I had rescued from suicide! He threw himself into the work and, seeing that I was rather exhausted, begged me sit down and rest. Within an hour the firing died down completely and, very foolishly, I told Muhammad Mogayeth to make us some tea. It was nearly dark, but no sooner did the smoke of the fire betray our whereabouts to our enemy than they put across another shell which burst right over our heads, wounding two of my staff, one severely. He was hit in the left shoulder and the bullet went clean through the humeral artery. As he was standing close to me at the time, I sprang to my feet and pressed the spurting blood with my fingers while I called for a tourniquet. His blood spouted all over my face before I could get my fingers on to the spot. At length we stopped the flow and put his arm in a sling. Of course, I had our fire extinguished immediately and it was some time before orders were received that, the Germans having retreated, fires might be lit.

On the following day we continued our advance and were again subjected to shelling from the German naval guns, as well as from howitzers which had, through the negligence of our naval forces, come out from Germany and been safely delivered at some port on the coast along with an immense quantity of ammunition and other military stores. I remember sitting down to rest by the side of the road with my servant Mungi sitting behind me. Suddenly a shell burst over us and I heard Mungi say: "Mimi anapiga" ("I am struck"). I turned round and saw Mungi clasping his left thigh and blood trickling through his fingers. I begged him to allow me to see his wound, and sure enough a shrapnel bullet had penetrated his thigh and was lying just under the skin on the outer side. I cut out the bullet and bandaged the wound. There was no doubt that Mungi had had a narrow escape, as the bullet had neither injured his thigh bone nor lacerated the femoral artery. From that day forth until Mungi left me to undergo the rite of circumcision, which no Kikuyu, male or female, can afford to avoid, he always wore this bullet round his neck.

We continued to drive the Germans further and further back and each day the fighting was more or less like that of the day previous. At that time I had a guard of four Sudanese reservists for my hospital. They were all old men, but completely without fear. One day a piece of shell tore open the stomach of

one of these men. The poor old fellow sank to the ground. He was horribly wounded and there was nothing to be done for him in the circumstances except to put on a field dressing and give him some morphia. I told the other three reservists to sit by him until he died and then bury him. I then followed up the advancing troops.

After a while the fighting died down and I thought I would go back and see how my old wounded reservist was getting on. To my astonishment he was sitting propped up smoking a pipe by the side of the grave which his three friends had dug for him. I patted the old boy on the head and asked him how he was feeling. He looked up at me and said: "I shall be dead soon," and truly within a minute the pipe fell from his mouth and his soul left him. I was too overcome to stop to see him buried, so I told his three friends to take off his belt and pouches and bury him and then follow after me.

I recollect one more case of bullet wound of the abdomen. This was in an askari of the 3rd King's African Rifles. He actually came to me with his belly cut right open, holding in both hands some coils of his own intestine. To make the situation still more gruesome a large piece of tapeworm was hanging out of a hole in his intestines. It is somewhat astonishing to relate that this man did not die.

This uninterrupted pursuit of retreating Germans greatly interfered with the feeding of the troops, and

for over a week none of us had any rations except an ounce of tea and two ounces of flour. Of course, occasionally, we managed to plunder papaya, plantains, sweet potatoes and fowls from the small villages through which we passed, but officers and men had a very terrible time. Like everything else, it came to an end at last, and we concentrated in a large camp for rest at a place called Msiha.

Before the end of this trying march I had an exciting adventure on one occasion. I was riding the only horse I ever had to ride during the whole campaign and, as I rode along, a lorry passed me. On both sides of the road there was tall grass to the height of eight feet or more. The lorry had hardly gone a few yards ahead of me when it pulled up with a jerk and I noticed a European sergeant get out, carrying his rifle, and enter the tall grass on the side of the road. Being on horseback I could see over the top of the grass, and looking in the direction in which the sergeant had disappeared I saw a party of the enemy. I leapt off my horse and rushed after the sergeant, drawing my revolver as I went. Plunging into the grass I managed to catch hold of him. "Sergeant," I said, "there is quite a party of Germans hiding within a few yards of us. Do you think that you and I are capable of making them prisoners?"

He said: "We might have a try, Sir," to which I replied: "Very well, we shall have to rush them," and

this we proceeded to do, shouting out: "Hands up, all of you!"

The enemy, who consisted of two Germans and six askaris, were taken completely by surprise and threw up their arms, dropping their rifles on the ground. I left the six askaris in charge of the sergeant. I told the two Germans to keep their hands above their heads and walk in front of me, which they did, on pain of being instantly shot should they make any attempt to escape. I marched them back to camp and handed them over to a guard. Someone who saw me arrive with my two German prisoners said: "Damn it all, Doctor, you can't do this sort of thing with a red cross brassard round your arm." I am sorry to say that I had entirely forgotten that I was wearing a Red Cross brassard.

At Msiha, my hospital section was placed immediately behind the howitzer battery, of which the Germans had the range, and were constantly dropping shells from the *Königsberg* 4.5-inch gun on to the battery. Needless to say, some of these shells went into the hospital, much to our disgust. On one occasion, a shell fell quite close to Ramchandra and enveloped him in an immense cloud of earth. I never expected to see him alive again, but a moment afterwards I saw him standing, quite unperturbed, wiping the earth off his spectacles. Two of my staff were slightly wounded by pieces of shell, but not seriously.

While at Msiha I met Captain Francis Brett Young, now so well known as a novelist. A good deal of his time was taken up in rewriting a novel, the typescript of which had been lost on its way to England through the ship which carried it being torpedoed and sunk.

We were very badly off for food as well as tobacco, so that I took to smoking Boer tobacco made into cigarettes with picces of newspaper. One day a friend of mine burst into my tent and asked me to give him a cigarette. I said: "My dear fellow, I have no cigarettes and have not had any cigarettes for a long time."

"Oh!" he replied, "let's go and see if we can find somebody who has some cigarettes."

Knowing that cigarettes were very scarce I was disinclined to go begging with him and I told him so. In the end I gave way and we set off on a tour of the camp in search of a few cigarettes. I remarked, as we started off, "The Lord will provide," at which pious ejaculation he told me not to be a bloody fool. We spent a considerable time hunting for cigarettes, but failing to find any, we returned to my tent, and there, on the little table in the middle of the tent, was an unopened box of Turkish cigarettes. I pointed to the box and said to my friend: "The Lord has provided." We soon had the box opened and were enjoying the first decent cigarettes we had smoked for weeks.

The explanation of this apparent miracle was that on that afternoon my old friend, Major Robert Lyall, had received a consignment of cigarettes from London, and, knowing my distress at being without a smoke, had sent the box of cigarettes by his orderly to my tent.

It was while I was in Msiha that I got an attack of black-water fever. It so happened that one of the hospital bhists was also suffering from the fever. It is a horrible disease and I was desperately ill. By great good luck a Red Cross Ambulance arrived on the day after I fell ill, and the bhisti and I were driven off forty miles to the nearest hospital. The road was terribly rough and we were frightfully shaken as we lay on the floor of the ambulance. By the time we reached the hospital the bhisti was dead and I was half dead. I suppose that my naturally strong constitution saved my life and I was able to resume my duty in a few weeks' time. In the meanwhile the Germans continued to retire to the Rufiji river, we following them.

My next job of work was to take charge of about forty German prisoners who had been left behind at the Mgeta Mission in charge of a German woman, named Frau König. Besides the Europeans, there were a number of German askari. Frau König was an extremely determined and obstinate woman, and I got information that she was assisting the enemy by sending them information about ourselves. To

guard these prisoners I had an Afridi havildar and two Punjabi Mohammedan sepoys from the 29th Baluchis. All three of them were suffering from fever. We put our German prisoners into a loft, the only access to which was a ladder, and at the bottom of the ladder the two sepoys stood guard.

As Frau König would not obey my orders about sending messages to her fellow countrymen, I sent for her and told her that if she left the Mission building, I would have her shot. I explained to the Afridi havildar what I had said to Frau König, who, by the way, was rather annoyed that I could speak German, and impressed upon him his responsibility to shoot Frau König if she disobeyed me any more. My emphatic warning to Frau König had the effect of convincing her that I meant business, so that I had no more trouble with her.

After spending about a week at the Mgeta Mission I got orders to hand over to a New Zealand doctor, who came to relieve me. My next halting-place was at a spot called Dutuni. This was eight or nine miles from another place called Kissaki, where a battle had been fought, somewhat to our disadvantage, on the 7th September. When I arrived at Dutuni a number of our forces, including a good many South Africans, were congregated at Kissaki. I pitched my hospital close to a stream and occupied my time in rendering first aid to sick and wounded men passing towards the base from Kissaki. From the Mgeta Mission I

had taken with me a fine donkey on which I used to ride about when I had nothing better to do.

I had very little food and no bread, but in a box I had two delicacies, a small bottle of champagne and a pot of lobster mayonnaise. Indeed, these two items of my larder had been forgotten by me until, one day, a R.A.M.C. officer staggered into my camp and asked for some food. He was an elderly man, who had been a country general practitioner before the War. I saw the poor fellow was suffering terribly from the privations of the campaign. It was absurd to make a man of his age and habits of life work under conditions such as those in which we found ourselves. He sat down on my bed and putting his head between his hands said: "By God, Berkeley-Hill, what would I not give for a pint of champagne and some lobster mayonnaise!"

I shouted for Muhammad Mogayeth and told him: "The doctor Sahib wants champagne and lobster mayonnaise. Get both ready as soon as possible."

The poor fellow, who had been staring at the ground, looked up at me and said: "For God's sake don't make fun of me: I am past all joking." "Not at all," I replied, "I am not joking: I have here with me both lobster mayonnaise and champagne and you shall drink all the champagne and eat all the lobster mayonnaise."

Within a minute or two Muhammad Mogayeth laid the champagne and a glass on the table, and then

the lobster mayonnaise which he had poured on to a plate. This surprised the poor doctor beyond measure, but I insisted on his finishing the champagne and mayonnaise before he left me to proceed on his way.

I remember very well when I arrived at Dutuni getting a telegram from Colonel Turner ordering me to send him my "marching-in state." I was tickled to death by this telegram and replied as follows:

"FROM—OFFICER COMMANDING, 'B' SECTION,
120TH FIELD AMBULANCE.

TO—A.D.M.S., KISSAKI.

I NEVER MARCH ANYWHERE IN STATE. IT IS AS
MUCH I CAN DO TO GET ALONG."

I heard afterwards that Colonel Turner was extremely annoyed, but at the same time somewhat amused, at my reply to his telegram.

My next orders were to take my hospital section to the Rufiji river, so to the Rufiji river I went. I remember about this time receiving a telegram from Army Headquarters wanting to know what amount of transport I required for my section of Indian Field Ambulance No. 120. I sent for my head sub-assistant surgeon and asked him what reply I should write.

"Sir," said he, "regulations permit so much transport," giving the amount in mules.

I said: "Ramchandra, this Regulation amount of transport will not be able to shift the creature comforts that we have collected, you and I. Think of the beer and the biscuits and God knows what else that we have to take with us."

He said: "Sir, ask for double the regulation amount and see what reply you get." Accordingly I telegraphed for double the amount of transport ordinarily allowed a section of the Indian Field Ambulance. After a while a telegram was received from Army Headquarters asking for an explanation of my request for the double amount. Again I sent for Ramchandra.

"Ramchandra," I said, "tell me how I should reply."

The old fellow looked down his nose at me and said with just a ghost of a smile: "Say that the extra transport is needed to carry the office copies of superfluous correspondence with Army Headquarters."

I burst into a roar of joy and despatched the telegram. The situation to which the receipt of this telegram gave rise in Army Headquarters can be left to the imagination.

We had some naval units at this point on the Rufiji river on account of the fact that there were some motor-boats on the river, more or less armed. They were very cheery fellows and were kind enough to supply me from their own bakery with bread, a thing I had not tasted for many weeks.

This camp on the Rufiji was an abomination of

desolation. Almost everything that was needed in the way of hospital supplies, was unobtainable. I sent several telegrams to Dar-es-Salaam, which was then our base for supplies, but received no replies. I cannot quite remember what happened at this desolate spot, but I know that I obtained leave to return to the base at Dar-es-Salaam, from which I was sent to hospital in Zanzibar. There were about a dozen other officers there besides myself and we were very well looked after by an Army Nursing Sister. None of us was seriously ill, but all of us were exhausted from privations and starvation.

Eventually I was sent back to India, and from Bombay I was sent to Simla and put into a horrible convalescent home called "The Craggs." It was cold and draughty and cheerless. I hated the place and was very glad to obtain permission to leave it and be admitted into the Walker Hospital under the care of the Civil Surgeon, Colonel Sir Charles Roberts. I was put to bed and treated for an irritable skin disease, which had begun to trouble me, with baths and other medication. The nurse who looked after me was an extremely nice and kind woman, who subsequently became a patient of mine at the Ranchi European Mental Hospital.

My heart troubled me a good deal and I had a lying-down pulse of over one hundred, and the cold of Simla made me feel wretched. From Simla, for some extraordinary reason, I was transferred to

Ootacamund, and placed in an extremely wretched little house with some other officers who were, like myself, convalescent. The A.D.M.S. of Ootacamund was a Colonel in the R.A.M.C. I took a strong dislike to him and he to me. After being there some time and feeling no better, I managed to get leave to go and see my wife in Cannanore. I had not been there more than a few days when I received orders to proceed to Poona. At Poona I stayed at the Club of Western India for a short time, when I received orders to go to Bombay and report for duty on the hospital ship *Empress of Britain*. She was a magnificent ship and had formerly been one of the crack liners of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company. From Bombay we went to Colombo, for the dry dock at Bombay was not big enough to hold the enormous bulk of the *Empress of Britain*, who needed repair.

We medical officers of the *Empress of Britain* were allowed leave during the period the ship was in dry dock. I went to shore and took rooms in the Grand Oriental Hotel. That same evening, I went up to my bedroom in the hotel, and on the dressing-table was lying a letter in the handwriting of a woman I had not seen or heard of for over twelve years. She was the only woman with whom I was ever totally and completely in love, and to see her handwriting, which I had not seen for all those years, gave me quite a shock. I opened the letter and read in it the surprise of the writer at seeing my name among the

visitors who arrived that day at the hotel. She hoped that we might meet, and renew the acquaintance that had begun in 1904. The writer was Joanna Gomez, to whom I have made reference in another place. Joanna and I met and we had lunch together at the Hotel Mount Lavinia and then went for a motor drive. We came back to the hotel for tea and afterwards I took the train back to Colombo. Joanna had hardly altered at all since I had seen her last, and when we parted at the railway station I did a thing that I had never done before, in spite of my overwhelming love for her in the old days; I kissed her. I have never seen her again. I only wrote to her once; that was in 1919, and I received a reply in which she said: "I thought you were dead." As this reply could only mean "I hope you are dead," I did not write to her again.

After the repairs to the *Empress of Britain* we again embarked and proceeded to Durban, where I was admitted into a convalescent home prior to my being sent to Cape Town in a hospital ship. On arriving there I was taken to a convalescent camp at Weinberg. I did not like the place, so I got permission to go and stay in the hotel at St. James's Bay along with three or four other officers, who were, like myself, convalescents. Among them was an officer in the Rifle Brigade, but I cannot recollect his name. We became great friends.

While staying at the hotel I made the acquaintance

of a Canadian named Cartwright, who was in charge of the Burma Shell. He had married a German, whose father had been Consul-General for Germany in Japan, where she had been born. She was a very handsome and accomplished woman, and had two delightful children. The Cartwrights asked me and my friend of the Rifle Brigade to go and stay in their house outside Cape Town. While with the Cartwrights, my friend and I enjoyed numerous excursions in the beautiful neighbourhood. I have visited many parts of the world, but I do not know of any part of it with such beautiful landscapes and seascapes as those to be found in the neighbourhood of Cape Town.

After about six weeks at the Cape, that is to say the end of October 1917, I was taken before a Medical Board and told that my state of health was such that I must return to England. I protested wildly. I told the Board that I was now perfectly fit, which was quite true, and that a visit to England at this time of the year, after so many years in the tropics, so far from being likely to do me any good, was likely to bring on a relapse. To my vast annoyance the Board would not listen to me and I was told to return to England by the Union Castle Liner s.s. *Walmer Castle*.

In due course I sailed from Cape Town with my faithful Muhammad Mogayeth, on board the *Walmer Castle* wherein were several hundred Basutos going

to France to join the Labour Corps. They were in charge of three British officers, and one of their own princes, Prince John as he was called. I had several talks with Prince John, who spoke perfect English and I found him an extremely charming young man. In addition to this large crowd of Basutos we carried with us a million pounds in gold. Our captain was a very old man and rather nervous of being torpedoed on account of the fact that a ship-load of Africans for the Labour Corps in France had been lost a few months previously in the English Channel.

We stopped on the way at Lagos to join a convoy which had collected there. We then left for Devonport. The voyage was uneventful except for one tragedy and one encounter with German submarines. The tragedy was the suicide of a Basuto, who jumped overboard, through having received a severe reprimand for some misconduct. As we were nearing the coast of France at the time, and the weather was getting cold, he was wearing his overcoat and, like everyone else, his life-belt. The life-belt kept the poor fellow from drowning and, as we could not stop to pick him up on account of the possibility of submarines being near us, we watched him disappearing in our wake.

The Basutos were told that King George was deeply concerned for their safety and would send some of his "little warships" to protect them when they reached the danger zone. The excitement over this

evidence of concern for their safety on the part of their King Emperor, filled the Basutos with indescribable joy. As soon as they caught sight of the silhouettes of the destroyers against the rising sun on the day they were due to turn up, they shouted and sang and danced in an ecstasy of gratitude to King George.

It was just as well that King George did send his "little warships," because, before the sun had been up a few hours, we were attacked. As we had received instructions as to what to do in the event of an attack by a submarine, we fell in, wearing our life-belts, on the boat deck. I had charge of one boat with, I think, fourteen Basutos as a crew. Although I had told Muhammad Mogayeth that he must come with me on the boat-deck when the order reached us, he did not appear. I was worried about the boy, particularly as I could not leave my post to go and look for him.

Just as I was wondering what the little idiot was doing, he came rushing up on to the boat-deck and said to me: "Effendi, I would prefer to take off my clothes and swim."

For the first time since I had known Muhammad I saw he was thoroughly frightened. Pointing to the Basutos, who were standing round the boat with admirable composure, I said to him: "Are you not ashamed of yourself? You, an Arab, behaving like a frightened child in front of these brave Negroes!"

ALL TOO HUMAN

This appeal had a very reassuring effect on him and he calmed down and took his place beside me.

While all this was going on, the four destroyers were racing round and round us as we zigzagged for all we were worth. They did their best to cover us up with a smoke screen, and from time to time dropped depth charges wherever they supposed the submarine might be. In the end we reached Devonport in safety, and before leaving the ship I went up to the captain's cabin to say good-bye to him. I found the old fellow sitting at his desk with his head between his hands. He looked up when I came in and holding out his right hand said, "Good-bye, Doctor." "Good-bye, Captain," I said. "Thank you so much for bringing us all safely home." He got up from his chair and placing his hand on my shoulder, said: "My boy, this is the last voyage for me. I am too old to stand the strain any longer."

In due course Muhammad Mogayeth and I disembarked and reported ourselves at the office of the Embarkation Officer. My consternation may be hardly imagined when I was told by the embarkation authorities that as my servant was a Turkish subject he would not be allowed to land. I explained that the Arabs of the Yemen were far more hostile towards the Turks than were we ourselves, as indeed they had good reason to be. I pointed out that Muhammad Mogayeth had bravely and uncomplainingly followed me for two and a half years through

many dangers and constant privations with the utmost loyalty. The Embarkation Officer told me that he quite sympathised with Muhammad Mogayeth and myself, but, before he could allow a Turkish subject to enter English territory, he must obtain the permission of the Foreign Office, which would involve telephoning to London.

After considcrable delay the cheerful news was handed to me that Muhammad Mogayeth and I could proceed to London on the understanding that we should report immediately to the Foreign Office. That evening Muhammad Mogayeth and I found ourselves in a train bound for London, where we arrived on the following morning. I took a taxi to the house of my mother, who was then living at Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill.

It is unnecessary to remark that my mother and I were delighted to see each other again, and Muhammad and I were made very welcome. After we had taken some breakfast, Muhammad and I made ourselves as respectable as possible as regards our dress, which amounted to very little. The best pair of breeches I had, I had removed from a dead trooper of the South African cavalry. Anyhow, we both went to the Foreign Office and I sent in our names. We were ushered into a magnificent waiting-room where we waited for further developments. Muhammad was extremely agitated. I think he feared that he might be shot or hanged. I told him

not to be a little fool: he had never deserted me and I was not going to desert him now.

While we were thus talking a door opened and an extremely elegantly attired young gentleman entered the room. His immaculate tail-coat and beautifully creased trousers gave me the impression that he was unaware that there was a War going on. The young gentleman advanced across the room and pointing to Muhammad Mogayeth said to me: "I presume that this is Mr. Muhammad Mogayeth?"

"Yes," I replied, "this is Muhammad Mogayeth. Pray deal tenderly with him, because he has been my faithful companion for two and a half years. I presume you speak Arabic or have an interpreter, because he knows hardly any English."

The young gentleman replied: "Yes, I have an interpreter. Will you ask Mr. Muhammad Mogayeth to come along with me?"

Assuring Muhammad Mogayeth once more that he would not be condemned to death or be otherwise inconvenienced, I told him to go along with the gentleman in the beautiful clothes.

Giving me one last imploring look the little Arab turned and followed the Foreign Office official into his office. I waited for about half an hour, when the door opened and Muhammad Mogayeth appeared with the same gentleman, and I could see by the expression on Muhammad's face that the interview had given him great satisfaction. The young

gentleman approached me and said: "Captain Hill, the Foreign Office are agreeable to Mr. Muhammad Mogayeth remaining in this country, provided that you make yourself responsible for him, and that, wherever you go in the British Isles during your stay here, you will see that he reports to the police once a week. He has been given a paper, which he must not lose, on which the signatures of the police officers to whom he reports will be duly recorded."

I said: "Thank you very much: I shall see that the instructions of the Foreign Office are duly carried out."

We then left and returned to my mother's house. There had been a solemnity about this trifling incident on the part of the Foreign Office which amuses me even to-day when I think about it. Its memory illustrates very well Arnold Bennett's remark in *The Old Wives' Tale* to the effect that "Great events are forgotten and only the personal incidents associated with them that are remembered."

I spent a very happy time in England visiting friends and relatives: among the latter my two dear old maiden aunts, Rosamund and Florence Davenport Hill, my father's sisters, at their beautiful house at Oxford. Throughout all my visits Muhammad Mogayeth accompanied me, with the result that he developed a deep and affectionate regard for the English Police, specimens of whom he had to meet officially at every stopping-place. At my aunts'

house he made himself extremely agreeable, taking a particular fancy to my aunts' cook, whose husband was a naval reservist and was at that time somewhere on board some ship in the North Sea. On several occasions my aunts gave parties to wounded soldiers, and at these parties Muhammad invariably obliged the company by singing Arabic songs. No one applauded his efforts more heartily than he did himself, with the result that everybody was intensely delighted. When we left Oxford my aunt Florence presented him with a very fine silver wrist-watch, whereat Muhammad Mogayeth kissed my aunt's hand and told her in broken English that he would never leave me so long as I required his services.

Among other places that Muhammad Mogayeth and I visited was a country rectory. The old Rector was greatly concerned at having a Mohammedan in his house, and asked me if I thought Muhammad would object to attending prayers along with the other servants. I said: "I am sure my servant will have no objection, as he is the most obliging creature." I put the point to Muhammad, who was quite willing to attend any religious service whatsoever, and he came regularly every evening with the rest of the servants of the house and behaved in a most exemplary fashion.

Near my mother's house, and on Campden Hill, was the mosque, or rather the meeting-house, of the Mohammedan community of London, and every

Friday afternoon Muhammad and I would repair to the meeting-house for prayer and tea. As a Christian, I was not asked to join in the prayers, but sat on a chair at a little distance from the Mohammedan gathering. The whole procedure was conducted in English, as this was the only language which the Mohammedans gathered together in that house had in common. They were an extraordinary collection, including one English Sergeant in the Supply and Transport Corps. There was something very impressive about this service, but what impressed me most of all was the abundance of sugar which we got with our tea after the service was over. The Mohammedans seemed to be the only community in London to whom sugar was not rationed. All other people had to augment their sugar ration, as I did myself, with saccharine.

About this time air raids were fairly constant, and whenever one occurred Muhammad and I used to watch the demonstration from my bedroom window.

While at Oxford I consulted my old friend and teacher, Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine, about the boils from which I was still suffering. He recommended me to take brewers' malt and I found that, as long as I took brewers' malt, my boils subsided, but as soon as I stopped taking the malt they returned.

Among other things I undertook to occupy my time during my convalescence in London, was a

course of psycho-analysis at the hands of my old friend, Dr. Ernest Jones. I also attended the School of Oriental Languages, where I studied Arabic and Swahili. My Swahili teacher was the late Dr. Alice Werner, Professor of Bantu Languages at the Institute. I was her only pupil in Swahili and she gave me of her very best, so that, before I left London, I obtained a certificate of proficiency in that language. Dr. Alice Werner was a very delightful and extremely cultured woman. She spoke over twenty Bantu dialects as well as several European languages. She was an admirable teacher and I enjoyed tremendously my lessons in Swahili. Her sister, Mary, acted as her assistant. Dr. Alice Werner caused me some amusement by always wearing her M.A. gown even when I was her only pupil. Although a tremendous *pandit* she was gifted with a great sense of humour, coupled with an extreme simplicity of character. These two old ladies were a great feature of the school of Oriental Languages, and now that Alice is dead the School has lost one of the most eminent of its staff. My Arabic teacher was a native of Baghdad and had been one of the two companions of my friend, Arthur Wavell, on his journey to Mecca.

One day I mentioned to Dr. Ernest Jones the torment I was suffering from the constant recurrence of boils all over my body. I told him of the number of injections and other medicines I had taken to no

purpose. He said: "My dear Berkeley-Hill, there is probably a need for a survey of your intestinal flora. You go and see my friend Rowlands," and he gave me Dr. Rowlands' address.

Rowlands was a little Welshman and a most competent bacteriologist. I went to his laboratory somewhere in the East End of London and put my case before him. He said: "I must have a specimen of your *fæces*, urine and the discharge from these boils before I can do anything for you."

Specimens of all three factors in my illness were made over to him, and in a week he asked me to come and see him again. He showed me the plates on which he had made cultures of the bacteria taken from me and I saw growths of bacteria that were neither typical dysenteric nor typical typhoidal. Rowlands said: "I have never seen anything like this before. Now I will make you a vaccine and we will see what happens." The vaccine was made and injected into me, with the result that I had a violent reaction. In the end, however, my boils disappeared and I have never had any trace of them since. Besides being freed from a painful and tiresome affection, my treatment by Rowlands taught me the importance of making a culture of intestinal bacteria in the treatment of pyæmia, a lesson that I have never forgotten.

About this time I was promoted to the rank of Major and shortly afterwards received orders to return to East Africa. Muhammad Mogayeth and I

embarked on the British India Steam Navigation Company's ship s.s. *Mashobra* and set sail for Cape Town. We had not left the English Channel before we were attacked by a submarine. The attack was so unexpected that we were not ordered to our boats. When the attack began I was walking on the deck with a friend of mine, and, to my intense interest, I saw a torpedo making directly for the ship. By extraordinary good luck it missed us: otherwise this story might never have been written.

Among the passengers in the *Mashobra* was an Australian Officer and his wife. The poor fellow had lost a leg in the War, so that he wore a false one. One day, when he was sitting on the deck with his wife, he asked her to go to the cabin and fetch his tobacco pouch. No sooner had she left him than he jumped overboard, to the consternation of everybody. A boat was lowered and, although there was a heavy sea running, a search was made for him. Suddenly somebody saw protruding from the water a thing that looked like the periscope of a submarine. The gun in the stern of the *Mashobra* was immediately manned and no doubt a shot would have been fired had not the Australian Officer's wife exclaimed: "That is not a periscope, that is my husband's leg." Owing to the heavy sea that was running the search party in the boat could not see anything of the man overboard, until somebody suggested that the gun in the stern should be kept directed to the poor fellow's false leg

that we had, a moment before, mistaken for a periscope. By thus pointing out with the aid of our gun the position of the drowning man, the boat was able to pick him up and he was eventually dragged on board. It was due to the fact that he was a very powerful swimmer that he had kept himself afloat, in spite of the intention he had had of making away with himself.

In due course we reached Cape Town and I and a friend of mine, a young civil servant of British East Africa, named Charles Tomkinson, reported ourselves to the Embarkation Officer for orders. The Embarkation Officer explained to Tomkinson and myself that there was no ship sailing to Dar-es-Salaam for at least two months and, therefore, we should have to wait in Cape Town. As Tomkinson and I were disinclined to wait there for two months we decided to try and reach Dar-es-Salaam overland. I told the Embarkation Officer our intention. He said that we were both fools to try anything of the sort, but, as we persisted in our demand to be allowed to proceed overland, he made us out a railway pass as far as Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo.

From Elizabethville we went by train to Kambove, where we had to change. We had some hours to wait in Kambove, which struck me as a miserable place with very few European inhabitants. The European population seemed to me to include a disproportionate number of prostitutes. Indeed this

strange arrangement seemed to be the chief feature of Kambove. Eventually we set out on the last stage of our journey that could be done by rail. The train started with a terrific jerk which threw me on to the floor of the carriage. Getting back in the seat I remarked to Tomkinson that I did not think very highly of our driver. After proceeding for a few hours the train stopped. The guard came along to say that the driver was too tired to drive any more, so he insisted on going to sleep. Very shortly after this visit from the guard, we were favoured with a visit from the driver, a Belgian, who was very drunk. He said he had been driving for eighteen hours on end and would not drive any more. He came and sat in our carriage with a bottle of brandy and proceeded to get still drunker.

We managed to get some sleep, and the driver very soon fell into a drunken doze. Before the sun rose we had started again, the driver having apparently felt himself up to another spot of work. About nine o'clock the next morning we stopped again at a small station, the name of which I cannot remember, for breakfast and, considering the enormous distance we were from civilisation, the breakfast we got was very good. After breakfast we all got into the train again and the guard paid us another visit, enquiring if any of the passengers could drive an engine, as the driver was too tired to drive any more. I noticed the driver getting into the guard's van, announcing

in a loud voice that he intended to have a good sleep.

Fortunately one of the passengers could drive and took charge of the engine. He drove until about half-past-one, when we stopped for lunch. Here again the railway station buffet provided an extremely good luncheon. By this time the driver had sufficiently revived to be able to resume his duties in the engine, and we proceeded on our way. We had not gone far before we stopped again. The driver and the guard got down, the latter informing us that they were going to examine a bridge which they had reason to believe would not support the weight of the train. However, the driver and the guard eventually decided that the bridge would not collapse if the train went over it, and we went on with our journey.

Towards evening we reached Bukama and found ourselves on the bank of the Lualaba river, which is a branch of the Congo. At Lualaba we had some difficulty in persuading the Belgian officials to provide river transport, but in the end we borrowed a motor-boat, which was in charge of a very decent Belgian from a fishing village near Ostend. He was quite new to Africa and was considerably bewildered by the situation in general.

Tomkinson and I and Muhammad Mogayeth got our luggage put into the motor-boat, which had a native crew of four very scantily-dressed savages,

and we set out on the following morning. Except that the captain and his crew were completely ignorant of the river, so that we were constantly running aground, no adventure befell us. Whenever we ran aground the native crew would get out and push us off. For, I think, three days we proceeded in this fashion, tying up at night and sleeping ashore.

On the fourth day we reached a fairly big island in the middle of the stream, on which dwelt two Belgians, one of whom was an official and the other a non-official. The official told us that he had received orders to send the motor-boat back to Bukama. When we enquired how we might get on with our journey he was very vague. He talked of getting a canoe, but not with any finality. Tomkinson and I were both convinced that we might end our days on this dismal island in the Lualaba.

I do not know now how long we stayed on that island. It seemed months, but I do not think it could have been more than a week. The only event that I can recollect was getting my hair cut by one of the Belgians. He cut it so short that my hairs stood up with tiny bristles all over my head, to the immense amusement of everyone. Our gloom was suddenly dispersed by the unexpected arrival of the Deputy Commissioner of a neighbouring district, a huge Russian. With him travelled a numerous retinue, including two very fat women. He arrived in a big canoe with ten paddlers. In spite of his very forbid-

ding appearance he turned out to be quite a good fellow and invited us to join him. Tomkinson and I were only too delighted at the prospect of seeing the last of this awful island, so we gladly accepted his invitation to travel with him, and accordingly left on the following morning.

Tomkinson had contracted malaria and lay in the bottom of the canoe, feeling very wretched. I was very sorry for him, as I had nothing to offer to cheer him up, not even any quinine. We rowed, or rather paddled, for the best part of six hours without a stop: the Russian Deputy Commissioner sitting with his two ladies in the stern and occasionally exchanging remarks. Shortly after midday, the Deputy Commissioner decided that we would stop and disembark. I cannot imagine a more dismal, desolate spot than the one the Deputy Commissioner chose to rest at. There was no sign of any habitation, nothing but dense jungle all round us. As Tomkinson was feeling very miserable it was perhaps a relief to him to get out of the canoe and lie on the ground.

He said to me: "I wish we had some whisky."

"Dear old boy," I answered, "there is no whisky in this damn place: there is nothing at all."

I asked the Deputy Commissioner if he could spare my friend a little whisky or some beer. He replied rather angrily: "Why don't you buy your own drinks?" "I should be very pleased to buy some drinks," said I, "if there was any place here which sold

drinks." "Of course there is," he said. "There is a very fine shop here."

I looked round on all sides. So far from seeing anything that resembled a shop I could see no kind of human habitation. So I asked: "Can you tell me, please, where the shop is?"

The Deputy Commissioner merely waved his hand and said: "Over there," pointing in the direction from which we had come.

I wondered if the man was trying to make a fool of me or whether he was quite right in his head. I could not have been more surprised if he had told me that there was a very fine cinema or picture gallery in the neighbourhood.

However, I took him at his word and walked off in the direction that he had indicated. I had not walked more than half a mile through the jungle when I came on quite a big building standing all alone in a small clearing. As the door was open I walked in and found myself in a large general store; from floor to ceiling it was stocked with provisions of every description. I shouted and hammered on the counter in the hope of attracting the attention of the proprietor. The place seemed completely deserted. I went on hammering on the counter, when suddenly I heard behind me a "Woof!" I knew that sound only too well; I had often heard it before. There is only one animal that makes that noise, and it is a lion. I turned round very slowly and there, within

six feet of me, was a full-grown lion with a magnificent mane. He was standing in the doorway looking at me. I executed a prodigious handspring over the counter, and was just wondering whether the lion would follow my example, when a European appeared in the doorway, and catching hold of the lion by his mane gave it a few friendly tugs, and calling it "Hector," spoke to it in Spanish.

For a moment I thought I was dreaming: deserted shops and lions who answered to the name of "Hector" and understood Spanish.

I was feeling rather ashamed of myself through being on the wrong side of the counter, and seeing that the lion was very friendly I came out into the centre of the shop and addressed the Spanish-speaking gentleman in my best French, telling him that I could not speak Spanish. He was delighted to see a European, and explained to me in rather indifferent French that he lived in this terribly lonely place with his brother and the lion. I explained how it came about that he had found me on the wrong side of his counter, at which he was greatly amused, and said: "I have had Hector since he was a very small cub. He has never tasted any flesh except that of fowls. He is very good and very friendly. Why don't you pat him?"

I had by now plucked up sufficient courage to pat the lion on his head, but nevertheless I was rather relieved when my Spanish friend pushed Hector through the door into the compound.

I found the shop contained whisky, beer and all sorts of things that neither Tomkinson nor I had tasted for many days. I bought a good quantity of stores, and my Spanish friend undertook to have them sent to the encampment. I stayed behind to talk a little with this extraordinary man and, among other things, asked him if he was not frightened at the possibility of Hector one day attacking him. He replied: "But I always keep a gun ready," and pointed to a single-barrel 12-bore hanging on the wall. He did not seem to consider that, as long as that gun was hanging there, Hector would ever turn nasty.

Eventually I returned to poor Tomkinson and we had a very nice supper and three or four pegs of whisky apiece. By nightfall the Deputy Commissioner's servants had erected for their master's convenience a tent of very thin material in which they had placed a camp bed. The Deputy Commissioner and his two ladies dined by themselves and, after dinner, all the three retired into the tent. I do not know whether it was through an oversight that they took with them a lighted hurricane lamp, so that Tomkinson and I were privileged to view a performance in shadow which made us laugh so much that we could hardly sleep.

After a few days our Russian friend and his same retinue left us to continue the journey by ourselves through desolate country that had been entirely depopulated by sleeping sickness. We passed village

after village in which there was not a single living soul. One night we encamped beside a huge godown in which lived a solitary Greek and a native woman. It would be almost impossible to imagine a more desolate situation to live in than this place chosen by the Greek. I did not quite make out from him what his business was, because the only language we had in common was Swahili, and of that he had very little. He knew that a war was going on in Europe and elsewhere, but he was almost without any particulars. He gave us his room to sleep in, and betook himself with his native woman to a small hut in which he kept a few goats. He refused all payment for our board and lodging on the plea that he had enjoyed our company.

I cannot remember now how many days we took to reach Kabalo, but we got there at last. From Kabalo there is a railway to Albertville, so that we entered the train with considerable satisfaction. On arriving at Albertville we were met at the station by a Belgian N.C.O., who took us to the N.C.O.s' rest camp. The Belgian N.C.O.s in the camp were quite civil and did their best to make us comfortable. All the same I felt that, holding the rank of Major in the I.M.S., and Tomkinson holding the rank of Assistant Deputy Commissioner in the Civil Service of British East Africa, we were both entitled to accommodation in the rest camp for officers. Accordingly on the following day I went over to the

office of the Commandant and was received there by his Adjutant. I asked permission to see the Commandant, and, after a few minutes, I was ushered into his presence.

The Commandant was Brigadier-General Ohlssen. He was a Dane and an extremely charming man. He spoke very good English, and when I told him about our accommodation in the rest camp he rang for his Adjutant, from whom he demanded an immediate explanation of how it came about that a British Officer of the Indian Army of the rank of Major had been put into the N.C.O.s' rest camp. The Adjutant was also told to enquire why the Principal Medical Officer of the camp had not had the courtesy to call upon me. General Ohlssen was obviously extremely annoyed, so that I was sorry to think that one or two people were going to get into trouble.

The General then sent for the Principal Medical Officer, who arrived looking rather distressed. He was a very nice little fellow and seemed genuinely put out over the treatment that I had received. The General ordered the Principal Medical Officer to take me and Tomkinson into his charge, and, further, to enquire daily, for as long as we might remain in the camp, about our personal comforts. The General then turned to me and said: "Major, I hope you and your friend will honour me with your presence at luncheon to-day." I thanked the General for his invitation and told him that both Tomkinson and

myself were very pleased to accept it. I then left the General's office.

At one o'clock Tomkinson and I were taken by an orderly to the General's bungalow, where we were given a splendid lunch, with champagne. The General's Adjutant and another officer were present. He ignored the two Belgian officers and addressed the whole of his conversation to Tomkinson and myself in English.

He favoured us with the story of how he came to be serving in the Belgian Army of the Congo. It appeared that he had first taken the commission of his army in his native land, but, owing to the fact that his father had been a pork butcher, his life was made unbearable for him by the snobbishness of his fellow officers. So he resigned his commission and left his fatherland for good. After several adventures he obtained a commission in the Belgian forces of the Congo, and rose to the command of a battalion of native troops. When war broke out he raised a company of cyclists and did extremely useful work for the Belgians.

We took this opportunity of explaining to the General that we were on our way to Dar-es-Salaam, and he told us that in a day or so a ship would leave Albertville for Ujiji. After lunch we were conducted to some excellent quarters under the supervision of the Principal Medical Officer. I had a very nice room with an iron bedstead, a spring mattress and a

mosquito-net, three things that I had almost forgotten had ever existed. For the three days we were in Albertville we were treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by the Principal Medical Officer, so that when we boarded the steamer to carry us across the lake to Ujiji we felt quite sorry to go.

While at Kabalo I had the good fortune to meet a young Belgian Civil Servant, who had come out to the Congo from Belgium during the war. He spoke almost perfect English, having an English mother. He told me what I had already observed myself, namely, that the Belgian administration of the Congo was carried on for the most part by non-Belgians, and many of the defects in the administration were attributable to this fact. I thought to myself of the Russian Deputy Commissioner and his two native women. The river boat service was almost entirely in the hands of Scandinavians, most of whom were ruffians of one sort or another. This young Belgian quite rightly deplored the state of affairs of the country. He said: "Why can't Belgium do as England has done in respect to the administration of India, and send out well-educated young men of good family? The war will show many of us what a terrible mistake Belgium has made in handing over the huge colony to riff-raff of all sorts. No decent young Belgian has hitherto ever dreamed of coming to the Congo, but things will now be different."

I said I hoped what he said would come true, because the country certainly lacked in educated and cultured men throughout its administration.

We eventually reached Ujiji and put up in a small hotel kept by a Greek. Tomkinson was far from well, so I suggested he should stay in bed, while I explored the spot where Stanley had discovered Livingstone. I visited the tree under which, it is alleged, Livingstone was sitting when Stanley walked up to him and made his immortal remark: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume."

Another interesting event of our stay at Ujiji was an invitation for lunch with a local Arab Chief, a descendant of the famous slave-dealer Tippoo-tib. The invitation included Muhammad, so he and I made our way to the house of our host at the appointed time. Not less than forty persons sat down for lunch, in order of seniority: the most important person sitting at the middle of the table and the least important sitting at its ends. We were served with excellent food and given some kind of *sharbat* to drink, which smelt of roses. It was delicious. When the luncheon was over, and after we had washed our hands (for we ate with our fingers), coffee was served.

As no cigarettes were handed round, I took out my cigarette-case and offered my host one: just too late to catch the eye of Muhammad, who was making frantic signs to me to put my cigarette-case back into

my pocket. My host gave me a very gracious bow and said: "We here are all Wahibis, and smoking, like drinking, is forbidden to us, but please smoke yourself if you desire to do so." I replied: "In no circumstances can I smoke if you will not smoke also."

When the function came to an end I was given a horse on which to ride back to the hotel, which was very thoughtful of my host, as the heat was terrific. As soon as we were out of earshot Muhammad told me what a fool I had made of myself by offering our host a cigarette. I said: "How could I know that these fellows are Wahibis? Why didn't you tell me before we got there?"

"Never mind," Muhammad said, "I will take you to a coffee shop kept by some of my fellow-countrymen and we will all have coffee and a good smoke." To a coffee shop we accordingly went, and drank the coffee of the Yemen flavoured with salt and ginger along with smoking of cigarettes.

After a couple of days at Ujiji, Tomkinson was sufficiently recovered to enable us to proceed on our journey. While taking tickets for the train to Tabora, I noticed that the Belgian official in the ticket office was extremely surly. He knew perfectly well that I was an Englishman, so that when he started calling me "Mzungu," which is the Swahili for a European, I said to him in French: "Why do you address me in Swahili instead of in French?"

He answered in a very rough tone: "Englishmen do not speak French," to which I replied: "If that is so, I am an exception." I learnt afterwards the cause of the hostility of this Belgian, because I met with the same rudeness from several other Belgians. It appeared that the Belgians were infuriated with the British for refusing to allow them to retain Tabora, which they had captured with their own forces. I think if I had been a Belgian I should have felt a similar sense of exasperation.

In due course, Tomkinson and I reached Tabora, which was fully occupied by the British. After a great deal of trouble we managed to secure two motor-cars for ourselves and our luggage wherein to drive to Mwanza, the southernmost port of the great Lake, Victoria Nyanza. We reached Mwanza without any mishap or adventure and secured passages on board one of the lake steamers which took us to Kisumu. At Kisumu we took train to Mombasa.

While in Mombasa, waiting for a ship to Dar-es-Salaam, I called on my friend Hobley, the Commissioner. Hobley had served for many years in East Africa and was a great authority on the natives, particularly the Wa-Kikuyu, about whom he has written a very interesting book. It so happened that when I went to call on him he had received a telegram from the Commissioner of Lamu, a small island on the coast north of Mombasa, saying that his wife was seriously ill, and he would be much obliged if a

European doctor could be sent to Lamu to see her. Hobley asked me if I would like to go. If there was one place in the whole of East Africa I was very anxious to visit, it was Lamu, so I jumped at the chance. By great good fortune there was a steamer leaving for Lamu on the following day, so I bade farewell to Charlie Tomkinson, to whom I had become very devoted, and embarked with Muhammad Mogayeth on board the steamer for Lamu.

Lamu lies at the mouth of the Tana river, which, like the Nile, has two floods a year, thus making the surrounding country extremely rich for cultivation of crops. I arrived in Lamu and was conducted by the Commissioner himself, Mr. Isaacs, to his house, where I found Mrs. Isaacs very ill with fever. The Commissioner feared that his wife had typhoid, disagreeing with the diagnosis of the Civil Surgeon who was an Indian. After examining Mrs. Isaacs, and talking over her case with the Indian Civil Surgeon, I felt quite sure that the Surgeon's diagnosis was perfectly correct, as also was his treatment of Mrs. Isaacs.

In the afternoon I went for a walk along the sea-shore and on my return I met a Lamu woman walking in the opposite direction. She smiled and greeted me and asked me who I was. I told her who I was and why I was in Lamu, at which she asked me to sit down and talk to her. I had already learnt from Ayesha, herself a Lamu woman, a good deal about

Lamu women, who rather pride themselves on their free-and-easy manners, which they excuse on the plea that all their men are sodomists. This girl spoke the very high-flown Swahili, which is peculiar to the people of Lamu, so that I had some difficulty in following her conversation. We sat and talked for some time and smoked cigarettes until I thought it best for me to return to the Commissioner's house. When I rose to take my leave of her she asked me to visit her in her house after my dinner. I told her that I could not do anything of the kind as I was staying with the Commissioner, to which she replied: "Oh! very well, then I will come and sleep with you in the Commissioner's house." "For God's sake don't do anything of the sort," I exclaimed, "it might lead to scandal." In the end she had to be content with giving me a kiss.

On the following day I returned to Mombasa, where I had to wait for a ship to take me to Dar-es-Salaam.

While I waited for the ship the Armistice was announced, and the whole of Mombasa went half frantic with joy.

In the end I reached Dar-es-Salaam, where I was told that something in the nature of a court-martial was going to be held over me on account of the telegrams that I had sent from the Rufiji river to the Director of Medical Services. I put up in the Medical Mess, where there were several I.M.S. and R.A.M.C. officers gathered together.

By that time the German prisoners were pretty plentiful in Dar-es-Salaam, and, although I had no work to do, I found plenty of amusement of sorts. In due course the court-martial was held. It was an informal affair and I was eventually acquitted; not until some years afterwards did I learn that, as a result of this so-called court-martial, the Government of India had placed on my record of services a note to the effect that in no circumstances was I ever to be employed on active service again.

It was not until March, 1919, that I managed to get away from Dar-es-Salaam. I returned to Mombasa in the hope of getting a ship from there to Bombay.

While in Mombasa I stayed in a small hotel on the opposite side of the island, facing the mainland. One of the servants of the hotel, by name Hassan-bin-Kijumbi, told me that he was very anxious to take the place of Muhammad Mogayeth, who had expressed his desire to settle down in Mombasa. I was not altogether disappointed at Muhammad's intentions, since the poor boy had contracted syphilis in Dar-es-Salaam. I told Hassan that I should be very pleased to take him to India, although the restrictions on the emigration of natives of East Africa were very strict. There was, however, a very simple way of getting round the restrictions, and that was to go across to Zanzibar and take ship from there. This ruse I adopted, and in the course of time Hassan and I set sail for Bombay.

The ship was full of Europeans and Indians returning to India, and as many of the Indians had jiggers, Hassan was employed in removing them, which he did very skilfully. Hassan was an extremely jolly fellow with most engaging manners. His mother had been a slave, while his father was an Arab. His native place was a small village near Tanga.

On arriving at Bombay I reported myself to the A.D.M.S. and happened to mention while so doing the number of men infected with jiggers that were arriving in India. Of course, the A.D.M.S. knew nothing about jiggers and suggested that it would be well for nurses and medical officers who had to deal with jigger cases to wear rubber boots and rubber gloves. I could not help laughing at this suggestion, and once more the devil of impertinence, from which I am never quite free, made me say: "Sir, I have seen a man with a jigger in his penis. Would you suggest that your medical officers should wear french letters?" The A.D.M.S. was furious and ordered me out of the room. In the end I received orders to proceed to Ahmednagar and take over medical charge of a large concentration camp of Indian troops that existed there.

At Ahmednagar I found there were four medical officers under me, one of whom was a R.A.M.C. officer, while the other three were Indian officers of the I.M.S. I was given accommodation in the mess of the 127th Baluchis, and to my very great content

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was able to get the loan of a horse which belonged to a Colonel in the I.M.S. who had been transferred to Quetta. As I was longing to see my wife and children, I spent some time looking round for a house. Eventually I found a fairly good house in which it was possible for us to live. I telegraphed to my wife to join me with our two sons, and in a short time we were all installed under one roof.

We had no servant but Hassan, so I wrote to a friend in Bombay to ask him to send me an Arab if he could get hold of one, so that I could keep up my Arabic. My friend was unable to find me an Arab who would come to Ahmednagar, so, instead of an Arab, he sent me an Abyssinian, who turned out to be quite useless as a servant. On the other hand his ferocious appearance made him an excellent chaukidar.

Not long after the arrival of my two sons both of them fell ill with chicken-pox, so they were taken to the Civil Hospital, where their mother stayed with them and nursed them until they recovered. After my wife came back from the Civil Hospital with the two boys I had a severe row with my landlord, which led to our taking another house near the railway station, where we had, as neighbours, a retired Subedar-Major of the 114th Marathas, Captain Shaikh Imam, and his family.

When we moved into this house I added to my staff a man, who, during the whole time he worked for

me, remained a mystery. By birth he was a Kurd, and I forget how he came into my service. He was a very big and powerful man as well as extremely good-looking. He volunteered to work for me as a water carrier. At the same time he undertook to teach me Arabic and Persian. During the day he worked as a water carrier, and in the evening he exchanged his working dress for a very elegant attire and functioned as a *munshi*. It was very difficult to ascertain from him anything about his past. He would never divulge why he had come to India. Abdur Rahman stayed with us for some months and then suddenly and without warning disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

My wife and I became very friendly with Captain Shaikh Imam and his family. One day I received a telegram asking me if I would accept the post of Medical Superintendent to the Ranchi Lunatic Asylum. I had not the remotest idea where Ranchi was, but, as I was longing to get back to serious work in my own speciality, I telegraphed back my acceptance. I asked nearly all my friends in Ahmednagar if they knew anything of Ranchi, and only one, a Sapper Officer, could provide me with information about the place. He said he had once been there, but the description he gave me was such that when I did actually reach Ranchi I felt quite sure he had been talking to me about some other place. About this time I had bought an old Overland car,

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and with it came as driver a Maratha named Genoo. My wife and I decided to take the car, so I had it put into a wagon, but, instead of going to Ranchi, the car, for some extraordinary reason, went to Bombay and was lost. I then set out with Hassan to Ranchi, my wife staying behind to pack up our effects and then follow me with our two boys and Abdur Rahman, the Kurd.

VI

RANCHI EUROPEAN MENTAL HOSPITAL

*"Erschaffend konnte ich genesen
Erschaffend wurde ich gesund."*

—HEINE

TO the best of my knowledge, the Ranchi European Asylum, as it was first called, was the product of a panic on the part of the Government of Bengal. About thirty years ago, the people of Calcutta were beginning to realise that the old Bhowanipore Asylum was a disgrace to their fair city. I know as a fact that round about 1880 Indian lunatics in Bhowanipore were employed in dragging scavenger carts through the streets. Guilty consciences in Calcutta grew so numerous that at last it was decided that "something should be done about it." People wrote to the papers. Discussions took place, the noise of which made the Government of Bengal turn uneasily in its sleep. In due course, the Government of India learnt that something to do with lunatics was making a stir in Calcutta.

Nebulous proposals began to take some sort of shape. In the end it was decided to build two large asylums, one for Indians and the other for Europeans and Anglo-Indians.

As there was at that time no one competent to advise the Government of Bengal how and where to build these two Asylums, something like chaos reigned in the office of the Surgeon General. Designs of an almost inconceivable unsuitability were prepared and submitted for approval. As no one knew any better, these designs were "approved." Huge sums of money were budgeted for constructional purposes. After much deliberation Ranchi was selected as the site for these edifices.

No one knew quite whereabouts in Ranchi they could be built. The first site selected was that on which Bishop Westcott's School for Girls now stands—at Namkum. The proposal created much opposition among the inhabitants of Ranchi, particularly among the Europeans, so that in the end the Namkum site was abandoned. Orders were issued for the selection of another site. A few intrepid pioneers ventured to wade across the Potpoto river to the north of Ranchi and to penetrate the wilderness of Kanke. Unanimously they proclaimed this dismal spot as the very place for lunatics. Its total want of any and every attraction was positive proof that it was an ideal spot for a lunatic asylum. The absence of a bridge over the Potpoto river was a bit

of a drawback. It would be necessary to build a bridge; one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, so damn the expense. Once planted out there in Kanke, six miles from Government House and ten miles from the railway station, no objection could be raised to the asylums.

There was, of course, one European living at Kanke, the Deputy Director of Agriculture. He would have to take his chance. After all, he was an Irishman and would probably enjoy a fight with some lunatics. The die was cast, and the construction of the bridge was begun, not, of course, for the lunatics to walk over for, once at Kanke, they would remain behind closed gates. No, the bridge was wanted to enable the builders to haul their bricks, mortar and what-not, over the river. The work began in 1908. The attention of the bricklayers was somewhat diverted by the events of the Great War which broke out about the time the foundations had been completed, so that it was not until 1918 that the asylum destined for Europeans and Anglo-Indians was ready to receive its guests.

A decision had already been reached that this portentous project could only be maintained after completion if some other provinces could be induced to send whatever lunatics they might have to Kanke, so that about one hundred and seventy insane males and females were, in due course, swept through the huge iron gates (they still exist), and lost sight of

behind the formidable walls. As the great gates clanged to, sighs of relief must have gone up in many a Secretariat, especially in that of Bengal.

Vast sums of money had been expended in erecting this fantastic asylum, but nowhere more wastefully than in constructing a wall sixteen feet high around the whole area, that is, around eighteen acres! One result of this useless expenditure was that when the time came to realise that lunatics wear clothes, eat and drink, and like to sleep on beds, and that beds connote bedding, there was hardly any money left to provide even the barest necessities.

The first Medical Superintendent was Major A. S. M. Peebles, I.M.S. He took over charge in May, 1918. In less than eighteen months the strain of trying to make bricks without straw became too much for him, so that he resigned. The Deputy Superintendent, Dr. Jyotirmay Roy (now Medical Superintendent of the Mental Hospital at Nagpur), carried on as best he could.

As I have already recorded in the section devoted to my experiences during the War, I was at Ahmednagar when I was offered the post of Medical Superintendent of the Ranchi European Lunatic Asylum. Leaving my wife to pack up our effects, I set off with my African servant, Hassan bin Kujumbi, to Ranchi. Here I met with a very warm welcome from the Civil Surgeon, Lt.-Colonel J. C. Vaughan,

I.M.S. On the following morning he drove me out to Kanke. I had expected that Colonel Vaughan would give me a glowing description of the new Asylum, so that when he had next to nothing to say about it, I was very surprised. At the main gate of the asylum I was greeted by the officiating Medical Superintendent, Dr. Jyotirmay Roy, while Colonel Vaughan, wishing me well, drove back to Ranchi.

It did not take me long to see that I had been asked to take charge, not of an asylum, but of a bear-garden. My heart sank. After sitting in a room designated "Office of the Medical Superintendent," and listening to Dr. Roy, I felt so overcome with disappointment that I cut short the interview on the plea that I would like to see the house in which I was expected to live. Accordingly Dr. Roy conducted me to a really fine two-storeyed building about three hundred yards from the asylum, standing back a little from the road. There was no garden to speak of, nor any sign of life except a dejected-looking pony which was standing in the veranda. As no one could account for his presence in the veranda, I promptly annexed him and named him "Tommy." I then entered the house in which I was to experience more happiness and more sorrow than had ever befallen me in my life, and from which I was inconspicuously to disappear on the afternoon of the 23rd October, 1934, exactly fifteen years and four days afterwards.

Inside I found plenty of dust and all sorts of rubbish. As far as I can recollect, there were a few chairs, a bed or so, a couple of tables and some bathroom furniture. It then began to dawn on me why Colonel Vaughan had said so little to me about the asylum. The place was obviously a fraud. That afternoon I made an intensive inspection of the whole institution, after which I was completely overcome with a feeling of impotent despair. The staff consisted of Dr. Roy, who was now the Deputy Superintendent, two Sub-Assistant Surgeons, a Matron and two Nurses, six European Male attendants, two clerks and a storekeeper, besides sundry Indian ward boys, ayahs and sweepers. The patients had no proper clothing. Among ninety-two male patients there were only twelve pairs of shoes. Most of the patients slept on wooden "takt-posh" which were densely populated by bugs. Later, I showed two female patients to the Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals. He thought they were suffering from small-pox! When I told him it was not small-pox from which they were suffering but bug-bites, he would hardly believe me.

There was no attempt at any garden. Everywhere the grass was knee-high, and "spear-grass" at that. There were no facilities for recreation or for the occupation of the patients. The lighting arrangements consisted of a hundred or so hurricane lanterns, the cleaning and refilling of which fully occupied the

time of two coolies. The feeding arrangements were shockingly inadequate. A few half-starved cows provided a small fraction of the milk that was required. The only conveyance that the asylum owned was a country cart drawn by two buffaloes. To get into Ranchi to buy anything, as there were no shops in Kanke, involved a walk or a bicycle ride of twelve miles. To get a rickshaw to take one into Ranchi and back again, meant sending into Ranchi for the rickshaw to come out so that it had to make a double trip, the cost of which in those days was something like four rupees.

The pay of all concerned was utterly inadequate. Men with wives and possibly children also, who had to feed and clothe themselves as well as their families on such wretched salaries, could hardly be blamed for being dishonest. Theft was rife. Not only was the food of the patients stolen but their clothing also. Every conceivable aspect of the institution was in urgent need of alteration in some direction or another.

In the office was a mass of files containing the letters of my predecessor begging for this, that and the other. Reminder after reminder seemed to have elicited no response. I held a long consultation with the head clerk, Mohini Mohan Dutt, a philosophical individual with a gift of patience that Job would have envied. In the end I made a selection of the more urgent files and, tying them on to a borrowed

bicycle, rode off to interview the Chief Secretary. In those days the Chief Secretary was Sir Walter Maude, a man of the old school with a strong predilection for "regular" methods. Hence my unexpected arrival at his residence with a heap of files was anything but welcome. I insisted on seeing him. I spread out my files on his table, paying no attention to his courteous remonstrances. As I dragged Sir Walter Maude through file after file, the iciness of his manner began to thaw. In the end he became almost sympathetic, for I do not suppose that up till then he had had any notion what was the real state of affairs at the asylum. Eventually I packed up my files and returned to the wilderness from which I had set out.

Weeks passed and nothing happened. Exasperated by the want of sympathy and by the total lack of understanding on the part of those who had brought this deplorable state of things into being, I went to Patna and sought out the Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals. I found him unaware of the essentials of the situation and in consequence unable to offer any suggestions as to what to do to remedy it.

There was now only one more card for me to play, namely, to appeal to the Press. I went to Calcutta and threw myself at the feet of the editor of *The Statesman*. He was most sympathetic and asked me to give him a statement, which I accordingly did. Within two days there appeared a leading article in *The Statesman*,

in which the Ranchi European Asylum was described as "worse than a kaffirs' kraal." The words were the editor's, not mine. There followed a prodigious uproar. I found myself in the centre of a veritable maelstrom. The Government of Bihar and Orissa telegraphed to the Government of India to have me removed forthwith. The Government of India replied by appointing a new Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals and sending him to Ranchi at once. When he arrived I showed him round the asylum, including the bug-bitten patients. In the end he went off to interview the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edward Gait. He told Sir Edward Gait that so far from my report being an exaggeration it did not do justice to the situation. The state of affairs, he said, was beyond description. Sir Edward Gait admitted the possibility of this, but insisted on my being promptly removed. The Inspector-General, Colonel Austen Smith, told the Lieutenant-Governor that in that case he would refuse to stay, for he could not undertake to cleanse such an Augean stable without my help. Telegrams flew to and fro between Ranchi and Simla.

After a day or so I was informed my behaviour could only be forgiven if I tendered a written apology. I refused to apologise. I was incensed at the very suggestion. Colonel Austen Smith told me not to be a fool. He appealed for my help to set things right. I told him that I would sign an apology if he would

draft it, but not otherwise. The apology was drafted and I signed it. The storm began to die down, as all storms do in time. But all was not yet over.

The European Association addressed to the Government of India a request that they should be permitted to send a deputation to Ranchi to investigate into the situation and report upon it. The sense of guilt in official circles was too strong to permit a refusal to this request, so the deputation arrived in due course. In the presence of Colonel Austen Smith and myself, a minute investigation was carried out and a report submitted on the findings.

Things shortly began to happen in real earnest. The staff was reorganised. The male attendants were got rid of. A military assistant surgeon was appointed as Deputy Superintendent. Two new sub-assistant surgeons were appointed along with a compounder. The number of nurses was increased to fourteen. Two operating theatres were built. A steward was appointed and the clerical staff was increased by two more clerks, including a steno-typist. Electric lighting was introduced. The country cart and the buffaloes were superseded by two motor vehicles. Money was provided for the occupation and recreation of the patients. Football, cricket, hockey, tennis and croquet were introduced. With the co-operation of the Deputy Director of Agriculture, a large lake was formed and two rowing boats were launched upon it. In the grounds trees were planted

and flower-beds and shrubberies laid out. Many of the trees there to-day can be found nowhere else in India.

A Co-operative Stores was started and opened by the Governor, Sir Henry Wheeler. For the children of the Indian staff, a school was built and provided with electric light and bathrooms. Here a night class was a great feature. Several of the ward boys and ayahs were taught English, while many illiterate adults learnt to read and write Hindi. Through the kindness of Colonel R. H. Maddox, Inspector General of Civil Hospitals, a large library of books was installed in the hospital for the use of the patients, while another of scientific books was installed in the psychological laboratory for the use of the staff. Accommodation was found for two chapels, one for the Church of England and Lutherans, and another for Roman Catholics. To the post office a telegraph office was added, which afforded great convenience by doing away with the necessity of sending telegrams to Ranchi by messenger. Later a military band was organised and a competent band-master appointed. A gymnasium was started with a physical-culturist in charge of it. For the accommodation of Occupational Therapy, a very fine building was erected and equipped, under the supervision of two occupation-therapists, one male and one female, with a mixed staff under them. A further source of amusement was provided by the

construction of a theatre which produced some admirable entertainments. Visitors were always welcome, for whom a Visitors' Book was kept. To help indigent patients, a Samaritan Fund was started and, through the generosity of the public, soon ran into thousands of rupees.

It must not be supposed that these reforms came quickly, for they did not. Fortunately, perhaps, the administration of the Hospital was taken out of the hands of the Government of Bihar and Orissa, and handed over to a Board of Trustees composed of representatives of the various provinces which contributed to the upkeep of the hospital as well as representatives of certain public bodies, such as the European Association, the European Trades Association, and the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European Association. The Chairman was the Commissioner of Chota Nagpur and the Secretary was the Medical Superintendent. That the Medical Superintendent should discharge the duties of Secretary to the Board of Trustees was, I think, a mistake. The Secretary should have been some other person. The Board met twice a year, but its Managing Committee met once a month. That I did not always hit it off well with the Board of Trustees is not very surprising. I notice that after the meeting of the Board in July 1923, I entered the following remark in my diary:

"For and against, discussing still, the people come
and go,
But what I've really done, you pack of hounds,
you'll never know."—GOETHE.

A never-failing source of interest and amusement to me were the reactions of visitors to the hospital towards my patients. So far as madness is concerned, it is doubtful whether, except among the better-informed or the more reflective, it is regarded as an illness at all in the sense commonly used. It is still looked upon by large sections of civilised people as an obscure visitation, often with implicit moral or social obloquy, to be ignored, laughed at, shunned or euphemised. Its manifestations are referred to an empirical standard of morality, qualified by social criteria.

There are some persons who entertain the notion that insane people are either very "amusing" or very "dangerous." First, let me observe that there is nothing "amusing" in illness of any sort. Nothing used to annoy me more than to meet with visitors to the hospital who had come there with the idea they would be diverted by the *comicality* of the patients.

Then there is a common belief that all insane persons are potential homicides. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that in all mental hospitals there are a few patients in dealing with

whom it is as well to be circumspect. For instance, I have always made it a rule not to approach from behind patients who suffer from delusions of persecution, for such patients may suddenly turn and strike anyone who comes upon them unexpectedly. If a patient becomes aggressive, irritable, vindictive, intractable or destructive, there is invariably some good reason for it, so that the matter calls for immediate investigation.

To impress my staff with the importance of studying behaviour, every patient who developed an objectionable habit was given a special paper, termed a Habit Formation Chart. On this chart his (or her) nurse was required to note the precise nature of the bad habit, and then refer the chart to me to enable me to record, in a special column, what I deemed appropriate treatment for checking it. In this way many a bad habit was either eliminated or turned into a good one.

One cannot know too much about a mental patient. His past as well as his present needs the closest study. It is only by an intensive study of one's patients that one can avoid errors in dealing with them. For example, a pleasantry that will evoke a smiling response from one patient may evoke something quite different from another. I recollect being furiously attacked by a girl for giving her a friendly tap on the back with my topee. Many patients by the nature of their malady dislike being touched even

in the friendliest manner possible, hence to place one's arm round the waist of a patient of this type is to invite an insult. A violent man can generally be soothed by a woman, as a violent woman is more easily quieted by a man than by a member of her own sex. Nothing, however, is so efficacious in soothing violent patients as the introduction of a child to the scene. For the protracted restlessness of mania, the best treatment is prolonged bathing in a darkened room away from all noise.

Another common notion is that insane persons are much given to taking their own lives. This is a quite wrong idea. Of course, persons who suffer from deep mental depression are potential suicides and, on this account, need careful watching, but they should not be aware that they are being watched. Some patients exercise great ingenuity in diverting the attention of any watcher whose presence they have discovered, in order to be free to do away with themselves. I recollect the case of a middle-aged woman awakening one morning and asking her ayah to bring her a cup of tea. The ayah had been told not to let this patient out of her sight, but the request was made in so matter-of-fact a tone that she was completely taken in. In a few moments she was back with the tea, but those few moments were all that the patient needed. The ayah found her dead; she had strangled herself with a sheet.

A patient who threatens to commit suicide will

hardly ever carry out the threat. I recollect a male patient coming to me one day and telling me he was going to kill himself. I immediately wrote out an order on the Steward for six yards of rope and gave it to him with a cheery, "Here you are." I never heard any more talk about suicide. I remember another patient, who, one day, worked himself up into a state of furious excitement. He tore open his shirt and shouted for a knife, saying he would plunge it into his belly. I told him I could not allow him to make any mess on the floor unless he was prepared to clean it up afterwards, and that if he wanted to kill himself he should go to the lake and drown himself in a decent fashion. There were no more threats of suicide after that.

There is a widespread idea, even among people who ought to know better, that a mental patient should never be told that he (or she) is insane. Many patients have asked me: "Doctor, am I insane?" I have always replied: "Of course you are, otherwise you would not be here."

Another widespread belief is that the insane are the victims of intense sexual impulses, so that unless precautions are taken to prevent male and female patients from any intimacy unless under observation, dreadful things will happen. I am sure there is no foundation for such a belief. I have always maintained, and still maintain, that the quintessence of psychotherapy is to make the conditions of life in a

mental hospital as like those in the outside world as possible. Hence to segregate the sexes, as is still done in most mental hospitals, is a serious mistake. I always allowed the greatest freedom between the sexes in the Ranchi European Mental Hospital, with the most admirable results. I remember a very stupid man saying to me one day when I was showing him round the hospital: "I suppose you have a lot of illegitimate children born here?" Whenever one meets with a Medical Superintendent of a mental hospital who displays great anxiety about the sexual lives of his patients, one may be certain that there is something wrong with his own sexual life.

On the whole, the behaviour of the insane does not vary much from that of ordinary children. There are, of course, exceptions. We had a patient at Kanke who had an extraordinary facility in catching birds, reptiles and the like. He invariably had a snake or two in his pockets or in his socks or a bird under his hat. One day he caught quite a large snake and having bitten off its head swallowed it. The snake was recovered quite undigested and placed in a bottle of spirit. For all I know, it is still there. One day he nearly died through being bitten by a poisonous snake. The grounds were full of karaits in the early days.

The "enfant terrible" is a fairly common type among the insane and such patients will often say very cruel or very embarrassing things, but you must

never let a patient of this sort see that he has taken a "rise" out of you or you will be his chosen victim. For instance, a patient has said to me: "What a frightful nose you've got." My reply has been: "My parents always treated me abominably." Another patient had a habit of coming quietly up behind me and snatching off my hat and then running away with it. It was rather annoying to be left out in the sun on a hot day without a topee, but it would have been useless to make a fuss. Recently I was talking to a young woman who had been brought years ago to the hospital in a state of extreme mental confusion. I was astonished to learn from her that she could remember everything of her time in the hospital, and some of her comments on the staff were deserved if they were not wholly complimentary.

Visitors to the hospital have sometimes taken me for a patient, but the most amusing experience of this sort was when I was taken for a patient by a new member of the staff who had not seen me before. He was a man who had a very good opinion of his own importance as Head Male Attendant. On the afternoon of the day of his arrival at the hospital, he strode on to the playing field and had a walk round. It so happened that at the moment I was sitting on one end of a see-saw and an old patient at the other. As we see-sawed, up and down, we laughed and shouted at each other. Our behaviour attracted the attention of the new Head Attendant and he made

straight for us. He stood and stared at us, and then said: "Now it is time you two men went to your wards. You are getting over-excited. Come along." He seized each of us by an arm and walked us off the ground back to the hospital, where we were handed over to a Ward Boy with orders to take us to our wards. My patient friend was much too amused to say a word. The Head Attendant then turned and retraced his way back to the playing field. To this day I do not know what exactly happened when he arrived, but I fancy that no one could resist the pleasure of explaining to him what he had done. When he and I met officially the next morning in my office neither of us made any reference to the episode.

Shortly after I took charge of the hospital, I selected for its motto a saying of the great philosopher and jurist, Hugo de Groot: "The care of the human mind is the noblest branch of medicine." I feel convinced of the truth of this. As one of the most eminent of British alienists, Dr. John Conolly, wrote after a long experience of asylum life:

"None but those who live amongst the insane can fully know the pleasure which arises from imparting trifling satisfaction to impaired minds; none else can appreciate the reward of seeing reason returning to a mind long deprived of it; none else can fully know the value of infusing

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comfort, and all the blessings of orderly life, amongst those who would either perish without care or each of whom would, if out of an asylum, be tormented or a tormentor."

The ideal mental nurse or doctor would be one who never distributes empty phrases of consolation, whether hypocritical or sincere; one who is never harsh or hurried or impatient; one who shows no sign of nervous dread; one who never permits himself or herself to make an angry gesture or to wear an absent-minded look or that bored expression which suggests: "I know all about it. I have heard that a hundred times before." No nurse or doctor in a mental hospital should ever wear a cunning or ironic smile which means: "You're exaggerating, my friend, it's not as bad as all that."

The essence of psychiatry is contained in two lines of Shakespeare:

"Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words."

In 1920, owing to so-called "political unrest," those who considered themselves responsible for the maintenance of peace and goodwill in Ranchi got somewhat rattled. Measures—of sorts—were not only discussed but in part actually taken to save British lives from mob fury. The Ranchi European Mental Hospital was provided with a machine-gun.

I am doubtful about the provision of any ammunition for it; probably this was overlooked. Anyhow, I was tickled to death by the present and began to look around for an operator for the gun. It just happened that at that particular time I had a soldier patient who had in a moment of mental abstraction shot dead a comrade. That he had displayed numerous symptoms of being off his head before the occurrence of this unfortunate episode had escaped the notice of those officers of the R.A.M.C. in whose particular charge lay his well-being. But let that pass. He was a most attractive young man and fully contrite for the crime he had quite inadvertently committed. He had a wonderful war record and possessed the Military Medal.

Among other things he was an expert machine-gunner. I appointed M. to the post of Officer Commanding machine-gun. Shortly afterwards the General Officer Commanding, Presidency and Assam Brigade, came to Ranchi and paid the hospital a special visit. He was particularly anxious to ascertain on what sort of terms we were with the machine-gun, which had been issued to the hospital particularly because it was an unusually good one. I gave orders for the weapon to be assembled and produced, and the patient M. to appear and give a demonstration. In due course, the gun appeared, in prime condition because M. cherished it.

"I congratulate you, Major Berkeley-Hill," said the

General, "on the excellent manner in which you keep your machine-gun. Is there any member of your staff who thoroughly understands how to manipulate it?"

"Well, sir," I replied, "I have a man here who was an expert machine-gunner in the war and to him I have entrusted the charge of the gun."

"Very right and proper, Major Berkeley-Hill. You are lucky indeed to have someone on the spot who understands a machine-gun. Is he here, for I should like to meet him?"

I called out: "M., step forward, the General would like to speak to you." M., observing every recognised item of military punctilio, stepped forward and saluted.

The General cast his eyes over M., who presented, as always, a most satisfying appearance and said: "What was your unit in the War?"

"Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, sir."

"How did you come to be in this place?" enquired the General.

"I am a patient, sir,"

"What, a patient?" said the General. Then turning to me, "Do I understand, Major Berkeley-Hill, that you have entrusted a machine-gun to a patient?"

I turned to M. and said: "All right, M., you can go." As soon as he was out of earshot I said to the General: "That man is a lunatic and a murderer. Could you suggest anyone more suitable to be in charge of a machine-gun?"

The General looked at me in a manner which suggested that if I was not myself a murderer I was certainly a lunatic. I countered his gaze with my best imitation of a fatuous imbecile. Without another word, he walked off and sprang into his car. Feeling assured that my next immediate role was an imitation of the "Boy on the Burning Deck," I stood to attention, holding over my head a rather battered sun-topee. It is perhaps needless to add that that very afternoon the machine-gun was taken away from us.

Although professional etiquette forbids the relation of many amusing stories about my patients, there are two which it is permissible to mention. During one of the many garden parties my wife held for the patients of the hospital, it so happened that a certain guest, a rather attractive woman who had a great liking for me, disappeared. Several of the nurses who always accompanied the patients when they came to parties at my house, joined my wife in a search for Mrs. B. They hunted everywhere but she was not to be found. Just as the disappearance of Mrs. B. was becoming quite a serious problem, my daughter Rosamund, then quite a little girl, emerged from my house and said to her mother: "Mummy, Mrs. B. is in Daddy's bed."

Another comical incident was the arrival from Calcutta of a very grim-looking old spinster in a state of considerable mental unbalance. The history she

brought with her was to the effect that one day she was taking a bath in the bathroom of the humble flat she occupied, when the floor gave way, with the result she was precipitated, bath, water and all, into the bathroom of the flat immediately below. The noise as well as the damage may be better imagined than described. The lady's screams alone shook the entire edifice.

Now it so happened that the elderly widower who occupied the flat was at home at the time. Half deafened by the noise, he rushed to the scene of the disaster, to find an elderly and completely naked woman sitting in a bath that had fallen on top of his own bath. The arrival of a man upon the scene was the last straw. Uttering more ear-splitting shrieks, the poor thing swooned. With commendable presence of mind, the worthy man seized a towel and, swathing as best he could the form of the now unconscious female, proceeded to carry her upstairs to her own apartment. The terrific noise had attracted a crowd of people to the scene, but with heroic fortitude, the good samaritan forced his way up the stairs and deposited his burden upon the floor of the sitting-room. A doctor was summoned, and amidst a host of female sympathisers first-aid was administered. The poor woman's mind, however, when consciousness returned, was pronounced beyond repair, and she was certified insane and sent to Kanke.

In my early days at the Ranchi European Mental Hospital, one of the most troublesome features of the night-time was the beating of tom-toms in the surrounding villages. To counteract this source of disturbance to the sleep of my patients, one of my procedures was to arm myself with a long and very sharp knife and hide in one of the gabions which in those days had been built round the young trees planted along the side of the road down which, about nine or ten o'clock at night, the drum-beaters would pass on their way to the villages where their services were required. As soon as a party of drummers passed the point where I was concealed, I would leap out, and uttering blood-curdling yells, pursue them. The result was always the same. Believing themselves pursued by an evil spirit, the drummers would throw down their drums and run for dear life. As soon as they were out of sight, I fell upon the drums with my knife and cut out large pieces of the hide stretched over their ends.

In this way I ensured a certain amount of quiet, but by the time a large number of drums had been rendered mute, the drummers forsook their usual route and, reaching the villages by circuitous paths, started their infernal noise as loudly as ever.

One night in the hot weather, I was so exasperated with the racket going on in a neighbouring village that I determined to raid it. I sent for the Head Jemadar of the Ward Boys of the hospital, a Moham-

medan named Budloo Khan, and confided my intention to him. Being a stout-hearted fellow, he suggested that he should accompany me, so accordingly we set off together. I took with me my trusty drum-cutting knife. Possibly the absence of a suggestion of a supernatural element, which was the feature of an attack from the interior of a gabion, led to our arrival on the scene falling rather flat. The drummers beat upon their drums with added vigour. In a tone of voice which was intended to be both severe and peremptory, I demanded immediate and complete silence. My demand was met by an increase in the violence of the noise. I sprang forward and attempted a slice with my knife at one of the drums. This gesture evoked a storm of assorted abuse and a few brickbats aimed at me.

Budloo said: "Sahib, they are many and they are drunk. We had better go away."

Knowing that to retreat in such circumstances was to invite a general attack, I was opposed to such procedure, but as clods of earth, dung and stones continued to reach my immediate neighbourhood I thought perhaps Budloo might be right after all, so I turned to go, Budloo following my example. My prognostications were entirely correct, for in an instant a dozen or more villagers of both sexes rushed after us, led by an old woman of villainous aspect. In a trice the old harridan had hold of Budloo's shirt and tore it from his back. In another instant she had

her fingers in his beard, from which she tore out a good couple of handfuls. I shouted to Budloo: "Slap the old bitch in the belly and walk slowly away without turning your back on them."

Very fortunately, perhaps, for us, there arrived at this moment the headman of the village, with whom I expostulated for the lack of hospitality that Budloo and I had met with. He soon drove our assailants off and actually apologised for their behaviour. In the end Budloo and I got back without further adventure. He was in considerable pain, but what pained him most was the thought of how he was to account for the loss of so much of his beard, for the poor chap had not one but *two* wives to face when he got home. Like myself, Budloo is now a pensioner, but he is still full of beans and is Head Jemadar of the male Indian staff of my Nursing Home. He resents to this day any reference to beard-pulling.

In the winter of 1923 a great anxiety overtook me.

As usual, my wife gave a big party for children on my birthday, 22nd December. It was a great success, but when all the children had gone my wife complained of not feeling well. I told her I was not surprised, considering what a heavy day she had had, and persuaded her to go to bed. The next morning she was no better, so I got one of my assistants to see her. She had fever and complained of pains in her body. He gave her some salicylates to take and kept her in bed. Towards evening she developed a

rash. I sent for my assistant and showed him the rash. He said he thought it might be due to the salicylates. By the next morning the rash had increased very much and so had the fever. I asked my deputy to see her. We held a consultation, the outcome of which was the diagnosis of smallpox. I pointed out that not only had my wife had smallpox as a child, but she had been vaccinated several times. We moved her into the Segregation Ward of the hospital and I called for volunteers among the nursing staff to nurse her.

Nurse Haagensen and two Indians, Premica Lakra and Susanna Toppo said they would nurse her. In a few days' time the rash was fully out, all over my dear wife's face. She looked terrible. I could not bear to see her. I thought she might not recover. In a note-book that I have kept for many years, I find the following lines jotted down and dated December 1923:

"Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
 Never to be disquieted.
 My last goodnight! Thou wilt not wake
 Till I thy fate shall overtake:
 Till age, or grief, or sickness must
 Marry my body to that dust
 It so much loves."*

Thanks, however, to her doctor and those three good women, she recovered and hardly bears a trace of the terrible disfigurement her illness caused.

* From the poem by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.

Four and a half years in East Africa, including an overland journey from Cape Town to Nairobi, left me with what psychologists to-day call an "Africa Complex," and from time to time I was seized with an overwhelming desire to return to the Dark Continent. This Africa Complex used sometimes to become so obvious as to exasperate my wife, and I remember so well her saying to me, "I wish you would go back to Africa and get happy again." One year I took her at her word and set off forthwith, with an introduction to a very charming couple in Aden, and there I stayed a few days pondering to which part of Africa I should go. I think it was my host who suggested that I should take a trip to Eretria, that is, or was, Italian Abyssinia. It so happened that a steamer of the Khedivial Steamship Company was leaving for Massowah in a few days' time, so I took a passage in it. It was a miserable old ship that had been largely used for the conveyance of pilgrims to Jeddah on their way to Mecca. Anyhow, to my great delight I found two young British Officers as fellow passengers. Like myself they had decided to pay a visit to Eretria.

We set off a very happy party, and in spite of a whole day lying off Jeddah unloading merchandise, the journey was not too disagreeable, although the heat was terrific. We arrived at Massowah late in the afternoon, terribly thirsty and determined to obtain something cold to drink at all costs, for we had run

out of ice on board. On landing we went immediately to the nearest hotel, where we were fortunate in finding large supplies of iced beer. We drank a great deal. The next morning we started off early by train to a hill station 7,000 feet above the sea, by the name of Asmara. It so happened that in those days the Governor of Eretria was a strong Anglophile, besides having a keen eye to the main chance. To this end he had caused a fine hotel to be built for the particular accommodation of English people in Aden and Port Sudan. The two young British Officers and I engaged rooms at this hotel at the rate of the equivalent of ten shillings a day, food included.

Asmara was, and probably still is, a most charming place, with great rolling downs on which could be laid out a magnificent golf course. The Italian Manager of the hotel, who spoke very good English, was most hospitable and informative. He recommended us to become honorary members of the local Club, and I am glad to say that we all three followed his advice. The Secretary of the Club was a very charming Italian Sapper Officer, Captain Ferrari. He made us most welcome and we used to go to the Club every evening. There were tennis courts and tennis of sorts was played on them, but to me the most entertaining feature was the dance room to which the Italian officials, civil and military, with their wives and sweethearts, used to repair every evening. Married women were allowed to circulate

freely, but women merely "kept" were subject to certain restrictions of their movements. In other words, they were expected to sit in a row of chairs along the wall of the dance room.

I regret to say that while I was in Asmara three more British Officers arrived from a regiment stationed at Aden, and were invited to join the Club, but the first evening they came to the Club they created quite a scene in the bar because there was no whisky to be obtained. The Club Secretary, Captain Ferrari, came to me and asked me what he should do about it. I said: "Throw them out headlong. They have no manners and deserve no consideration." Captain Ferrari was astonished at my advice, and protested that nothing of the sort could be done and that the only solution he knew of was to send a cable to Aden for a case of "Johnny Walker." I thought to myself, if an Italian Officer had turned up in a Club in India and made a scene in the bar, because he could not obtain any Italian wine, he would have been promptly asked to resign his membership.

In February, 1929, I received a cable giving me news of my mother's death. My reaction to the knowledge that my mother had died was in the nature of a mixture of sorrow and relief. I had then five children, all in need of money for their education, and my mother left her children about £80,000. Her death freed me from the anxiety that had been gnawing at my vitals.

As my brothers and sister thought it advisable for me to go to England I set off in the P. & O. s.s. *Ranchi* in March, my wife following with Alice in the next ship as there was no room for them in the *Ranchi*. In London I took my first flight in an aeroplane. The circumstances which led to this adventure seem to be worth recording. It so happened that I had made the acquaintance on board ship of a man connected with the Railway Board of the Government of India. A few days after our arrival in London, my friend took me to a club he had just joined. Most of the members were quite young people of both sexes. We sat down at a table and ordered drinks. Within a minute or so my friend's attention was directed towards a very nice-looking girl who was sitting at the bar talking to another girl.

"That girl over there," said my friend, "is a pretty bit of stuff. I should like to know her."

"Well then, introduce yourself," I said.

"No. No," he replied, "I could not do that. You might go and ask her to come over here and join us."

Accordingly I went over to where the girl was sitting and, after an apology for introducing myself, I told her that the man I was with would so much like to be introduced to her.

"Then why does he not come and introduce himself?" she asked. I had to explain that he was very shy by nature. "Well," she said, "I think your friend is a bit of a fool, but I will come and sit at your table,

for I would like to talk to you." So saying, she took my arm and walked with me to where my friend was sitting.

"This charming young lady," I said, "has consented to come and sit at our table, but to talk to me, not to you." My friend was rather annoyed, although he had only himself to blame.

Anyway, after a while he got up and bade us good night. As soon as he had gone the girl asked me to give her some dinner, so we went out and dined at a restaurant she recommended in Covent Garden. The dinner was extremely good, albeit rather expensive. In the course of conversation she told me that in two days' time she had to go to see her dressmaker in Paris. I suggested we should go there together, and by air. Neither of us had ever flown before. We arranged to meet at Croydon in the morning two days later.

I was there betimes, but there was no sign of Miss H. At last it was time to leave, and I got into the plane feeling very disappointed. On arriving in Paris I went to the Hotel Anglais and booked a room. I was told that there were two planes a day from London to Paris, so it was just possible that my friend would arrive by the second plane. I went therefore to the Airways Office at the time when the passengers by the second plane would be expected to arrive from Le Bourget, and there, to my great satisfaction, I met Miss H, who, it turned out, had missed the

first plane through over-sleeping herself. We spent two happy days in Paris, after which I had to leave her, as my wife was due to arrive along with Alice by train from Marseilles.

I may mention here a comical incident which happened on a journey by air from India to London in 1935. This time I was travelling by a K.L.M. plane and we stopped at Budapest for breakfast. The passengers were five in number, three ladies, a Swiss Merchant from the Federated Malay States and myself. After the ladies had disembarked the Swiss merchant and myself followed them; to my surprise, as well as to his, there were at least three persons taking a moving picture of us two. We both commented on this feature of our arrival in Budapest and went off to the restaurant for breakfast. I had no sooner sat down than a man, who was obviously a reporter, came up to me and said: "Mr. Ricketts, may I have a short statement from you with regard to your transactions in Abyssinia?" Quite amazed at this request I said: "Whom do you take me for?" He said: "Oh, come, Mr. Ricketts, we all know who you are and we had news of your departure in this plane from Cairo this morning." I said: "My dear sir, you are entirely mistaken. My name is Owen Berkeley-Hill and I am a doctor." He smiled and shook his head, saying: "Come, come, Mr. Ricketts, that is a good story perhaps, but it won't wash with me." I said: "I am very sorry to disappoint you, but

you are certainly mistaking me for someone else. I cannot do more or less than tell you that my name is not Ricketts." "Come, Mr. Ricketts," he said, "I only want a few words from you because we are extremely interested in your recent negotiations with the Abyssinian Government." As we were allowed very little time for breakfast, I was rather annoyed at this interruption, so I said rather sharply: "Look here, I have told you who I am and that is all you will get from me. I bid you good-day."

It so happened that my second son was leaving New York on the following day. As he went on board the steamer he bought a copy of the *New York Herald* in which he saw the following notice:

"Mr. Ricketts arrived to-day in Budapest, stating to our representative that his name is Owen Berkeley-Hill and that he is a physician."

My son told me when he arrived in London that he had said to himself on reading this piece of news: "What is my old father up to now?"

VII

MY VISIT TO AMERICA

*"Sweet the memory is to me,
Of a land beyond the sea."*—LONGFELLOW

IN 1929 I was selected to represent the Government of India at the Seventh International Psychological Congress which was to be held at Yale University, Newhaven, Connecticut. I left London on the 9th August on board s.s. *Minnekahda* of the Atlantic Transport Line. The ship only carried one class of passengers, the greater number of whom were members of the International Congress of Physiology, which was to take place at Harvard University. Only a few, like myself, were members of the International Congress of Psychology.

In all there were about seven hundred passengers. Twenty-two different nationalities had representatives at the two Congresses. As far as I could judge every nationality in Europe was represented except Turkey. There was one representative of Egypt and four of China. There were, however, no Japanese nor Indians. Everyone on board was a stranger to me except Dr. Edward Mapother, the Medical Super-

intendent of Maudsley Hospital, and his wife, and one of his assistants, Dr. Sofia Antonovitch. I had made the acquaintance of Dr. Antonovitch when calling on Dr. Golla, the Pathologist of Maudsley Hospital. Dr. Golla introduced me to Dr. Antonovitch and explained the nature of the experiments he had been carrying out on her. One of these experiments involved Dr. Antonovitch being shut up all night in a box with pieces of apparatus inserted into each of her nostrils. Although she received every possible encouragement to sleep under these conditions, she assured me she found it difficult to achieve. It seemed to me that only Dr. Antonovitch's regard for science in general and for Dr. Golla in particular, could have carried her through such a trial.

I shared a very small cabin with three other members of the Congresses: a psychologist, a biochemist and a physiologist. In spite of almost incredible discomfort, the greatest harmony prevailed. Only one person could get out of his bunk at a time, so situations constantly arose which demanded much tact and goodwill.

Owing to the smallness of the saloon, meals were served in relays. There was a breakfast at 7 a.m. and another at 8 o'clock. Luncheon was served at 12 noon and 1 o'clock, and dinner at 5.30 and 6.30. The space on deck was too crowded to move about with any degree of comfort, but as one was allowed

to wander all over the ship the crowded state of the decks was not so intolerable as it might have been. The captain, an American Swede, was a great believer in "heartiness." Gifted with a voice of unusual force, even in a sailor, he was for ever organising amusements and diversions of every description. He would arrive at meal times, preceded by one of the stewards carrying a brass gong. At a signal from the captain, the steward would drown every other noise in the ship by furious blows on the gong. As soon as silence had been established, the captain would roar out some announcement of a new pastime or of a lecture. He always prefaced his intimations by the words: "N-a-a-o-o-o-w, good friends . . ."

How far the captain's frenzy for friendliness helped to establish and maintain an atmosphere of geniality among the passengers, I do not know, but I never voyaged in such merry company. The smoking-room was a perfect sight at night. Perhaps we realised that we were going to a country where "prohibition" existed, at least in theory, and on this account should lay in a good store of alcohol. Or it may have been that the scientific people on board wanted to show the rest of the world that they were, after all, human beings with human appetites. Anyhow, the bar steward's life was anything but enviable. From 6 p.m. till long past midnight he staggered here and there under a huge tray of

brimming glasses. The air was so thick with tobacco smoke that, at times, one could hardly see across the room. The noise was deafening. Orders for every variety of drinks assailed the ears of the wretched steward. Many of the orders were given in English that was nearly unintelligible and paid for in coinage which the steward could hardly have ever seen, but the man seemed able to carry every monetary system of Europe at his finger-tips. The last night before we reached Boston was one not easily forgotten. We drank the bar dry. The bar steward and his colleague whose job was to draw corks and prise open bottles, gave up about 2 a.m. and cleared out. I was in a particularly rowdy company consisting of an Austrian, an American and an Armenian. The last insisted that "the night is yet young" and would not hear of going to bed. We protested that there was no good in sitting up now the bar had closed. "Wait," said the Armenian, "and you shall see." With this cryptic utterance he left us to return in a few moments with two large flagons of a wine manufactured in Jaffa. It tasted like some kind of cough mixture and, perhaps fortunately, contained very little alcohol. By 3 p.m. we had finished the two flagons and were somewhat relieved to find that we had exhausted the Armenian's cellar. The next day all the physiologists disembarked at Boston and the rest of us went on to New York.

The arrangements for disembarkation in New York were as good as those of embarkation in London had been bad. I experienced only amusement at the Customs, whereas I had apprehended all sorts of trouble.

"What's in this trunk?" asked the official who came to examine my luggage, pointing to my cabin trunk.

"Only personal effects," I replied.

"How do I know it is not full of gin?" he asked with a smile.

To reassure him on this important point, I opened my trunk and he at once began to rummage among the contents. After a few moments' search, he extracted a text-book on psychology, and proceeded to turn over the pages, sucking his teeth the while in a meditative fashion. As he appeared to be becoming engrossed in perusing Professor Spearman's *Abilities of Man*, I thought it worth while to offer to lend him the book. This suggestion caused him a good deal of amusement and, closing it with a bang, he replaced it in the trunk saying: "I'm a great reader myself."

At this moment a gentleman stepped up and introduced himself as one who had been asked by my friend, Mrs. Slagle, to meet me. He turned out to be the late Mr. T. B. Kidner, an architect by profession, and for the five days I stayed in New York he hardly let me out of his sight. Mr. Kidner

was an Englishman, settled in America. He had had a varied career, having started life in the British merchant service. He had extraordinary stories to tell of his adventures in Calcutta in 1883, where he fell ill of a fever and was treated in the Presidency General Hospital by "a Captain Harris of the I.M.S." This Captain Harris became afterwards the Surgeon-General to the Government of Bengal, in which capacity I met him in 1908. He was one of the most charming and distinguished physicians that ever entered the service. In those days, according to Kidner, there were no bathrooms in the Presidency General Hospital, so that when patients wanted bathing they were taken up on the roof and water was poured over them by the bhisti out of an ordinary mussack. He said he could well remember seeing ten or more horrible looking men pulling along the streets a big scavenging cart and being told that these unfortunate creatures were patients from the Bhowanipore Lunatic Asylum!

Mr. Kidner took me to the Prince George Hotel, where he had engaged rooms for me. It did not take me long to become greatly impressed by the admirable arrangements and service of this excellent hotel. I learnt to tip each time I employed a hotel servant and not, as one does in England, wait to tip when one leaves. After arranging my effects, Kidner took me out to dine at a first-class restaurant, promising me a "real American dinner." An

ALL TOO HUMAN

American friend on board the *Minnekahda* had warned me not to keep looking up at the skyscrapers in New York because I should get such a crick in the neck that I would not be able to sleep, so by an exercise of great self-control I never let my eyes wander higher than the first thirty storeys of any building.

As the dinner to which Kidner had invited me was to be "real American," I let him order the food. The first dish was "clam chowder" and I had to admit that I was totally unable to touch it as I cannot eat oysters in any form. The soup was removed and another substituted for it. Then followed soft-shell crabs, fried whole, legs and all. I could hardly restrain nausea, but, not to offend my kind host, I proceeded, with averted gaze, to dissect off portions of flesh from beneath the carapace of one of these revolting crustaceae.

"Don't cut them up, eat them whole," said my host.

This was the last straw. If I had attempted to follow this injunction, the soup which I had just swallowed would have regurgitated!

"I'm afraid you are not enjoying your dinner," said my host, inserting a fork-load of crabs' legs into his mouth. I protested that perhaps the dinner hour, 6 p.m., was a little too early for me, so that my usual appetite had not had time to develop. "Well, I'll order another real American dish in place

of the crabs," said my genial host and commanded some boiled swordfish to be brought.

I took a long draught of iced water with the thought that if this is "real American" food I must either starve or go in for something that is "artificial American."

"Now that's one of our *real* luxuries," said my host as a plate of coarse white flesh was placed in front of me. Taking another long pull at the iced water as well as a good pull on myself, I thrust a morsel of swordfish into my mouth. The taste was an admirable imitation of chewed blotting-paper, so that with the help of about a pint of iced water, I managed to swallow a couple of mouthfuls.

"Now I am going to order you some of our famous water-melon," said my host, indicating a thing which lay on a side table and looked like a sirloin of bison, painted green on one side. The water-melon came and, like most of its tribe, it was just "watery." I have not to this day discovered why my host called it "famous."

Then we had some coffee, and the two pieces of sugar I took with it were the first agreeable solid food I had so far swallowed.

After dinner my host suggested that we should go to an open-air concert. I readily agreed to this, and was forthwith taken to a huge stadium, where I listened to excellent music rendered by the largest collection of string and wind instruments I have seen

in my life. I counted thirteen 'cellos and nine double basses, but failed to register the correct number of violins. There must have been forty or more. The performer on the instruments of percussion was an artist the like of whom I have never before met. His work with the tympana was truly magnificent. The conductor, who had a very difficult Dutch name, was one of the most renowned in the State of New York. I have never seen a conductor who indulged in such extravagant contortions in the effort to control his band. At the end of each piece he tottered to the wings and sank into a chair. It was heart-rending. As the audience sat on stone benches arranged in tiers, one above the other, everyone was given a straw pillow along with his ticket and programme. What struck me most of all about this performance was the fact that, although the stadium was situated outside the Columbia University, in one of the busiest parts of the city, there was hardly any noise from the flood of traffic which poured around it.

"How is it," I asked my host, "that we hear no noise from the streets?"

"Oh," he replied, "the taxi- and tram-drivers know that there is a concert on here, so that while they are passing the stadium they refrain from making any noise."

This was a fact, though I hardly believed it at the time. Can anyone imagine this happening in London?

On our way home Kidner took me by a route enabling me to see what certain portions of New York looked like at night. Certainly I could never have imagined such illuminated advertisements as lit up the streets we traversed.

The next morning at about 9 o'clock, Kidner was round at my hotel to take me off to see the Mental Hygiene Department of the State of New York. He took me first to his office, which was in the famous "Flat-Iron" building at 175 Fifth Avenue. The Flat Iron was the first "sky-scraper" to be built and was, I was told, considered a marvel when completed. Nowadays it is a perfect dwarf among the newer sky-scrappers. I was told that the shape and situation of the Flat Iron cause a peculiar eddy of wind to circulate around the building, so that in the days when women wore long skirts, crowds of men would collect to watch this peculiar eddy blow the skirts over the heads of their wearers. Now that women wear no skirts to speak of, this harmless pastime of male New Yorkers is only a memory.

I spent an exhausting day being introduced to people connected with various aspects of mental work in which I am interested. I never met a single soul who did not at least *appear* pleased to see me. Everyone was very charming, but in a way that is not at all English. The fact that I had come all the way from India seemed to add somewhat to

the warmth of the welcome I got everywhere.

The following day I went over to Ward Island to see the Manhattan State Hospital. It must be one of the largest mental hospitals in the world, having over 7,000 patients. The late Dr. Lloyd Haviland was then the Superintendent. He was most kind, and had me put in charge of one of his assistants and shown everything I wanted to see. I was very struck with the occupational therapy. In the Manhattan Hospital a truly wonderful use is made of "waste" of every description, so that the cost of raw material is almost nil. I noticed with sorrow that the door of every room in which there were patients was kept locked. The area of the hospital is so large that Dr. Haviland drove round in a small brougham drawn by a huge horse. As Dr. Haviland was a very big man it was rather amusing to watch him coiling his long legs into this tiny conveyance. I took lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Haviland. They had a beautiful house a few hundred yards from the hospital.

Kinder and more delightful people would be hard to meet. Both Dr. Haviland and his wife seemed to suffer from an "India-complex." They longed to go to India. While we were waiting for lunch Mrs. Haviland produced from a cabinet crammed with all sorts of curios, a piece of whitish marble and showed it to me. I felt intuitively that I was expected to make some special observation, but

could not for the life of me think what it might be. Having already learnt that one cannot be very long with Americans without their making some reference to George Washington, and as my host and hostess had so far not even mentioned the name of America's first President, I felt that it would be considered elegant if I opened up first on this deathless topic. Taking the chunk of stone in my hand, I cast a so deeply reverential look upon it that the hand in which I held the sacred relic shook a little.

After a few moments of rapt attention I looked up and said in a voice husky with emotion: "A picce of the tomb of George Washington from Mount Vernon, I suppose?"

My remark elicited a piercing shriek of laughter from my hostess and a deep bellow of amusement from my host. "Why," they shouted together, "it is a model of the Taj Mahal."

My turn for laughter came later, at luncheon. The meal was a very elaborate affair. In front of me were three tall tumblers. One contained milk, the second iced tea and the third lemonade; three beverages that I abhor.

"I am going to give you a real American dish," said my kind hostess. I nearly choked as horrid visions of crabs' legs rose before me. I bowed and smiled nevertheless. The next moment a plate was put before me and the maid handed a dish of stuffed

"brinjals." As I eagerly took a helping of this dear old Indian vegetable, I caught my hostess's eye watching me.

"Now you've never seen egg fruit before, I'll bet," she said.

What could I say? This then was the "real American dish"; the "surprise" for me. I longed to be able to tell some frightful lie and ask a score of questions as one who encounters for the first time some priceless experience, but my mind boggled at the deception.

Brutally I blurted out: "Madam, hardly a day passes without my eating this delicious product of my garden. In India we call them 'brinjals.' B-R-I-N-J-A-L-S."

My hostess's face fell. I could see she was bitterly disappointed. I felt so sorry that to comfort her, I added: "You make me feel home-sick . . . home-sick for my step-mother country."

It was not a very witty remark, but its effect was excellent. Mrs. Haviland was charmed and clapped her hands. Before I left I had to be photographed, standing on the steps of the house—the home of the very dearest and kindest people I had met for many a long day.

On arriving on the other side of the river I found Dr. Haviland's car waiting to take me back to my hotel. As I was driven along I noticed that all the police were saluting me. I was very puzzled on this

MY VISIT TO AMERICA

account and took great care to return the salutes. Who, I said to myself, can they be taking me for? Then I suddenly recollected that someone on the *Minnekahda* had said that I reminded him of Mr. Hoover, the President of the United States of America. Of course, I realised, they take me for the President. Now, how ought I to behave? Should I stand up in the car the better to acknowledge the salutes? After a moment's reflection I decided to remain seated because to stand might evoke comment or even invite assassination, so for the remainder of the long drive through New York I contented myself with bowing gravely and slightly raising my hat to each policeman who sprang to the salute as I passed.

When I reached my destination I gave half a dollar to the chauffeur and asked him why the police had saluted as we passed. To my deep chagrin (for I was delighted at the thought of having been taken for the President) the chauffeur said that the police saluted the car because it was a "State" car. It seems that Dr. Haviland was in some way connected with the administration of New York City and therefore was entitled to a "State" car. The police were saluting the *car*—not *me*. An almost unbearable thought!

That evening I was taken by my kind friend Kidner to a musical comedy. It was regarded in New York as the very best of its kind. I thought

it very poor. The "fun" was of the flimsiest and the singing detestable. I was glad to go home. On the way to my hotel I was seized with a longing for a glass of beer. I had tried the awful stuff the Americans call "near-beer," that is to say, beer out of which all the alcohol has been boiled. As all the police in New York are Irishmen, I felt sure that if any roguery was necessary to get *real* beer, the police were the people to whom to apply. Accordingly I stopped the first "cop" with a request to be shown where I could get some "near-beer."

He was a big strapping fellow with a quizzical face. He put his hands behind his back, and stooping down to get a better look at me, said, "Did you say 'beer' or 'near-beer'?"

I replied, "I said 'near-beer,' but I do not want it too near, in fact, the farther off the better."

The cop smiled and said, "Will you walk a block with me?"

I said, "I will walk six if the beer is as far off as all that."

At this the cop laughed and put his arm in mine in a most friendly fashion. As we paced the block, I said: "I am so sorry to trouble you in this way. Now if we were in India, where I live, I could have got you a drink without having to walk any distance."

"Don't you worry, sonny," replied the cop, "I'm off to Bermuda next month," and he cut a caper on

the sidewalk. Suddenly we stopped at a door and the cop smote upon it with his truncheon. The door flew open and a frightful head appeared. "Sam," said the cop, "this gen'elman is all right."

I felt a violent impulse in the small of my back, and the next thing I knew was that I was inside a bar and that the door behind me was shut. There were a few persons drinking at the counter, and I was soon of their company. The beer was of the best and beautifully iced. After two large glasses I was let out into the street by Sam. As I walked home I met the cop at a corner of a street.

"Was that all right?" he asked.

"You have saved my life," I replied, and gravely raised my hat. The cop roared with joy.

The next day I went to see the Bloomingdale Hospital at Whitefields. I went by train, as Whitefields is about twenty-five miles distant from New York. It was my first experience of an American train. There are no "classes" in American trains, and one can walk from one end to the other. In only one coach can passengers smoke.

I reached Whitefields in about forty-five minutes and took a car to Bloomingdale. The hospital is the oldest in America. It has been added to and improved. The grounds are beautiful, with magnificent trees, and large enough to contain a golf course for the patients. Everyone told me that Bloomingdale was the finest private mental hospital in the States.

I can quite believe it. The appointments are magnificent in every respect. The Occupational Therapy department is the best I ever expect to see.

The Medical Superintendent was away, but I was greeted very warmly by his Deputy. The medical staff were just sitting down to a staff conference. Two new admissions were presented and the diagnosis and prognosis of both were discussed. The notes on both cases were very full and illuminating, so that I was greatly impressed. After the discussion was over the Deputy Superintendent asked me to give an account of the Ranchi Mental Hospital. This I did, and then had to answer several questions. There are more points of resemblance between Bloomingdale Hospital and the Ranchi European Mental Hospital than I had expected to find. Bloomingdale has eight medical officers, two of whom are women. The number of patients is 200, male and female. There are two Occupational Therapists, each of whom has several assistants and a few pupils. I saw a marvellous gymnasium and an indoor bowling alley. We have nothing of the kind at Ranchi. In one respect, and that a very important one, the Ranchi Hospital is far ahead of Bloomingdale; at Bloomingdale they have a "Suicide" ward. I was appalled at this monstrosity! At Bloomingdale they have male as well as female nurses. Here again, I think the Ranchi Hospital is ahead of Bloomingdale,

for we have done away with male nurses and find no need for them.

That evening I dined with Kidner as the guest of Mrs. Slagle, who had only returned that day from her first visit to England. I found her a very charming and public-spirited woman, at that time Director of the Association for Occupational Therapy throughout the United States. We were entertained at an Italian restaurant situated in one of the older parts of New York. Shortly after the meal had begun, I felt a stealthy movement under the table somewhere in the region of my left knee. I looked down and saw a large silver flask being pushed in my direction. Casting my eyes in any direction but that of the flask, I seized it firmly and with commendable dexterity poured a goodly "peg" into a tumbler which stood empty at my side. Then, looking intently at my neighbour on my left, I wafted the flask under the table and pressed it against the knee of my neighbour on the right. In an instant it was torn from my grasp, only to reappear above the table once more to discharge its golden flood into another tumbler and again to disappear. The amusement I experienced at this manoeuvre was increased when I learnt that the owner of this flask obtained his "re-fills" from one of the prohibition officers!

As our hostess was tired after dinner, we went as far as her flat for a glass of port wine, and then

took our leave. The night was yet young, so Kidner and I went for a stroll as he wanted me to see Wall Street. This most famous thoroughfare was undergoing repair, and looked meaner than it might do in ordinary circumstances. Among other things which we saw were the offices of the Cunard Steamship Company. These offices can have no equal in the world in respect to beauty and costliness. We were shown all over the building, even into the private room of the Director as well as into the rooms in which Board meetings are held. Every feature of this wondrous place was in perfect taste. I had never seen such lovely furniture, nor such exquisite wall panels.

The next day Kidner took me to the new clinic, which is one of the many wonders of the city. This immense hospital is quite new; indeed, the psychiatric clinic was not yet open. I was shown over a considerable portion of the building and left with the feeling that I shall never see the like again. I could only find one fault, and that was the wards seemed too low for any hospital in a place which can get as hot as New York.

That same evening I left for Washington by train. I travelled by one of the fastest expresses to give myself the chance of observing whether the trains in America go faster than do those in England. At the end of the journey I had formed the opinion that they do not go anything like as fast. I took my

dinner in the train and was much impressed with the excellence of both the food and the service. British railways have much to learn from America in this aspect of railway travel. Also the carriages are much bigger and much higher.

The next morning (Saturday, 24th August, my dear son Owen's birthday), I devoted to a walk abroad. Among other things that I wanted to do in Washington, was to get into touch with the State Department of Forestry. I walked to the main block of Government buildings and asked for the Department of Forestry. I sent my card to the Chief Secretary and was almost immediately asked into his office. He was engaged in conversation with a visitor, so I sat down on a lounge where several other persons were seated awaiting their turn to speak with the Secretary. By some piece of good fortune, or possibly due to the courtesy of the Secretary, my turn to address him came next after that of the person who had been talking with him when I first arrived. He was extremely courteous, and listened without a trace of astonishment to my request to be put into touch with someone who would advise me about the introduction of American trees into India. He advised me to call upon the Conservator of Forests, Major Sherman.

Armed with full instructions how to find Major Sherman, I left the building and set out in a new direction. I had the greatest difficulty in discovering

the office of the Chief Conservator of Forests, and was just about to give up the search when I hit upon it in an obscure corner behind a theatre.

I was glad I had persisted in my search for Major Sherman, as I would not have missed him for anything. He was the very image of the "Uncle Sam" of caricature. When I arrived in his office he was sitting with his feet on his office table, reading a book. He got up to greet me and asked me to sit down. There was no sign whatever of there being any work to do. There were no papers on the desk nor any of the paraphernalia usually to be found around a Government official. I noticed an old pen stuck in a very dirty ink-pot, but not a scrap of paper. Except for the desk and two chairs the room was completely bare of furniture, unless one includes a vast spittoon situated at a distance convenient to the Major's expectoratory skill.

Made aware of the object of my visit, the Major said he did not know what to advise, as the only man who, as far as he knew, could help me was away on tour. I begged him not to bother any further with my affairs and prepared to withdraw.

"Wait awhile," said the Major, promoting cerebration by copious expectoration into the spittoon.

I waited. After considerable reflection, the Major suddenly seized his telephone and demanded to be "put through" to someone whose name I did not

catch. From the Major's subsequent remarks down the telephone, it seemed to me that he did not rightly know the name of the person with whom he was anxious to speak. After a prolonged conversation with someone, the Major hung up the receiver with a sigh and said: "Well, well, I don't suppose that it much matters, anyway. I think the name is either Morris or it may be Morrison, I can't justly recollect."

Again I begged him not to put himself out so much, but he was not to be deterred. "I'll write the name down," he said, looking around for a piece of paper. At last, not finding any writing materials in the room, nor, apparently, caring to call for any, he abstracted a very dirty piece of paper from a drawer in the desk and, with great labour, owing to the unsatisfactory nature of his only pen and the very foul ink, he scratched "Maurice" and an address which was nearly illegible.

"Well, that's the best I can do, Colonel," he said, reaching out an enormous hand to bid me farewell.

I thanked him once more and turned to go. As I left the room I gave this extraordinary man one more look, for, I thought, I will never see his like again. There he was, just as I had found him: both feet up on the desk and his eyes glued to his book.

As I set out in search of the gentleman whose name might be either Maurice, Morris or Morrison,

I began to realise that I had been, for the space of half an hour or so, living in the past, so to speak. The America that now bustled and surged round me in the street had not yet come into existence in that office. Major Sherman belonged to the age of Elijah Pogram and the Mother of the Modern Gracchi. In short, I had been living in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

However, it did not take long to get back into real life once more as represented by the gentleman with three possible names, of which the correct one was Morrison. In course of conversation with this clever and very interesting young man, I could not refrain from observing that the Chief Conservator of Forests of the United States of America was "a most remarkable man." Morrison did not give the reply which the situation seemed to me to demand, namely, that Sherman was *the* most remarkable man in the country. On the contrary, he smiled and said, "Do you think so?"

My business over, I went forth once more on a voyage of discovery. In the course of my ramble I came upon the fruit and vegetable market, which was in full swing. Never in my life have I seen such magnificent fruit and vegetables. The peaches and grapes were particularly fine, so were the brinjals and melons. I bought some peaches and pears and sought a quiet corner in which to devour them. The heat in Washington was considerable, so that I

longed for clothes such as one wears in India in the hot weather.

After lunch I decided to go to Mount Vernon to see the house and grave of George Washington. I do not think that anyone who has not been to America can form any idea of the part played in the imagination of the Americans by this very English Englishman. The memory of George Washington is a national obsession. No detail of his life is overlooked. What is not known about him has been invented. The knowledge every American possesses of the history of his country is astounding to the average Englishman, whose knowledge of English history generally begins and ends with the story of King Alfred and the cakes. What Mecca is to the Moslem, Mount Vernon is, and more, to the Americans. The American's love for America amounts almost to a frenzy. The Stars and Stripes fly over nearly every building in the city of Washington. Although I could only get a very small view of the city from my bedroom, I counted thirteen specimens of the national flag. I doubt very much if one could count thirteen Union Jacks flying at one time in the whole of London. Also, let it be noted that no other flag flies. Anyone who flew a Union Jack from his housetop would be lynched, or very nearly. The sight of a Union Jack drives many Americans "berserk."

"If you are quick you'll catch the tram to Mount

Vernon," said the hall porter of the Willand Hotel. I ran like one possessed to the tram terminus, to find that I had three-quarters of an hour to wait. The tram was full of pilgrims to Mount Vernon. Motor-cars loaded with more pilgrims rushed along the road to the sacred spot.

The famous house is built like a horse-shoe. At the toe is the portion in which George Washington and his family lived. In the side portions lived his servants and retainers. The house stands on a hill overlooking the Potomac (accent on second syllable) River, in a lovely garden with splendid trees. The rooms are very small and not above a dozen in all. Each room was packed to suffocation with Americans of both sexes in a fever of adoration. People pushed their way up the staircase to see the room in which the great man died. No one was allowed to enter the room, but only to peer in over a barricade which blocked the open door. The house was full of interesting relics, among which I thought the key of the Bastille was the most remarkable. It had been presented to George Washington by Lafayette.

After going through the house, I took a walk in the garden and then visited George Washington's tomb. He lies buried with his wife in a small vaulted enclosure at the bottom of the garden, on the way down to the landing-stage on the riverside. Then I went down to the river, to await a steamer to take me back to Washington and to think quietly

about this Englishman whose memory has aroused more adoration than that of any other of his fellow countrymen who has ever lived. It is an amazing thought.

Washington has a wonderful organisation for showing visitors the various places of interest. Motor buses run at frequent intervals on a variety of tours. One of these I took next morning to enable me to pay a visit to Arlington, where is the national cemetery. Before starting for Arlington the bus toured a portion of the city to allow visitors to see certain sights, among which is the famous street in which the Ambassadors (with the exception of the British) live. During the whole of the tour a guide shouted information through a megaphone at the passengers.

He talked a language which the average Englishman believes to be "typical" American, that is to say, English pronounced with a very peculiar accent and the emphasis thrown on to all the unimportant words. As a matter of fact very few Americans do talk like this. Our guide, however, did. Thus: "Now, ladies *and* gentlemen, we are about *to* enter the oldest portion *of* the city *of* Washington. The name *of* the street *through* which we *are* now passing is George Street. The name *is* not that of our first president but *of* George *the* Second, King *of* England (groans from some of the passengers). *In* this street live *the* coloured population *of* this city (more

groans). We now cross over the Potomac River *by* one of the *most* elegant bridges in the United States of America, built at a cost of seven million dollars."

In due course, and to a running history of ancient and modern Washington, we arrived at Arlington. Besides the cemetery, the military cantonments are situated at Arlington. The officers and their families are accommodated in nice little houses, each door and window of which is netted against flies. Opposite the entrance to the cemetery is a polo ground on which a practice game was then in progress. Thinking that it might be of more interest to watch the polo than to look round the graves of men in whose deeds I take no particular interest, I announced my intention to forgo my visit to the cemetery in order to see the polo. If I had suddenly stripped myself naked before the assembled passengers I do not think that I should have caused greater consternation than I did by making this announcement.

The guide looked at me with horror and exclaimed: "Are you aware, sir, that this is the national cemetery of *the* United States in which are buried the *re-mains* of the great and glorious dead of our country?" I replied that I was fully aware of this fact, but that I preferred live horses to dead men, no matter who they may have been while they lived. In the midst of murmurs of the strongest

disapproval, I left the bus with a warning that I would catch it on its way back.

Beyond witnessing some very remarkable horsemanship, I did not think the polo unusually good, so that I was not sorry when my bus emerged from the cemetery and, I must say rather to my surprise, stopped to pick me up. The guide had obviously not yet recovered from the shock I had administered to him, so, in fear that he might strike or bite me, I took a scat as far remote from him as possible. On our way back to Washington we took another route and stopped at the aerodrome to allow any passenger who so desired to take a flight of ten minutes' duration in an aeroplane. As nobody seemed inclined for this diversion, we continued our journey and the guide his bellowing.

During the remainder of the journey I derived much amusement by the guide referring to me as "the French gentleman." Perhaps it is a form of abuse in America to call anyone French. Anyhow, the guide seemed to get so much satisfaction from misnaming my nationality that I let the matter pass.

After lunch I set out again, but not in the same bus, since I did not think it safe to risk a second tour in that in which I had earned so bad a reputation in the morning. Our first objective was the Washington monument, an immense obelisk which stands on a knoll in the park. Again the desire to

be perverse took hold of me, and I refused to ascend the monument with the rest of the party, and demanded to be allowed to employ the time set aside for going up the monument in watching a game of baseball. Contrary to my expectations, so far from arousing a feeling of hostility, my preference for baseball earned me the approval of everyone as a person gifted with an unusual power of discrimination. Besides the party from my bus, there were many hundreds of other persons struggling to get to the top of the monument, so that I had nearly a full hour in which to watch the game, a thing I had never seen.

When all my fellow passengers in the bus had come down from the top of the monument, we went on with our tour and paid a visit to the principal picture gallery, two museums, the Capitol and the Congress Library. In one of the museums we visited are kept the dresses of the wives of past Presidents of the United States of America. The Capitol is a truly magnificent building, and one in which any people might take real pride. Our organisation supplied a special guide for the interior, a queer little man with a beautifully melodious voice. Round the walls of the central hall are pictures representing the more notable events in the history of the country, including the marriage of the princess Pocahontas. The building was crowded with American citizens in a state of mental

elation and patriotic fervour such as no one could ever hope to see in any other part of the world. Indeed, so intense was the excitement of my fellow sightseers, that when we came to that portion of the Capitol which the British destroyed in the war of 1812, I should not have been at all surprised if there had been a general rush for a feather-bed and a barrel of tar wherewith to celebrate on my own person the desire for revenge which must have boiled in the hearts of all who heard of this dreadful outrage.

We next visited the library, a building of no particular architectural value. In it is kept the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, and it was really touching to observe the enormous reverence paid to this stained piece of parchment. In comparison with the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta is a mere piece of waste-paper. There are some very fine pictures in this library, including some beautiful pen-and-ink sketches of London. Once more I showed great want of tact by spending some little time admiring them.

Eventually I got back to my hotel in a state of extreme exhaustion from excessive sightseeing. As it was too early for me to dine, I sat in my bedroom, feeling rather lonely and longing for someone to talk to. Just as my sense of loneliness was becoming almost intolerable, the telephone in my bedroom rang. With a sigh of relief I put the receiver to my

ear and heard a voice say, "Have I the pleasure to address Dr. Berkeley-Hill?"

I told the speaker that he had that pleasure, and asked with whom I had the privilege of speaking.

"My name's White," came the reply, and I was at once aware that the speaker was the celebrated psychiatrist, Dr. William White, the Medical Superintendent of the St. Elizabeth Hospital, a man I had long known from his works and whom I was anxious to meet. He said that both he and his wife were waiting below to see me, so I hurried down, and immediately recognised him by his portrait. As the hour was after 7 p.m. I knew it would be no good my asking them to dine, as they would have dined already, but said nothing about not having dined myself in case Dr. White and his wife might go away. We talked till nine o'clock, by which time I was famished. Nevertheless I greatly enjoyed my first meeting with this distinguished man, so I was delighted when they asked me to lunch with them on the following day, as well as to see over the St. Elizabeth Hospital. I was also pleased to learn that I should meet my friends, the Mapothers, at lunch.

The next morning I set off in a taxi for the hospital, which is some way out of Washington. There I found Mapother and his wife, and we three were soon under the escort of Dr. and Mrs. White. The hospital is a very fine one and admirably

managed. As we emerged from the bacteriological laboratory, Mrs. Mapother exclaimed, "Oh, look at the aeroplanes. The sky is black with them."

I looked up and could not see a single aeroplane; nothing but a dozen or so of large birds wheeling in the sky.

"Those are not aeroplanes, Mrs. Mapother," I said. "Those are large birds."

"How silly you are," she said. "Who ever saw birds as big as that?"

"Of course they're birds," I replied. "Who ever saw an aeroplane flap its wings?"

Laughing and squabbling over the point, we eventually appealed to Dr. White's chauffeur, a negro. The man never even looked up into the sky but confined himself to uttering one word, "Buzzards." Anyone who wants to take a rise out of Mrs. Mapother need only flap his arms and say, "Buzzards" for her to be overwhelmed with embarrassment.

There was a large luncheon party, and among the guests were Surgeon-General Ireland and Mrs. Ireland. The Surgeon-General is the Director of Medical Services of the United States of America Army. Both he and his wife are charming people and much interested in India. My relation of the "beer story" caused amusement at lunch and earned for me the reputation of a notable raconteur.

After lunch the Surgeon-General drove me back to

my hotel, which I was due to leave at 5 p.m. to go to stay with Dr. William Rush Dunton at his house near Baltimore. Two of Dr. Dunton's sons called for me and I enjoyed a delightful drive of about forty miles through beautiful country. Dr. Dunton, an elderly man, had retired from active practice. He had a small private hospital for mental patients in a secluded neighbourhood a few miles from Baltimore. On my arrival we went in to supper with the patients in a large dining-room. Dr. Dunton was a very kindly man, somewhat troubled by ill-health. We sat and talked late.

After breakfast next morning Dr. Dunton motored me in his car to Baltimore to let me see the Child Welfare organisation as well as the Children's Court. On the way he told me of his family and how one of his ancestors had made the statue of Lafayette which stands in a prominent position in the city of Baltimore. While we were wandering through the Court House, looking for the Children's Court, I happened to peer into one of the rooms to get a look at a fine fresco I noticed on the wall. Dr. Dunton caught hold of my arm and said, "I don't think you should look at that fresco."

Very surprised, I asked him why.

"Well," he said, "the fresco represents the surrender of the British under General Burgoyne to Washington."

"I think I can stand the sight, doctor," I said, hugely

MY VISIT TO AMERICA

amused at this very typical piece of American feeling. If I had told Dr. Dunton that I was unaware until that moment that General Burgoyne had ever surrendered to Washington, he would probably not have believed me. I tried to explain that the American frenzy of patriotism, with its concomitant sensibility, is not usually found among the English.

I was much impressed with what I saw of the Child Welfare work and of the Children's Court. The magistrate who dealt with juvenile crime was a young college graduate and well up in the nature of his work.

That afternoon I left by train for Rome to see the big institution for mental defectives in that town.

Rome is a small provincial town in the State of New York whose principal industry is the manufacture of brass bedsteads. I reached my destination about nine o'clock the next morning and, leaving my luggage at the station, took a taxi to the hospital.

I received a warm welcome from the Superintendent, Dr. Bernstein, a most successful innovator in the realm of mental deficiency, so that the institution at Rome is famed throughout the United States.

The hospital has several thousand inmates of all ages and both sexes. Besides the institution itself, a great number of patients boarded out with families in the town and surrounding district. It was truly delightful to see the pleasure evinced by hundreds of

patients at the very sight of Dr. Bernstein. He seemed to be enormously popular among the thousands of mentally crippled creatures entrusted to his care.

The next morning I reached Boston and drove straight to the Harvard Club in Massachusetts Avenue, where my friend, Dr. William Healy, had engaged rooms for me. The Harvard Club is one for graduates of the Harvard University only. It is a well-appointed club and has an excellent library. The rooms for the accommodation of members who desire to stay in the club are very much better than those of my own club in London—the Oxford and Cambridge.

After taking some breakfast, I set off to see Dr. Healy. I found him at his office and had a warm welcome from him. He took me to the Child Welfare Clinic, where he and his colleague, Dr. Augusta Bronner, were doing such wonderful work. After explaining the system of the clinic, he took me to see Dr. Oberholzer, who is psychologist to the Criminal Department of the State of Massachusetts. With Dr. Oberholzer I had a long and interesting talk. He was much interested to learn that in India the jail administration is in the hands of a doctor, whole-time or part-time, according to the size of the jail. He said that he wished that anything like it existed in America.

Dr. Oberholzer very kindly took me to lunch at

his town club and there I was introduced to Judge Cabot, the judge of the Juvenile Court. It is not easy to describe the impression this remarkable man made on me. A descendant of the great Sebastian Cabot, he has much the same features, even to the nose, like the prow of a ship. His manner is grave and courteous to the extreme, without being in the least condescending. As far as Judge Cabot is concerned, the famous quatrain is libellous:

"And this is our dear old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where Lowells talk only to Cabots
And Cabots speak only to God."

Anyhow, Cabot spoke to *me* and in such a manner as to make a lasting impression. I left him with an invitation to go and see him at work in his Court.

I then went back to Dr. Healy's office and was present at a conference of his staff and thus learned more about the work he was doing.

The next day I went to see the Boston Psychiatric Clinic, probably the finest of its kind in the world. There I met Dr. Kahn, the well-known psychiatrist of Munich, also Dr. Gordon of Bristol. We foreigners were amused, but also somewhat shocked, to hear the story of the extraordinary behaviour of the late Professor Emil Kraepelin when he visited Boston. The Americans treated him with every possible consideration in view of the unique position he held as

the greatest psychiatrist of his time. A banquet was given in his honour and his health proposed in most eulogistic terms. Kraepelin rose to reply and was seen to hold up some papers in his hand. He then said that he was experiencing the happiest day in his life because on the following morning he was about to leave America. Calling everyone's attention to the papers he held in his hand, he shouted: "See how I hold tightly to what is at this moment my most precious possession in the world—my return ticket to Germany." Throughout his visit Kraepelin seems to have displayed an almost incredible want of civility and tact. He told his hosts that America had too much money, and tried to indicate what the Germans would do had they only a fraction of what the Americans had.

On the following day Dr. Healy took Gordon and me over the University of Harvard, of which he is a graduate. The university is very beautifully situated on the river Charles. By far the most impressive building is the College of Industry. We went into the Natural History Museum to see the marvellous collection of botanical specimens made entirely of glass. It is impossible to imagine anything more wonderful than these perfect life-size models of innumerable plants, seeds, grasses and fruits, made of glass so cunningly as to defy the detection of their artificiality. The work is a secret process and the product of a family in Bohemia.

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On our way to the University, I was greatly amused to see a stone let into a wall with the following inscription:

“On this spot was killed Tom Hickson
by two British soldiers, 27th May, 1812.”

This is about the most “typical” American thing I saw the whole time I was in the United States.

Boston is ruled almost entirely by Irish Roman Catholics, so, as one may imagine, there is a strong anti-English feeling in the city.

The next day I paid my visit to the Juvenile Court and had a long talk with Judge Cabot. He was kindness itself and sent me away more impressed than ever by his wonderful personality.

The day following being a Saturday, Dr. Healy took me to stay the night at his little farm in the village of Natick, about twenty-five miles out of Boston. We went by train and were met at the station by the doctor's car in which we completed the remainder of the journey, about six miles, to Dr. Healy's farm. The farm is a small house with a garden situated on the side of a hill overlooking the main road. There I met Mrs. Healy, who is much interested in the education of women and all other matters of importance appertaining to her sex. She had lately returned from an International Congress at Berlin of Women from all over the world. The Healys have

one child, a son, aged twenty-seven, who is Professor of Transportation at the University of Yale. This son is a remarkable young man and an intense student of every known method of transport, on which subject he has written a book.

I was made very much at home at the farm, and found that my host and hostess, both intellectual toilers, enjoyed my telling of my adventures in various parts of the continents of Asia and Africa. Healy would not let me go to bed, so interested he became in my anecdotes. However, about midnight I had to own that I had exhausted my repertoire of stories and the party broke up.

The next morning (Sunday), Healy took me to see Mrs. Hodder, the Superintendent of a big penitentiary for women situated not far from Natick. Mrs. Hodder is regarded as the most eminent penologist in the United States. Although the day was Sunday, Mrs. Hodder received me with great kindness and discoursed for nearly two hours on her life's work. Mrs. Hodder is by no means a young woman; she is a grandmother and had just returned from her summer holiday with her grandchildren. I found something extraordinary impressive in her manner and way of talking. As she spoke of what she knew and understood, one could see she was drawing on a vast reserve of experience, seasoned with judgment, sympathy and wit. On the whole, I regard my visit to this remarkable woman as perhaps the most

instructive and interesting feature of the whole of my tour in America.

Before I left, I asked her to give me her candid opinion of my project of a peripatetic reformatory for Indian boys. Mrs. Hodder listened with the same grave demeanour as she had worn while she had talked. When I had finished outlining my scheme, she said: "I have heard before of such a scheme as you have just described, but never of its being put into practice. I believe that it is as ideal as anything of the kind could be and should prove very successful if you can get the right person to supervise it." Mrs. Hodder spoke in the highest praise of our reformatories in England, which, she said, are much better than those in America. As she said good-bye to me in the porch of her house, I looked steadfastly at that grave, wise, kindly, humorous face for the last time, for I do not expect ever to see her again. A country that can produce women like Mrs. Hodder has little to fear for the future.

In the afternoon, Dr. Healy took me in his car for a long drive through the surrounding country. There is something exquisite about the country of New England; perhaps it is its resemblance to old England! Anyhow, this drive will remain to me as one of the pleasantest of my American memories.

After supper Dr. Healy drove me to the railway station where I took train back to Boston, where it had been arranged that I should meet him and Dr.

Bronner on the following morning and go with them to the Congress at Yale. We reached Newhaven about 1 p.m. and drove in a taxi to the University, where rooms had been set aside for the delegates.

The undergraduates' rooms are in sets of four, and I found myself sharing a sitting-room with Dr. Hardcastle, whom I had met in the *Minnekahda*. We had a bedroom apiece. On the opposite side of the passage were two Japanese scientists. For the four of us there was one common bathroom.

The organisation was excellent and every assistance was given by the University to the delegates. Each delegate wore a badge with his name and country printed on it. Foreign delegates had a white silk pennon to their badges, while American delegates wore a badge with a blue pennon. Altogether there were about nine hundred delegates. We took our meals in one huge hall and food was served on the "cafeteria" system. No charges were made to foreign delegates for board and lodging. The food was first-class and of immense variety.

The one serious drawback was the poor acoustics of all the rooms in which the lectures were held. Unless one sat right in front, it was difficult or even impossible to hear properly.

On Wednesday evening (4th September), all the delegates assembled to listen to an address given by Professor Pavlov. This eminent Russian physiologist

was introduced by the President of the University. As the little old man came into the room, everyone rose and stood while he bowed to the audience. Pavlov was then over eighty years of age, but full of vigour. He spoke in Russian and his words were translated into English, sentence by sentence. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour with almost incredible vivacity and a wealth of gesture.

In the course of the Congress I had the good fortune to meet and talk with several eminent men of science, some of whom I knew well through their works. Among such were Professor Kohler of Berlin, the originator of the conception of "Gestalt-psychologie" and author of that remarkable book *The Psychology of Apes*. Kohler speaks English almost perfectly and he gave an excellent address in that language. I met also Professor Koffka of whom I knew a good deal by hearsay, a most delightful man. I introduced myself to Professor Spearman of University College, London, whose book created so much interest in the minds of the customs officials at New York. Perhaps the most fascinating personality of all was Prinzhorn of Frankfort. He had one of the most beautifully intellectual faces I have ever seen. He spoke excellent English and we had several talks together. Besides being an admirable psychologist, he is a profound philosopher and a deep student of Goethe and Nietzsche.

I also met again Professor MacDougall. He and I

had first met at Oxford in 1917, during the war. He left Oxford after the war to take up the chair of Psychology at Harvard, but now occupies the chair of Psychology at Clarke University. Among the American delegates, I found Dr. Ruggles, the most entertaining and inspiring. He is a very broad-minded psychiatrist and unusually free from the more hampering traditions of mental therapy.

One of the most interesting features of Newhaven is the Clinic for the study of the psychology of the infant. This is a truly marvellous institution, although I could not help thinking that the work was somewhat overdone.

I did not attend the banquet on Thursday (5th September) but dined with Drs. Healy and Bronner at a restaurant. I had long before reached the conclusion that I could not be better employed than in picking the brains of these two remarkable personalities to the utmost of my capacity. On the whole, I think that Dr. Bronner is even more able than her chief. She comes from a family of Austrian Jews and has the most truly scientific mind of any woman I have ever met. Besides her gifted and critical intelligence, she is a very delightful companion, full of fun and as simple as a child. Although a tremendous worker, she never seemed to be tired and I never saw her in the least out of temper. Her mental and physical energy seemed to have no limit, so that she gave one the im-

pression of being incapable of feeling any fatigue, either of mind or body.

As my ship left Montreal at six a.m. on the 7th September, I thought it as well to get there a day in advance, which procedure would allow me to spend one day with my cousins, the Tom Howells. Accordingly I left Newhaven at 11 p.m. on the night of the 5th September and reached Montreal at 6.30 a.m. the next morning.

I was awake early and dressed and went into the smoking compartment to watch for a sign that I had passed from the land of the Stars and Stripes into that of the Union Jack. Suddenly my eyes lighted on the old flag flying from a tall mast, and without thinking much of what I was doing, I raised my hat. To my utter astonishment I noticed an old American, who was sitting opposite to me, do the same. I was so agitated at such a gesture on the part of a citizen of the United States that I said: "Sir, I am indeed surprised to see an American raise his hat to salute the national flag of Great Britain."

"Sir," he replied, with a grave smile, "I did not take off my hat to the emblem of your country, but to a beer advertisement."

I encountered quite overwhelming hospitality from my cousins in Montreal and spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with them. In the afternoon they motored me to the house of some wealthy friends and there I heard much interesting talk of the future

of Canada. The house to which we went was situated on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River and commanded a magnificent view of the river and surrounding country. After tea, which was served in the garden, we motored back.

My cousins entertained me to an excellent dinner and then I left for the docks to embark on board the White Star s.s. *Doric*.

I have never travelled on so comfortable a ship as the *Doric*. My cabin was commodious and fitted with hot and cold water. What a contrast to the cabin in which I had made the outward journey! The food was of the very best and the service admirable.

I met many of my old friends of the outward journey including Dr. and Mrs. Wolf of Cambridge University. Everyone, without any exception, seemed to have had a most enjoyable time in the States and in Canada, to which latter country most of the delegates had paid a short visit.

The voyage down the mighty St. Lawrence River was a great treat on account of the wonderful beauty of the scenery. In the afternoon of the 7th we reached Quebec, at which place we stopped long enough to take a drive round the city. Quebec is full of interest and the view across the St. Lawrence from the Heights of Abraham is one of extraordinary beauty. Quebec is the only city in the whole continent which has a city wall. The streets are the streets of Europe; many of them are extremely

narrow and tortuous. The people are nearly all French Canadians and ninety-five per cent are Roman Catholics. The main industries are the making of boots and the curing of furs. The latter are ridiculously cheap. There is no compulsory education in the State of Quebec, all education being in the hands of the Church. I visited the Church of Perpetual Adoration and saw something that I had not seen since I was a child, namely, nuns occupied, night and day, in nothing but prayer. There were thirty-two so engaged. French is spoken everywhere, and all official notices are written in French as well as English, even on the Mail carts: "Royal Mail" and "Maille Royale." This custom recalled Cape Town.

About 5.30 p.m. we continued our voyage down the St. Lawrence and for the next day as well. To us who had never visited this part of the world before, it was a joy to see icebergs, and, best of all, the Aurora Borealis. Over the latter some of the Germans waxed almost frantic with delight. They stood, like fowls drinking, gazing at the heavens, muttering such words as "herrlich," "wunderbar," "prachtvoll," by the hour. It certainly was all the Germans said.

We called at Glasgow and Belfast on our way to Liverpool and on our way I saw the very house at the end of the Mull of Kintyre where I spent so happy a holiday in the summer of 1897. Of that merry party,

ALL TOO HUMAN

I am, to the best of my knowledge, the only male survivor; the rest died in the war or of the war.

On Sunday, the 15th September, we arrived at Liverpool and by 7 p.m. that evening I was once more in London.

VIII

MY CHILDREN

"Love is presently out of breath, when it is to go up hill, from the children to the parents."

—From the works of GEORGE SAVILE, LORD HALIFAX

"Children stand more in need of example than criticism."

—JOSEPH JOUBERT

AS this book is dedicated to my children who will, I trust, not be offended by it, I feel I must include a section on them. Considering there is no course of instruction for young people of either sex in the art of parenthood, which is the most important of all arts, the best they can do when they become parents is to avoid making the mistakes their own parents made in their upbringing.

There are, of course, books, good, bad and indifferent, technical and non-technical, on parentage and on the upbringing of children. I have read a large number of them and no doubt have benefited by so doing. Anyhow, I am deeply interested in both the practical and the theoretical aspects of the upbringing of children, so that whenever I hear or read

an appreciation by a disinterested outsider of any of my children, I feel that my wife and I are entitled to a pat on the back.

To begin with, long before I was married, I was acutely aware of two big wrongs done to me and my brothers and sister by our mother. The first of these was her excessive over-estimation of the value of "the home." My admiration for the writings of Havelock Ellis, an admiration which tends perpetually to increase, had led me to study intensively the chapter entitled "Children and Parents" in his book *Little Essays of Love and Virtue*. In case any of my readers are so unfortunate as never to have read this book by Havelock Ellis, let me here quote a portion of the chapter on children and parents:

"Parents often take as their moral right the services which should only be accepted, if accepted at all, as the offering of love and gratitude, and even reach a degree of domineering selfishness in which they refuse to believe that their children have any adult rights of their own, absorbing and drying up that physical and spiritual life-blood of their offspring which it is the parents' part in Nature to feed. If the children are willing there is nothing to mitigate this process; if they are unwilling the result is often a disastrous conflict. Their time and energy are not their own; their tastes are criticised and so far as possible crushed; their political ideas, if they have any, are treated as pernicious; and—which is often

on both sides the most painful of all—differences in religious belief lead to bitter controversy and humiliating recrimination. Such differences in outlook between youth and age are natural and inevitable and right. The parents themselves, though they may have forgotten it, often in youth similarly revolted against the cherished doctrines of their own parents; it has ever been so, the only difference being that to-day, probably, the opportunities for variations are greater. So it comes about that what James Hinton said half a century ago is often true to-day: 'Our happy Christian homes are the real dark places of the earth'."

I made up my mind that if I ever became a father, I would never suggest, far less insist, on the importance to my children of their "home" in the development of their temperament and character, for so to do would almost inevitably interfere with their mother's psychological weaning of them. I do not know if my children have liked their "homes" (because they have had more than one place which has been a "home" to them), for I have never asked them, in case they, or any one of them, might reply "Yes" when the answer should be really "No." All questions of this description should never, I think, be asked of any child. I could slap a woman who asks her child, "Whom do you love best, Mummy or Daddy?", for she is a criminal fool to pose a child with such a question. My children will always be

entitled to come to and go from their "home" whenever they feel inclined.

At the same time, now that they are all more or less grown up, I like them to understand they are welcome "guests" in their home and as such have certain obligations towards their parents. No more, no less.

One of the greatest obstacles to the proper adjustment of children to parents is that no child can ever realise what parental love is until he, or she, becomes a parent. However, let that pass. The second terrible mistake made by my mother towards her children was her sexual jealousy of them. Of course, she was a sexually starved woman, but I do not hold that this fact was any excuse for her behaviour. In my account of my childhood I have referred to her attitude to me in my first love affair, which took place when I was six years old. I have done my best to avoid making this mistake also. Indeed, the manifestations of the sexual impulse in any of my children has aroused in me the greatest interest, so that I have, I think, been able to maintain a strongly objective attitude towards my children's affairs of this sort.

Like all members of my family, I have a deeply rooted horror of any form of corporal punishment and I have never struck any one of my children. I can never forget my horror on discovering that my wife used to beat our second child, Sam, when he

was about three years of age. No doubt Sam was a violent-tempered and obstinate little chap, but it may be that my wife's beatings were partly responsible for his behaviour. But I anticipate.

John, the eldest, was born in Cannanore in his mother's eldest sister's home. He was a breech presentation, but did not suffer from this initial misfortune. Soon after his birth (in 1911), my wife brought him to Saugor where I was then stationed. I remember how one evening he was lying asleep in his mother's lap and I was sitting beside her. Suddenly I noticed the child was smiling in his sleep. I said to my wife, "Darling, look at dear baby. He is laughing in his sleep." She replied, "Hush, dear, he is talking to God."

The following year, while away in Egypt, our second child was born. I named him Samuel after my friend, Samuel Townsend Sheppard, who was then assistant editor of *The Times of India*. He too was born in Cannanore. The doctor who attended my wife at her confinement arrived so drunk that he was incapable of rendering the least service to her.

Shortly after Sam's birth, I was transferred to Madras to act as Deputy Sanitary Commissioner. I took a house in Kilpauk and there we lived very happily until I was transferred to Lahore. For some reason, I forget now what, my wife and I sent Sam to Cannanore to live with his mother's sister, while John went with us to Lahore, which we reached in

May, 1912. John was then able to walk, and he displayed even at that age the kindly disposition which is so characteristic of him to-day. We had a blind man to pull our bedroom punkah at night, and as soon as John was up every morning, he would toddle off and lead the blind man away to his quarters in the servants' lines.

In November, 1912, I was transferred to Poona and once again we were all together. Here I noticed that John was developing a great fear of rain, but I managed to free him from it by making little paper boats and floating them in the water of the drains round the house when it was raining. John took a huge delight in this occupation, and would sit out in the rain along with me watching the little boats go dancing along the drains.

As I have already mentioned, Sam developed about this time a terrible temper for which, until I became aware of it, my wife used to beat him. Our happy home life was short-lived, because in August, 1914, I was called up for service and I never saw my sons again until April, 1919. During my absence in East Africa my wife gave birth to a daughter, to her great delight. Once, and then only for a few days, did I see our little Victoria. She died before she was two years old through the incompetence of a doctor who was called in to prescribe for a fever with convulsions which overtook her. My wife always maintains that Victoria was by far the most intelligent of our

MY CHILDREN

six children. Her remains lie in a little grave on the sea-shore at Cannanore.

In 1920 my wife gave birth to another daughter whom we named Rosamund after my aunt Rosamund Davenport-Hill. Like the three previous children, Rosamund was born in Cannanore, whence she was brought to Ranchi. As she grew up she showed a manifest dislike to her mother and displayed great ingenuity in trying to provoke her, with complete want of success, for my wife treated Rosamund with unflinching patience and goodwill.

In 1921 our third son was born. Him we named Owen. Unlike our other four children, he was not born in Cannanore, but in Ranchi. I recollect I was sitting in my office at the hospital when the telephone rang and I heard the maternity nurse telling me to come at once to the house. I leapt on to a bicycle and pedalled furiously home. A quarter of an hour before, I had been giving my wife whiffs of chloroform to ease her pain, and when I arrived in her room, Owen was in the nurse's arms. A magnificent baby, weighing nearly ten pounds. Owen was a very attractive child and was made a great pet of by everyone.

In 1922 my wife and I took our four children to England. We also took our negro servant, Hassan bin Kijumbi. On reaching Marseilles we were told the ship would stay the whole day there, so we determined to visit the Colonial Exhibition that was being

held there. We all climbed into a tram and started off. On the way to the Exhibition a very smart and intensely black Senegalese sergeant got into the tram and took his seat next to Hassan. At the sight of a fellow African Hassan broke into Swahili. The Senegalese sergeant turned his head slightly in Hassan's direction and gave him a withering look.

Poor Hassan visibly quailed, but recovering himself he turned to me and said: "Bwana, I do not think the ombashi understands Swahili. Will you speak to him in Arabic? He may understand that."

In spite of the fact that I knew a Senegalese would not understand Arabic, to please Hassan I addressed the sergeant in the Arabic of the Yemen. It was my turn now for a withering look, and I got it.

"There you are, Hassan," I said, "he does not understand Arabic. I will try him in French," and I opened out in my best French.

In an instant the sergeant's face became wreathed in smiles, and when I explained who we all were, he was most communicative. Here was another excellent illustration of the wisdom of the French in making their colonial troops learn their language. The French insist, and I think with perfect right, that a French subject must become a Frenchman, and to become a Frenchman he must learn to speak French. As I have observed already, this should be our attitude towards our Indian and colonial coloured

troops; but then an Englishman does not want an Indian or a Somali to become a Britisher.

As far as I remember now, I had kept my marriage a secret up to this time, so that our arrival in England created a bit of a stampede in my family. My mother was bowled out, middle stump, bails and all. On the way from Liverpool to London, I took John and Sam into the restaurant-car of the train when the other passengers had left it, and explained the situation to them. John had nothing to say when I told them that we all might get a rather cold reception from my family, but not so Sam, who at once went up in flames and said that in such circumstances he did not wish to meet any of them.

As I was very hard up, by reason of the heavy expense of the journey, we went, on arrival in London, to a fifth-class hotel in Bloomsbury. The day after our arrival in London I called alone on my mother, who was still living at Airlie Gardens. She was not terribly enthusiastic when she learnt I had a wife and four children. After a certain amount of chat about it she asked me to bring my wife to tea on the following day. Accordingly, my wife and I went round to my mother's house about tea-time. I left my wife downstairs while I went up to the drawing-room to make sure what sort of humour my mother was in, because I was not going to run the slightest risk of my wife not getting a welcome. To my great relief, I found my mother had quite made

up her mind to be pleasant, so I told the parlourmaid to ask my wife to come upstairs.

My wife had put on a very beautiful *sari* and looked very handsome. She walked into the room and immediately my mother got up and crossed the room to greet her. With great dignity my wife advanced to meet her. She took my mother's hands in hers and kissed each of them. This gesture quite overwhelmed my mother, who then kissed my wife and spoke to her in a most affectionate manner.

It was my mother who persuaded my wife to contract her name Kunhimanny to "Kay" by which name she is still known. (As a matter of fact my wife's real name is "Janaki," but, as her mother had no sons, she gave my wife, her youngest daughter, a boy's name and to the age of about nine my wife was brought up as a boy to please her mother.) The next day the children were brought to see their grandmother, and they delighted her so much that the whole family were invited to stay with her, so, to our great content, we gave up our rooms in the hotel and moved into my mother's luxurious house. We stayed a week or so with my mother and then betook ourselves to Eton, where my brother Matthew, who was a house-master at Eton College, kindly placed his house at our disposal.

After spending a short time at Eton, my wife and I left our children in the care of a friend of my mother, a Miss Florence Kensitt, and went to Berlin

to attend the International Psychoanalytical Congress, which was being held there. We crossed over to Holland and stayed a couple of days in Utrecht, where I visited the new Neuropathic Clinic, as well as the mental hospital near Utrecht which was then in charge of the eminent Dutch psychoanalyst, Dr. August Starcke. I shall never forget the excitement my wife's appearance caused when she walked abroad in Holland, particularly in Utrecht.

At that time the German mark had fallen so low that two second-class tickets from the Dutch German frontier to Berlin cost only two shillings. On arriving in Berlin we put up at an hotel where our friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Flugel, were also staying. Berlin in those days was in a parlous state by the fall of the mark. The taxis were without rubber tyres and the streets were filthy. Nevertheless the Congress went off very satisfactorily. We had the pleasure of being introduced to Professor Sigmund Freud. My wife's *saris* were much admired. She was the only Indian present. Our kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Roheim, took us to a Russian opera which was beautifully staged. In all it was a delightful visit, so that we were sorry when the time came for us to return to Eton.

From Eton we went to Reigate and stayed in the house of Lady Scott, the wife of the eminent King's Counsel, now Lord Justice Scott, Judge of the Court of Appeal. To save money and trouble we managed

to get a lift in a half-empty motor van which was taking some furniture to some place in Kent which was on the way to Reigate. We all sat at the back of the van and greatly enjoyed the drive. The place at which the furniture had to be delivered was a lovely old Elizabethan house buried in a garden of fruit trees. The van drew up and the owner of the house, who turned out to be a retired naval officer, came out to receive his furniture. His surprise at seeing four children, one Indian female, one European male and one negro emerge from the van can be better imagined than described. He turned rather angrily on the driver of the van and asked who we all were. Overcome by embarrassment and amusement I walked away, leaving my dear ones and Hassan to deal with the astonished seaman. Eventually the situation was explained and the gentleman's furniture having been extricated from the van's interior we proceeded on our journey.

After some time in Reigate I took a tiny house in Freshwater, Isle of Wight, into which we moved. My wife did the cooking, Hassan did the house-work and I looked after Rosamund and Owen. John and Sam went to Bembridge School, where they were very happy after the experiences of North Point, Darjeeling, and a school at Naini Tal. In the autumn we left John and Sam and returned to India, taking with us a governess for Rosamund and Owen. We were luckier than some close friends of ours who

also brought a governess out from England, who made a complete hell of the lives of their three children. Not until they had been back in India for several months did they learn, and then only through their cook, that the children were being subjected to systematic frightfulness. All three had been promised additional tortures if any of them told their parents how they were being treated. No one will ever know exactly how this woman behaved towards them. One of her methods of treatment was to fill the bath full of water and then plunge one child after another into the water and hold them under until they were nearly suffocated. Terrified by her threats, the children did not tell either their mother or their father about their governess. They confided in the cook. As soon as my friends got wind of what was happening, they gave the governess money for her passage back to England and turned her out of the house.

I mention this incident because, though I have read many books on the psychology of the child, in no one of them have I met any explanation which seemed to me at all satisfactory of the fact that children will submit to ill-treatment without complaint from governesses and such like, even when living in close contact with parents who love them and show deep interest in their welfare. One would have thought that these particular children would have risked a reprisal from the governess and

told their mother or me how she was treating them, but no, they told the cook! There is no doubt that children, and many adults too, for that matter, are very susceptible to intimidation when a moment's thought would show them that they have no reason to fear it. Are children capable of this type of rationation or are they not? And what about adults in similar circumstances? Are we confronted here by some atavistic type of reaction, Jung's Race Unconscious or what? I do not know and it seems to me that nobody knows and, what is worse, so few people care.

At the beginning of 1924 my wife announced that she was again pregnant. We were both devastated by the news, but tried to draw comfort from the knowledge that Freud was the result of a failure in contraception! Short of undergoing an operation to give rise to an abortion, my wife did all she could to dislodge the unwelcome inhabitant of her womb, but to no purpose. In July of that year she went out one afternoon in our old Ford car and got the very devil of a shaking, so that when she returned home she told me she thought "something had happened." We telephoned for our good friend, Colonel J. P. Murray, I.M.S., the Civil Surgeon of Ranchi. He came and examined my wife and then told me that if labour was to be averted she must be put to bed at once and kept very quiet.

The situation was serious, as my wife was only

seven months pregnant. Hoping for the best, I took her to the hospital and put her to bed in Tuke Ward. That same night, about midnight, my bedside telephone rang and I heard the Matron, Miss Ryan, telling me to come over at once. I dashed across to the hospital to find my wife had given birth to another daughter, very small but very lively: a seven months' baby! She was named Alice after her grandmother.

By that time the two elder boys were at school in England, and in the following year my wife and I and the three little ones set out in March on a visit to Europe. We took with us an Indian ayah and an Arab servant, named Ali, and travelled to Genoa. As it was so early in the year we decided not to go on to England but to stay for a while in Lugano. My very dear friend, Miss Caroline Hubback, sister of the present Governor of Orissa, joined the ship as our guest at Naples. My brother Matthew met us at Genoa and the whole party set off to Porto Fino, where we put up in a luxurious but almost empty hotel. It was there that my wife saw for the first time in her life ice on a road.

In Genoa, Caroline Hubback very kindly undertook to buy a hat for Owen and for this purpose took the child with her to the shops. To keep Owen warm, he had been given a dark blue serge overcoat which reached down to his ankles. For some unexplained reason, Caroline chose a low-crowned, broad-brimmed black hat, which headgear, coupled with

the long dark blue overcoat, made Owen look like a little priest. When he returned wearing this curious attire, the whole party dissolved into shouts of laughter. Owen soon discovered that we were laughing at him, with the result he tore off the hat and threw it away, refusing ever to wear it again. The hat was ever afterwards referred to as the "runcible" hat.

Everywhere Owen went, his appearance created a sensation. Shop assistants would rush towards him if his mother or I took him into a shop: "*Come bello bambino!*"

At Porto Fino, Caroline Hubback left us to return to Rome and the rest of the party proceeded to Lugano. We arrived late one evening, very hungry and tired. We betook ourselves to the Hotel Bristol, where the manager, for some reason or other, leapt to the conclusion that we (my brother Matthew and I) were Dutchmen from Java. More mistaken than that, he presumed that my wife was my brother's wife and the ayah was my wife. (These erroneous diagnoses were put across to us in German, a language my brother understands even better than I do). When he had committed himself to an expression of these astonishing views and allowed himself to take breath, my brother Matthew explained that he and I were Englishmen and that he was a bachelor. On hearing this, the manager turned to me and, making a profound bow, congratulated me on my

felicity in having *two* wives! This remark evoked a roar of laughter from my brother and me, to the consternation of the manager who obviously prided himself in making "snap" diagnoses. His attitude was so obviously genuine and well-meaning that it was impossible to be annoyed, so to clear up the situation with as little delay as possible I explained to him in English (a language with which he was perfectly acquainted) who was who. I think he was immensely relieved to find that no umbrage had been taken over his error as to our nationality, and relationship one to another, for we were, from that moment, treated with the greatest kindness and consideration even to the cashing of some of my rather dubious cheques.

After a week or so at Lugano, I went to England to bring out John and Sam. On the return journey I took both boys to see the six hundred year old colony of insanes at the little Belgian town of Gheel, near Antwerp. Gheel has a population of over 15,000 in its nine parishes. Within this area some 1,500 certified mental patients are boarded and cared for in households. Under this system the patient lives as one of the family and has no restrictions placed upon his freedom, except that he must be "home" by eight p.m. in the summer and four p.m. in the winter, and is not allowed to be served with alcoholic refreshment without special permission. A patient arriving at Gheel, unless there are special indications otherwise, is placed in the Infirmary for

observation, so that the Medical Director can study the type of case he has to deal with and make sure that it is one suitable for the system.

If at any subsequent time any illness should arise requiring special medical attention, or should any episodic outbreak of recalcitrancy or violence be manifested, the patient can be temporarily transferred to this Infirmary where he will be under a stricter and a safer *régime*. As soon as a case is sufficiently understood, the question as to which family he or she shall be relegated to has to be decided. This is always an important point, which depends not only on the social class of the individual but upon the patient's choice and perhaps that of the relations, and also upon the Medical Director's knowledge of the special adaptive requirements needed, and the families where he is most likely to meet such. It not infrequently happens that a patient has to change his *milieu* more than once before he feels he is in a correct environment in which he can feel at home.

The families themselves take a highly active interest in the happiness and welfare of their charges, so that their co-operation in the work may always be counted upon. This care for the mentally afflicted is quite voluntary, and any *nourricier* has to be able to show evidence of an irreproachable character before the great responsibility is allowed. Indeed, any family to whom it is not considered advisable to

entrust a patient, lives in perpetual shame. The Medical Director told me that no man could get his daughter married if it could be proved that a patient had never been allowed to dwell in the girl's family. The pecuniary emolument is very small. At the time of my visit what is termed "First-class" accommodation cost six hundred francs *a year*, that is about Rs.85. This sum procures a pleasant bed-sitting room and excellent food.

Through Christian influence and through the accumulated traditions of twelve centuries, the insane have come to be regarded by the people of Gheel, not as individuals who are to be shunned and feared and placed without the pale of society, but as sufferers from disease which may be cured or alleviated, or who, at any rate, may have their lot rendered happier and less burdensome by human understanding, kindness and sympathy. The *nourricier* takes a pleasure and much trouble in smoothing away the adaptive difficulties which beset his patient's path, and only too gladly works hand-in-hand with the medical officer with this common object in view. It might be supposed that the familial care system, involving an intimate mixture of the insane and sane, must in time have a deleterious effect on the latter; that with so much liberty given to those who presumably lack inhibition, immorality is bound to be rife; and that the possible dangers of escape, violence and suicide would be difficult or

impossible to control. In practice none of these fears have been found verified. The mental health of the population of Gheel has always compared most favourably with that of other Belgian towns; immorality and illegitimacy are at a minimum; and it is very infrequently that any injury to person or property is reported.

The contentment of the great majority of the patients is such that the idea of escape from their environment does not easily enter their minds. Further it seems that all forms of mental alienation can be treated on the familial system, though it is obvious that those who after observation show a continued anti-social tendency, and those who thereby may be a danger to themselves and others or who would offend the public decency, must be segregated away from the community in institutions. The experience of Gheel demonstrates that many insanes who show dangerous proclivities in their own homes become quiet and peaceful in the colony. It is recorded that a violent maniac who had to be brought to Gheel tightly bound down with ropes to a hand-barrow and guarded by two men, which was thought necessary to ensure safety, permitted himself to be led about contentedly by a child of his *nourricier*.

Naturally, perhaps, neither John nor Sam was so deeply impressed with this unique settlement as I was. We spent a delightful time in Lugano. I have never seen my wife so happy as she was during those

weeks. She so enjoyed going down to the town by the funicular railway, which Owen always referred to as the "Funny Colour Railway," and bargaining for small things that took her fancy. She did not, of course, know a word of any European language except English, but did wonderfully well in spite of this drawback by getting the shopkeepers who did not speak English, of whom there were many, to write down the price of any article, whereupon she would write down a much smaller offer. Her Indian dress, coupled with her courteously humorous manner of address, made her very popular with the townsfolk with whom she came in contact.

After some weeks at Lugano, with deep regret we proceeded on our way to England and stopped at Ostend, where we put up in the railway hotel. Money was so short then that we had to take our meals in the cheapest restaurant we could find. Once a week we permitted ourselves a better-class dinner at some rather more expensive place, but, as a rule, we lunched and dined at a place where we got a meal at five francs a head. In those days a Belgian franc was equal to twopence halfpenny. The Arab, Ali, and the Indian ayah took their food at some even cheaper place, whereat Ali took a particular pleasure in curtailing the ayah's propensity to over-indulgence in eating.

From Ostend we continued our journey to England, and after staying some time in my mother's house,

we went as paying guests to a house in the country. Our hostess reminded me of the type of English-woman which has done so much to bring about and maintain unhappy relations between English people and Indians. She was ignorant, arrogant and intensely narrow-minded. She infuriated me by constantly referring to her desire "to mould" her children's characters. Did she, I wonder, ever realise how disastrous it would be for her children to acquire, through this process of so-called "moulding," a character like her own? In spite of her deplorable outlook, her daughters were quite charming girls, and I often contemplated how pleased any one of them would be to be permitted, without any fear of reprisals, to cut her throat. Her resentment at having an Indian, not to mention the Indian woman's half-caste children, living in her house and eating at her table, was only too evident to me. My solicitude towards my wife, who was not well at this time, only added fuel to the fire of her exasperation. That it was her poverty that made her accept us as paying guests in her house, must have added a guilt roof to her horror. To think that this vulgar, ignorant and arrogant woman could presume that the non-pigmentation of her skin entitled her to treat with an all-too-obvious contumely a woman like my wife, filled me with loathing.

In the upbringing of children the two most debat-

able points in their education seem to me to be those concerned with sex and religion.

Let us take sex first. One hears and reads a great deal to-day on the "sexual enlightenment" of children. As Havelock Ellis has pointed out, the main feature of sexual enlightenment, namely, instruction in the art of love, is systematically omitted. How are we to make good this deplorable omission? How many parents are sufficiently aware of what constitutes the art of love, to be able to pass on the knowledge to their children? Further, how many parents who do know what constitutes the art of love, are capable of passing on the information to their children? Of the former very few: of the latter still fewer.

I cannot say that in this aspect of my children's education I have been any better than the ordinary parent. At the same time, I have never discouraged any child of mine from asking questions about sex, and I have always tried to answer their questions in terms appropriate to their age and understanding. I well remember my wife telling me how, when she was carrying Alice, Rosamund asked her: "Will the baby which is inside you come out of your ear?" Rosamund was four years old when she asked that question. I have often repeated the story to illustrate that in the mind of the child any aperture of the body whatsoever is a potential exit for birth.

Of course, the majority of parents are so ill-at-ease in their own minds, in regard to their own

sexual life, that their only response to questions of this kind, when asked by their own children, is in the nature of an evasion of some sort. This attitude towards questions concerning procreation and birth is doubly deplorable. Firstly, it promotes, if indeed it does not increase, the child's want of confidence in his or her father and mother. Secondly, parents who adopt this type of reply to questions about sex put to them by their own children, are frequently unaware of the fact that the question is put by the child with the sole intention of testing its parents' capacity to tell the truth, because the child is already aware of the answer.

Here, again, our best efforts to bring our children to terms with the procreative aspects of life are frequently brought to naught by the senseless attitude towards the subject which is almost universal in our schools to-day. Fortunately the normal child is usually able to resist these influences, for it is the impulse of the healthy child either to let them fall with indifference or to apply to them the instrument of his unmerciful logic. As an example of the unpromising rationalism of children, I may tell here an anecdote of my daughter Rosamund. It so happened that Rosamund and Owen were not christened as infants, a fact which caused my mother such regret that I consented to have this portentous ceremony performed on both of them. At that time Rosamund was about four years of age. When the officiating

clergyman took her in his arms and lifted her to the font, she shouted: "Mummy, this is not my bath time and this man has no soap!"

The second topic, religion, which must inevitably be dealt with by parents and school teachers in the education of children, is almost as important. I agree wholeheartedly with the view of Lord Morley as expressed in his essay on "*Religious Conformity*," in which he writes: "There can be no good belief for the deliberate and formal inculcation upon the young of a number of propositions which you believe to be false. To do this is to sow tares not in your enemies' field but in the very ground which is most precious of all others to you and most full of hope for the future. To allow it to be done merely that children may grow up in the stereotyped mould is simply to perpetuate in new generations the present thick-sighted and dead heavy state of our spirits. It is to do one's best to keep society for an indefinite time sapped by hollow and void professions, instead of being nourished by sincerity and wholeheartedness. However desirable it may be that the young should know all sorts of erroneous beliefs and opinions as products of the past, it can hardly be in any degree desirable that they should take them for truths." Into my own childhood there was introduced a mixture of cynicism and somewhat watered-down religiosity which brought about in my mind a good deal of conflict. I am glad to be able to say, how-

ever, that the cynicism prevailed, so that I formed the opinion that the general effect of religion was to restrict man's outlook and mar his happiness.

With regard to my own children, I have refrained from trying to influence them for or against religion, and the result has been that all of them, with the exception perhaps of my son Sam, have passed through a state of religiosity more or less intense. John and Sam were for a period of their childhood at a Convent School in India, where, from what they have told me, they were treated with exceptional cruelty in respect to matters that are generally termed "supernatural." Later on, both boys went to North Point School, Darjeeling, a school run by Jesuits. When I found out that letters from my wife and myself were opened and read before they were delivered to John and Sam, and that their letters likewise were read before being posted, I went up to Darjeeling and interviewed the Rector. I told him that I would not tolerate any interference with the correspondence between my wife or myself and our sons. The Rector replied that it was a school rule, but he was willing to make an exception in the case of my two boys. To this I remarked: "Rector, if you have a rule in the matter of correspondence of boys of this school, I think it should be kept, but I think that my boys had better go."

I cannot understand the intentions which have given rise to a rule of this description, for nothing,

to my mind, could better promote the growth of an indifference towards the practice of all kinds of deception than a rule of this sort.

In conclusion, I will quote a short passage from an address I gave years ago to a meeting of the Society for The Promotion of The Gospel which took place in Ranchi: "We see that the question of teaching religion to children involves the appreciation of two fundamental problems. The first is that which psychology is rediscovering for us, namely, that the child is incapable of understanding what the adult mind means by religion until the child has entered upon that change which we term briefly, puberty. The second matter for decision is one on which the minds of most of you are probably already made up, namely, that the Christian religion is a religion that is worth teaching. My own view on this point is that any religion, it does not matter whether it be the teaching of Christ, Mohammed or Buddha, is, from the very antiquity of its origin, not adequate to meet fully the demands of twentieth-century civilisation. Since these three great religious teachers lived, human thought and practice have undergone enormous development, to the end that man needs to-day a philosophy that is in touch with modern aspirations and modern ideas. It seems to me that to ask men to-day to turn in their spiritual conflicts for help to the teachings of Buddha, Christ or Mohammed is hardly different than to ask them

to decide their bodily conflicts with bows and arrows. As man's carnal weapons today are machine-guns, poison gas and high explosives, so it seems to me his spiritual weapons should bear more relation to his increased knowledge and developed experience. However, be this as it may, I would still maintain that it is every man's duty to keep the standard of intellectual honesty at a lofty pitch, and what better service can a man render than to furnish the world with an example of faithful dealing with his own conscience and with his fellows?"

Another point of great importance in the upbringing of children is the inculcation of a spirit of independence. How often in the course of my thirty years and more in India, have I heard Indians (particularly Bengalis) say: "We can never cultivate 'independence' so long as we are a subject race." This is mere nonsense. The lack of a spirit of "independence" in Indians, and no one can deny that this, generally speaking, is so, is not due to subjection of British rule, but to their system of rearing their children. From early infancy up to the age of three, four or five, the Indian child is carried about much more than need be, particularly among the well-to-do classes. The result of this habit is that Indian children are much less mobile than European or African children. African infants who cannot yet walk are allowed to roll about to an extent one seldom sees in India.

Added to this interference with the development of their mobility, the acquisition of independence in other respects by Indian children is further inhibited by an excessive solicitude in regard to the ordinary tumbles and petty accidents that are the ineluctable features of infancy and childhood. If a toddler trips and falls, at least one person promptly picks it up. After a few experiences of this kind the child falls more or less deliberately, using the antic as a gambit in its game of calling attention to itself. I forbade any servant of mine ever to pick up any of my children who happened to fall. They were left to scramble to their feet unaided. Further, the Indian home, particularly the Hindu home, is organised on lines which are strongly prejudicial to the growth of independence. Aldous Huxley, in *Jesting Pilate*, very rightly points out that the Hindu family is like the banyan tree. Its scions remain, even in maturity, attached to the parent tree. The national tree of England, on the other hand, is the oak, and English families—once, no doubt, as banyan-like as the Indian—are coming to resemble handfuls of scattered acorns that grow up at a distance from their tree of origin. Those who have had in India, or on the Continent of Europe, any experience of the really united banyan family, can only feel thankful at the turn our social botany is taking.

In view, therefore, of the importance I attach to the inculcation of independence in children, and the

fixed belief that very few children who were unaware who are their parents, would ever pick out by preference their fathers and mothers from a crowd of strangers, I take considerable pleasure in observing the lack of dependence in my children on their parents. At times, perhaps, I give way to a feeling of sorrow that my training of my children has met with such success, but this is more selfishness and as such to be repulsed with vigour.

Few people seem to me to realise the cunning, selfishness and duplicity of small children. They are also completely without mercy. How well I recall a protracted tussle with Alice when she was about four years old. She developed such revolting table manners that I insisted she took her meals in the veranda. Day after day she would at the conclusion of her tiffin peep over the closed lower portion of the door separating the veranda from the dining-room where I was eating, and call out, "Daddy, can I take breakfast with you to-morrow?"

I would invariably reply: "Let me first see how much mess with your food you have made to-day." I would then get up and go into the veranda and, sure enough, the floor would be strewn with grains of rice, bits of bread and what not. I would then say to her: "Not until you cease throwing your food on the ground can you take your meals with me."

This went on for weeks, until one day, at the usual invitation, I went out and there was not a

grain of rice or a crumb of bread on the floor. The struggle had been a long one, but Alice had at last capitulated. From that day forth she and I took our food together.

Even at that age she had learnt to go to bed by herself. When her bed-time came, there was no chat about it, or very rarely. I was kissed "good night" and away she went upstairs, all alone. She would undress, clean her teeth, sit on her little pot, put on her pyjamas, turn out the electric light, get into bed and go to sleep. How many children between the ages of four to five will do likewise? Precious few. One Sunday in Paris my wife, Alice and I were in the Jardin des Plantes. There was a huge crowd. Suddenly I felt a tap on the shoulder and turning round saw a Frenchwoman who said to me, "Monsieur, unless I am mistaken, your little daughter has wandered off by herself," pointing down the pathway. Thanking this good woman for her timely notice of Alice's whereabouts, I ran off in the direction indicated and soon overtook Alice, who was walking along quite unconcerned. Although this incident might have led to a great deal of worry and trouble, I have often cited it with pride as an instance of Alice's independence.

One more word about my children and then I shall close this section. I think they have achieved an orientation towards their origin, i.e. children of a "mixed" marriage, which does them (or their

parents ?) great credit. I have felt it essential to their peace of mind, as well as to their making a success of their lives, to warn them not against Indians but against Europeans, particularly Englishwomen, who are, in my opinion, a fecund source of several sorts of trouble in India. To begin with, the majority of Englishwomen in India are not ladies, hence they are frequently overbearing and inconsiderate towards persons whom they deem to be their inferiors. Every up-country club is fertile in snobberies, dissimulations, prejudices, hatreds, envies. What is worse, a point stressed by Aldous Huxley in *Jesting Pilate*, is that behind every ludicrous antic of the snobberies, conventions and deceits of the club's members, lie the tragic implications of the reciprocal hatred of colours. For these horrors and many others like them, Englishwomen are largely responsible.

IX

MY HORSES

"Whenever I see a man fighting with a horse, I am always certain the horse is in the right."

—MAURICE DE SAXE, *Marshal of France.*

ALL my life I have been devoted to horses. My mother told me that as an infant in arms, before I could speak, I would urge her to take me to my father's stables by shouting "Purrs, purrs," my infantile term for a horse. As a small boy, hardly anyone came to our house in a cab without my asking: "What was the colour of the horse?" Although I have undergone three courses of psychoanalysis at the hands of highly competent analysts, this "horse-complex" has never been made evident. My own associations in the matter have not thrown much light on the subject.

I have owned two mares, each of whom I named Alice, after my mother, and another mare whom I called Janaki, after my wife. To witness any cruelty to a horse has always evoked in me a feeling of extraordinary horror. I believe this may account for my complete indifference to racing of any sort,

although one of my proudest possessions is a silver cup won by my horse "Rajpoot" at the first point-to-point races held at the Cavalry Training School at Saugor.

Rajpoot was a wonderful horse across country. As he had a Roman nose and looked so queer he was often referred to as the "hair-trunk" by officers of the Cavalry School who should have known better. Even his jockey in this race, Lieutenant E. S. Vicary, did not know until he was up and going what a wonderful beast he bestrode. Like my chestnut mare Janaki, he would never go in a trap. As soon as he felt himself tied to a trap he would lie down. After he had broken several shafts I gave up putting him in harness. One day a mad jackal ran through my compound in Saugor and bit him in the nose. Poor Rajpoot contracted hydrophobia and had to be shot.

Another of my favourites was my little black mare, Alice I. She came to a sad end, being stung to death by wild bees. It happened thus: I had been out for a drive behind her and on my return I gave her a bunch of fresh lucerne while she was still in the shafts. Like a fool, I took her headstall off so that she should enjoy the lucerne without her bit in her mouth. Probably the sight of my trap startled her, for off she went right across the flower beds, trap and all. She jumped the low wall at the bottom of the garden and in so doing broke loose from the

trap, which was left with its wheels spinning round, upside down on the top of the wall. Alice galloped and galloped until she must have startled a swarm of the ferocious Indian bees such as poured over the Red Dog in their pursuit of Mowgli in *The Jungle Book*. My C.O., the Colonel of the 2nd Lancers, kindly gave orders that some sowars should go and look for Alice. The sowars eventually found her in a terrible plight and took her straight to the veterinary hospital of the Cavalry School. My good friend, Captain Mosley, the Veterinary Surgeon, did his best to save her life, but she had to be shot. Her head and muzzle were so swollen she looked more like a hippopotamus than a horse. I could not bear to look at her.

Another beloved horse was a big black waler whom I named "Bucephalus" after the charger of Alexander the Great. He was always known as "Jack" to his syce. I bought him in answer to an advertisement in the *Pioneer* from an officer stationed at Pachmarhi, without ever having set eyes on him, and I never made a better bargain. He was entirely without fear of anything, wild boar included. No noise of any sort ever disturbed his serenity. He was a magnificent pig-sticker and would never give in. One day when out with the Saugor Tent Club, he tried an enormous leap over a nullah and fell into the middle of it. I shot over his head and fell with a crash several yards in front of him. I scrambled to

my feet and took a look at Bucephalus. He was lying absolutely still. I thought the dear beast was dead, but he was only completely winded. I undid his girths and let him lie for a bit until I could see he was breathing again. Then I pulled him on to his legs and having re-saddled him hopped into the saddle and followed on.

One day my orderly was riding him as my spare horse. The orderly, a Rajpoot, got carried away with excitement to such an extent that he tried to spear a boar with my reserve spear which he was carrying. He wounded the boar, who then charged and cut Bucephalus in his off hind leg. Fortunately a camel sowar carrying bandages and dressings was near at hand, so I soon had Bucephalus's wound dressed and bandaged. The wound healed by first intention, but what was much more surprising the adventure made no impression on Bucephalus's courage as adventures of this sort so often do on the minds of horses.

As our Vet, Mosley, did not join the Saugor Tent Club I was always responsible for wounds and injuries to animals as well as to humans. I recollect one day a boar cut through the femoral artery just above the hock of a big chestnut waler mare. It so happened I was near at hand and able to apply a tourniquet made out of a stirrup leather. I had to crawl under the mare's belly, and very fortunately for me she stood quite still. I think she knew

something horrid had happened and I was trying my best to set matters right. It was a truly "bloody" job and when I had finished I was covered with gore. We left her tethered by all feet to the spot in the hope that by preventing her from moving we could save her from bleeding to death. Although the hæmorrhage stopped, she contracted tetanus and had to be destroyed.

Besides my appointment as Medical Officer to the Cavalry Training School at Saugor, I was also Medical Officer to the 2nd Lancers, Gardiner's Horse. Among the many fine officers of that regiment perhaps there was none finer than Major Frank Maxwell, one of the many famous Maxwells of the army. He was a man completely without fear. On one occasion I remember he and I were riding after a pig; the pig jinked and in so doing ran under Maxwell's horse with the result that the horse fell and he with it in a terrible tangle on the ground. The pig disengaged itself and ran on. Thinking that Maxwell might be injured I pulled up and was about to dismount when he shouted at me: "Go on, you bloody little fool—never mind me."

Doing as I was told I rode on, and approached the pig, which was now standing ready to receive my charge. I was mounted on my courageous horse Bucephalus, but even Bucephalus's courage failed when we came close to the boar at bay. He reared and turned and fortunately for me and the horse

the boar did not charge. I put him at the boar again, and again he refused.

At this moment I heard Maxwell shout: "Get off, and you and I will spear him on foot." To my surprise Maxwell was advancing on foot with his hog spear tucked under his left armpit, for, as I did not know at the moment, he had broken his right wrist. Again doing as I was told, I got off Bucephalus and fell in by the side of Maxwell and advanced, albeit with great trepidation, upon the boar, who was still standing staring at us. What happened at this moment I do not exactly remember, as I was considerably frightened. Anyway, the boar was killed and I must presume that it died from a thrust by Maxwell's spear. When I saw that the boar was completely dead, I turned to Maxwell and said: "Really, Major, I think you might have let me attend to you without making this attack on foot."

He replied: "Oh, to hell with you. You are here to learn pig-sticking, not doctoring. Now bandage my wrist up."

When Alice I died from the stings of bees I bought another black mare, and as she was the very spit of Alice I, I called her Alice also. She was a wonderful trapper, and could pull my beautiful "buggy," built by a famous firm of carriage builders in Long Acre, thirteen miles in an hour with no urging. She was very fond of beer, so that whenever she had achieved a more than ordinary feat of

trapping, I would give her a quart of Bass with her bran mash.

From Saugor I was transferred to Madras and from Madras to Lahore and from Lahore to Poona. The three dear horses—Bucephalus, Alice and Janaki—went with me. It was a terrible expense, but I could not part with them. Alice was eventually sold, while the other two went, like master, to the War; Bucephalus to France and Janaki to Mesopotamia. I believe that Janaki was in the siege of Kut, and died so that men could eat her flesh and live. Not a bad end for a horse, when one comes to think of it.

During the War I had only on one occasion a charger. Like all horses in East Africa, he did not last long on account of the terrible "coast fever." Anyhow, I was on his back when I and a sergeant in the Supply and Transport Corps captured two Germans and six German askaris—all fully armed. This episode is described on a previous page.

After the War the *res angusta domi* was so pressing I could not afford to keep a horse until I was nearing the end of my service. Then I bought a vulgar gulf Arab stallion and an old little mare (black again!) who was destined to be the mount of at least three of my children, not to mention several of the nurses of the Ranchi European Mental Hospital. She was named Mary Anne, and I have never known a more "confidential" hack. Mary Anne lived to a great age,

when she had to be destroyed as she became so enfeebled she could not rise from the ground.

I can truthfully state that of all the horses I have owned I have had only one bad one, and that was a black country-bred mare I bought in Bangalore. She was a good-looking animal and pretty fast for a short distance. She was all right as soon as one was in the saddle, but the job was to get into it uninjured, for she kicked out with all four feet and would bite, too, if she got a chance. One day she lifted me up in the air, catching my right breast in her teeth. I gave her a hard punch on the muzzle which made her drop me, and for more than a week the marks of her teeth remained. At last I sold her to an Indian who told me he would use her for trapping. I explained to him that her temper was so bad I was sure she would never go in a trap. However, as he persisted in his belief he could teach her to trap, I let him go his way. I heard afterwards that she bolted with him and smashed his trap to pieces. I am not quite sure, but I think that the man himself was killed.

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*"Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan did that."*

ON the 24th October, 1934, I handed over charge of the Ranchi European Mental Hospital, and, like the Cheshire Cat, faded away. I had refused all suggestions of any sort of farewell function. Like H. G. Wells, I feel that leaders should guide as far as they can and then vanish. Looking back on the fifteen years of my leadership, I realise only too well that much of my work was slovenly and irritated. But in spite of this, the miserable bear-garden I had taken charge of in October, 1919, had become the finest mental hospital in Asia, and a great deal finer than many mental hospitals in Europe.

So far from the people of Ranchi, particularly the Europeans, taking any pride in the notoriety my work had conferred on the place, they were without exception embarrassed by the association of Ranchi with "lunatics." It is related that the inhabitants of the township of Sing-Sing became so embarrassed by its association with the famous gaol alongside it, that they changed the name of their town to Osning.

I believe that had any one suggested calling Ranchi by some other name a very large number of people would have warmly supported the suggestion. In addition to this, my lack of "reverence" towards constituted authority, my restiveness under discipline and hostility to dogma had all added to my unpopularity among the village elders.

When Thomas Wakley, the founder and editor of *The Lancet*, died, someone said of him: "No man was ever more certainly intended by Providence to tread the thorny path of the reformer. He had inexhaustible energy and pluck, a profound compassion for the weak and suffering, a hatred of injustice and perhaps a certain enjoyment in stirring up hostility to himself in a good cause." I think that precisely the same might be said about me. I have never had any use for the prunes and prisms of secretarial deportment, so that I have rarely missed an opportunity to tweak solemnity's nose or to make human pomposity look mean and ridiculous.

"Eh bien, oui, c'est mon vice. . . .

Déplaire est mon plaisir.

J'aime qu'on me haisse."

To be a friend of mine laid anyone open to the suspicion of not being a person of "good repute." But my ostracism has had its use as a filter to save me from many dull and dreary people.

In my present home, situated seven miles from

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Ranchi and named "Hillstow" after the house of my dear old maiden aunts at Oxford, I watch with a tranquillity, hitherto foreign to my nature, the political, social and religious changes that are taking place in India. As to what will be the upshot of it all, I cannot hazard even a guess. The curse of India to-day is intolerance, particularly religious intolerance. Hindus and Mohammedans have got to learn that where there is intolerance there can be no freedom of thought and no personal liberty or human dignity. Intolerance belongs to the savage state and to slave-mentality. Intolerance is the product of barbarism, no matter whether religion, the State or the masses is invoked in its defence. Tolerance, on the other hand, is the expression of a real civilisation, and compromise is its method. In its infinite variety of peoples, the new "nationalism" of India is conditioned. If it will only remain true to itself, it is above all others the *humane* spirit, and as such that of *quality*. And as there is no quality without free development, it is that of liberty. And if the people of India should have to live in the future surrounded by rationalised, standardised, mechanised and devitalised systems of State and Society, they will at least know that the road they have chosen does not lead to these.

And now let me conclude with a few words about the problem of that section of India's population which has come to be called the "Anglo-Indian."

In times gone by the progeny of Europeans and Indians were known as "Indo-Britons." Not a bad term, but lacking comprehensiveness because many of the mixed breeds had other European blood in their veins than British. Later the mixtures were called "Eurasians," which was much better. Unfortunately, the expression "Eurasian" fell out of favour in the course of time so that it was changed to "Anglo-Indian." This is the worst variety of the three.

My fifteen years at the Ranchi European Mental Hospital gave me an opportunity of watching Anglo-Indians, both sane and insane. Their *Weltanschauung* is motivated by two main principles, their conscious hatred for Indians and sub-conscious hatred for Europeans. Unless this point is realised the problem of the future of these people cannot be understood. The pity is that they themselves do not fully realise it. I have every sympathy with the hatred the Anglo-Indian feels for the European, for it is well-founded. Among the darker-skinned Anglo-Indians are many who call themselves Indians and live accordingly. They take Indian names. They are chiefly to be found in Malabar. A notable example of such was a recent Judge of the High Court of Madras. The chief defect of Anglo-Indians is their thriftlessness. It knows no bounds.

Some of the leaders of the Anglo-Indian community believe that their future lies in the land. Hence at least three "Colonies" for Anglo-Indians

exist in India to-day. The attempt to ruralise an urban population, and Anglo-Indians are definitely an urban people, seems to me to be a dangerous one. The experiment was tried by Tiberius Gracchus who had educational advantages which have fallen to no living Anglo-Indian, and the result was a complete failure. As a capacity for hard work and for the exercise of rigorous economy are essentials for success as a small land-holder, it seems to me that this Colonisation scheme can never succeed. At any rate no judgment of its success or failure can be passed until two generations hence.

In his interesting study entitled *Half-Caste*, Mr. Cedric Dover envisages a world-wide association of persons of mixed blood. It is a praiseworthy concept, but rather too idealistic. There are quite a few occupations which it is difficult to fill adequately with Indians, hospital nursing being one in particular. A good many Anglo-Indian girls are employed to take the part of Indian women in film production. The "bar-maid" is as yet an unknown quantity in India mainly, I believe, due to police regulations, though for what solid reason it is hard to conceive.

There is no doubt that the French, the Dutch and the Italians are far less prejudiced against "half-castes" than are the British. I know one distinguished Dutch psychoanalyst whose mother was a Malay. The Anglo-Indian is handicapped by want of

a cultural background, though the cultural level of a people cannot serve as evidence of its innate ability or the reverse. Many eminent Greek philosophers, as the authors of *We Europeans* have pointed out, ascribed to the northern "barbarians" an innate incapacity to rise to the attainments of the Greeks. They were, in so thinking, confusing cultural level with innate capacity—a point well illustrated by Akiki Kanyarusoke Nyabongo in his book, *Economic Life of Uganda*.

An important point ever to be kept in mind is that "miscegenation" evokes disapproval primarily on social not biological grounds. The biological factor is the sole factor of importance. We may ask what are the biological results of wide crosses? Here I may be permitted to quote from *We Europeans*. The authors write:

"Sweeping assertions are often made to the effect that half-castes are always unreliable, that they share the defects of both parent stocks, and so on and so forth. Such statements usually have no biological foundation. In so far as they are based on facts at all, the facts are social. In many countries where diversity of ethnic type exists, half-castes are at a grave social and often at an economic disadvantage. This is usually so when the dominant or ruling caste is of different ethnic type from the bulk of the population, as between white and negro in the United States, or between white and brown in India.

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The half-caste is looked down upon by the dominant class, while he is often regarded as alien by the native or dominated class. Small wonder that he develops an unsatisfactory mentality."

There is hardly any topic of general human interest on which more nonsense is talked than this of miscegenation. Granted that if the primary sub-species of man were really developed in comparative isolation, each adapted to a different main type of environment, it may be argued that to upset the adjustment brought about by thousands of years of selection is bound to produce some disharmony. The authors of *We Europeans* admit the validity of these objections but, they state: "Even if wide crosses should produce some disharmonic or mal-adjusted types, this will occur as the result of the great variability induced by such crosses; and this same variability may be expected to throw up also some exceptionally well-endowed types. Again, that types were well adapted in the past does not imply that new types may not be better adapted to the wholly new environments which man is ever busily creating for himself, and it may well be that new combinations of characters will be needed to cope with the problems of the future." It is not saying too much to state that the argument against so-called miscegenation is only one among many thrown up by groups in power, to justify themselves in their own eyes or in the eyes of others.

THE END

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